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Nov. 8, 1969

THE NEW YORKER

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Once she was the only woman in the world allowed to wear this perfume.
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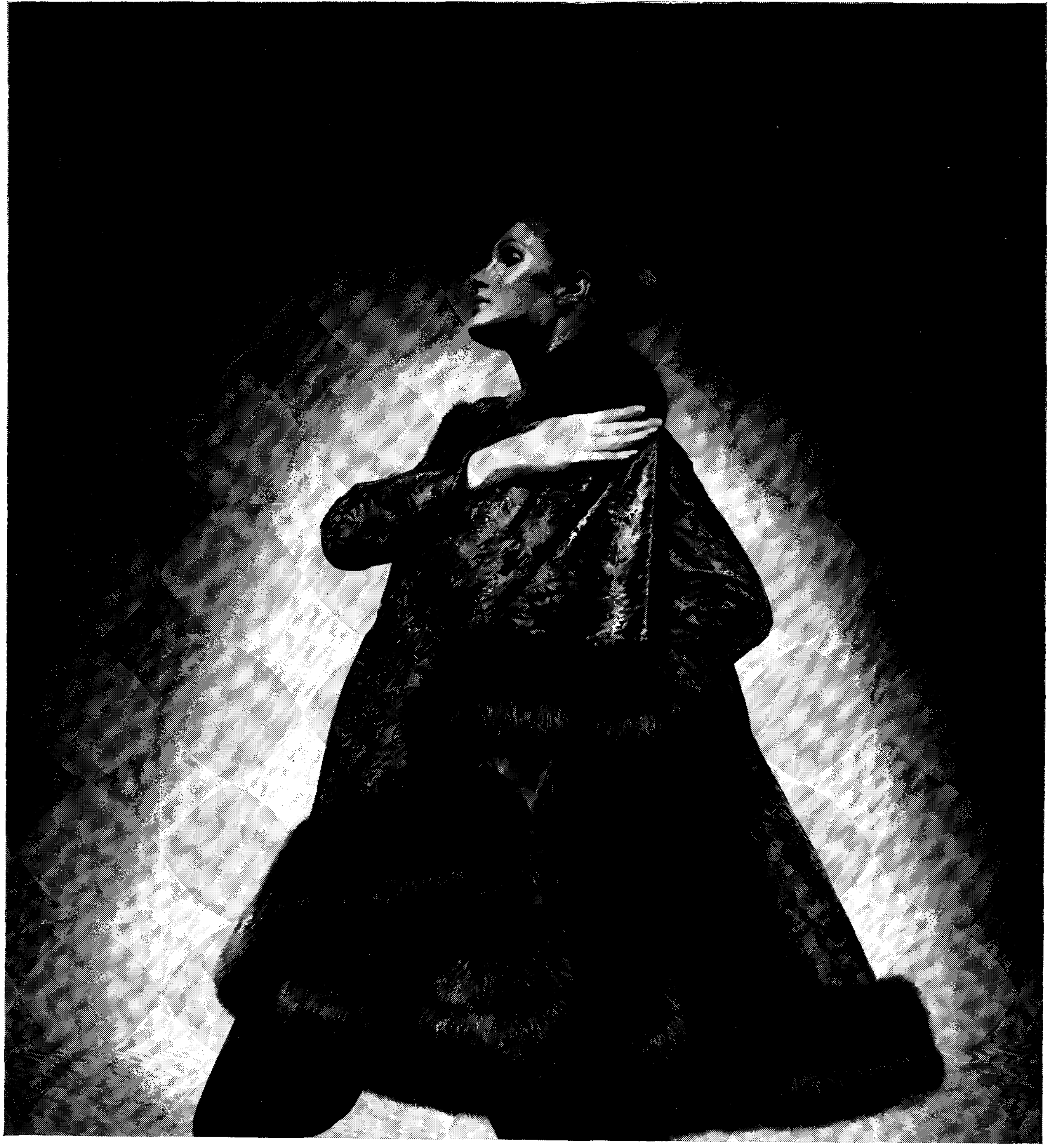
SANTE FORLANO



Black Butterfly by **EMERIC PARTOS.** Fur Salon, Second Floor.

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK
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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Adaptation and Next—Two one-acters (the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May) that together make a very funny evening. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

And Puppy Dog Tails—An obsolete little comedy—all trilling laughter and hurt feelings—except that everybody is a boy and naked much of the time. Idiotic. (Bouwerie Lane, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. 674-6060. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Butterflies Are Free—A slick and heartless little comedy that may make you laugh in spite of yourself. The best things about it are Keir Dullea, Eileen Heckart, and Blythe Danner. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Ceremonies in Dark Old Men—An extraordinary play—funny and tragic—about a Negro family in Harlem who decide to bypass the white community and go it on their own by tying up with a local racketeer. Edmund Cambridge has directed a new cast, with Richard Mason. The dramatist is Lonne Elder III. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Fortune and Men's Eyes—A revival of John Herbert's play about homosexuality in prison. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Front Page—A Stutz bearcat of a play, driven at breakneck speed by half a dozen fine actors, under the direction of Harold J. Kennedy. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Henry V—The production of the American Shakespeare Festival Theatre of Stratford, Conn. Len Cariou heads the cast, under the direction of Michael Kahn. Opens Monday, Nov. 10, and will run through Saturday, Nov. 22. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Indians—Arthur Kopit is in dead earnest in espousing the cause of the wronged red man in America; the form of his pleading is a rip-roaring, funny-tragic Wild West Show, in which Stacy Keach plays superbly the role of Buffalo Bill. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Local Stigmatic—Al Pacino in a one-acter by Heathcote Williams and seven sketches by Harold Pinter. (Actors, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 675-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Mercy Street—Marian Seldes and William Prince in a play by Anne Sexton. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 7 and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Friday, Nov. 21.)

No Place to Be Somebody—Charles Gordone's rich, complex, and altogether fascinating play, set in a West Village saloon owned by a Negro. The actors, who come in a variety of colors, are all good; Nathan George (prop.), Henry Baker, Nick Lewis, and Marge Eliot are especially good. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Oh, Pioneers—Barbara Baxley in a play by Douglas Taylor, presented by the American National Theatre and Academy as the second program in this season's Matinée Series. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Monday, Nov. 10, at 7:30, and Tuesday, Nov. 11, at 2.)

A Patriot for Me—John Osborne's old-fashioned and not very illuminating study of a nineteenth-century Austrian homosexual who betrayed king and country. Maximilian Schell plays the wretched hero, and Dennis King steals the show as a drag-queen. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Play It Again, Sam—Woody Allen has written a play for himself to star in. Mr. Allen is funnier than his play, and has wisely taken care to surround himself with pretty girls. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Polish Laboratory Theatre—A six-week engagement of three avant-garde plays, directed by Jerzy Grotowski. Wyspianski's **Acropolis** will be performed through Saturday, Nov. 15. (Washington Square Methodist Church, 133 W. 4th St. Nightly, except Monday, Nov. 10, at 9. Closes Wednesday, Nov. 26. This notice is primarily for the record; tickets are virtually nonexistent.)

The Reckoning—This one-act melodrama by Douglas Turner Ward boils down to a savage verbal sparring match between the bigoted governor of a Southern state and a blackmailing Negro pimp. The play almost drowns

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COVER: *Ronald Searle*

DRAWINGS: *F. B. Modell, George Price, Alan Dunn, Dana Fradon, Stan Hunt, Barney Tobey, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Kenneth Mahood, Joseph Mirachi, Henry Martin, J. B. Handelsman, Chon Day, William Steig, Richard Oldden*

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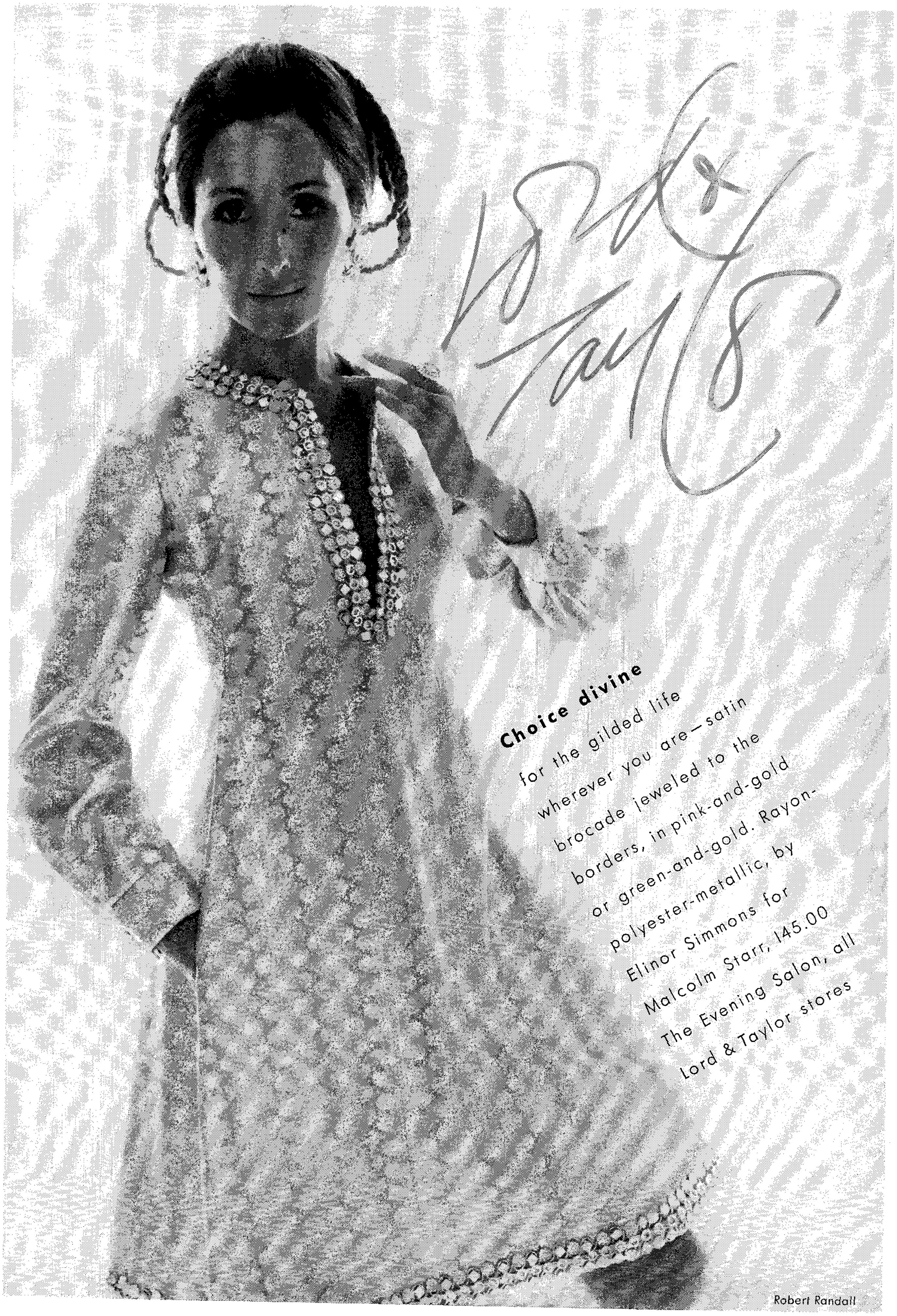

Choice divine

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Robert Randall

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

in words, but Lester Rawlins gives a splendid performance as the governor. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Rondelay—A musical based on Schnitzler's "La Ronde," with book and lyrics by Jerry Douglas and music by Hal Jordan. William Francisco is the director. Opens Wednesday, Nov. 5. (Hudson West, 361 W. 57th St. JU 2-4020. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Scent of Flowers—A fantasy in which the heroine is a girl recently dead by her own hand. Katharine Houghton is delightful in the part, and she gets strong support from John Glover, Jeremiah Sullivan, and Roderick Cook. James Saunders wrote the play, and Brian Murray directed it. (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

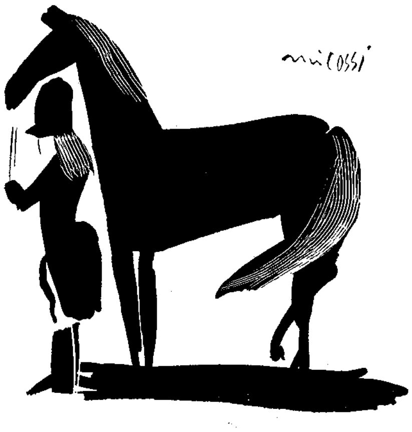
Three Men on a Horse—Jack Gilford, Sam Levene, and Paul Ford in a pleasant revival of the nineteen-thirties comedy written by John Cecil Holm and George Abbott and directed (again) by Mr. Abbott. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Time of Your Life—A revival of the Saroyan play will be the first in this year's series of four productions by the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center. With James Broderick, Biff McGuire, and Susan Tyrrell. Special benefit performance (for tickets, call EN 2-7600) Wednesday, Nov. 5, at 8:45. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 6, and will run through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Opening-night curtain at 7:15; thereafter, Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

The Trees Die Standing—This comedy is the first entry in Ida Kaminska's proposed Yiddish repertory season. The play is rather foolish, and the simultaneous translation available over transistor radio is rather deadening, but Miss Kaminska, as a kind of foxy grandma, is a total delight. (Roosevelt, 100 E. 17th St. 533-8820. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

A Whistle in the Dark—A play by Thomas Murphy that, with all its ups and downs, is consistently interesting. It deals with an Irish father and the effects of his blustering tyranny on his five grown sons. The performances, under Arvin Brown's direction, are exceptionally good. (Mercury, 134 E. 13th St. 228-2052. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**THE BOYS IN THE BAND:** A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE CONCEPT:** A drama about the rehabilitation of heroin addicts at a community called Daytop, on Staten Island. (Gramercy Arts, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FORTY CARATS:** A bauble that gives off a very pleasant sparkle. With Julie Harris, Marco St. John, and Murray Hamilton. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **THE GREAT WHITE HOPE:** An account, by Howard Sackler, of the life of the great Negro heavyweight Jack Johnson, portrayed by Yaphet Kotto. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HADRIAN VII:** A melodrama based on the novel by Frederick Rolfe. Barry Morse plays the title role. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Nov. 15.)... **LITTLE MURDERS:** A revival of Jules Feiffer's black farce about violence—indoors and out—in New York. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **PLAZA SUITE:** Three playlets by Neil Simon that defy you not to laugh at them, cruel as they sometimes are. Maureen Stapleton and Don Porter are the stars. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **TO BE YOUNG, GIFTED AND BLACK:** A selection from the letters and diaries and a sprinkling of scenes from the plays of the late Lorraine Hansberry, as recited and performed by a cast of eight. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)



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MUSICALS

From the Second City—The second coming, after eight years, of a topical revue from Chicago, originally improvised by its cast. This show is not as sharp-witted or sparkling as the first edition, but it has its merry moments all the same. With J. J. Barry and Burt Heyman. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Hoofers—The exhilarating art of the tap dance, as displayed by about ten of its proponents. With, among others, Chuck Green and Baby Lawrence. Go and see for yourself. (Castle, 225 E. 13th St. 228-2081. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Jimmy—A musical comedy about Mayor Jimmy Walker and his unsavory political pals. No songs worthy of the period and no dialogue worthy of Jimmy, who was very smart. With Frank Gorshin, Anita Gillette, and Julie Wilson. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

New Music Hall of Israel—Singing, dancing, and xylophone-playing. Most of the songs are in Hebrew or Yiddish, but the tone of the show is old-fashioned Palace. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, Nov. 29.)

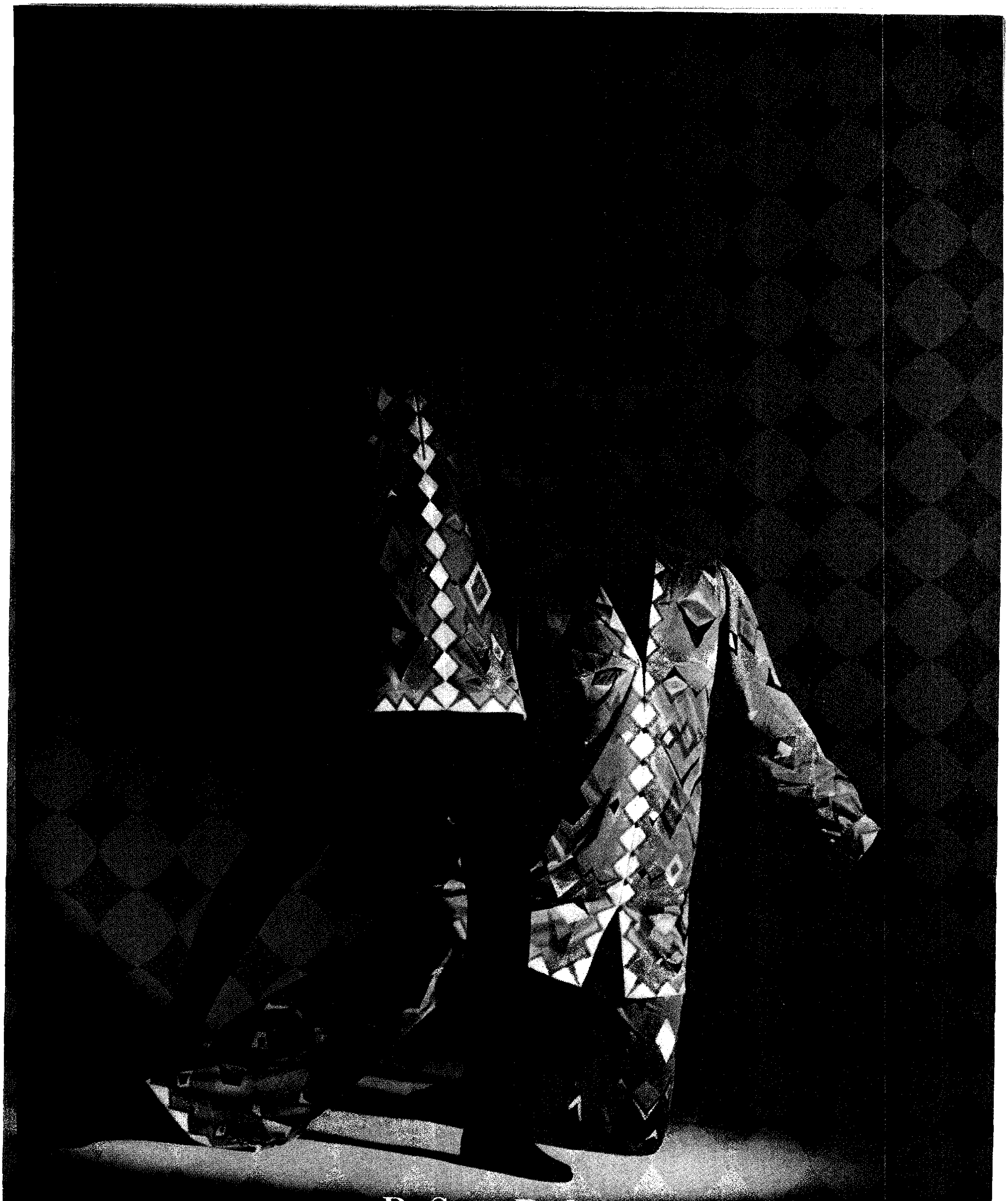
Oh! Calcutta!—A sleazy collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. There is some pleasant dancing and some loud music, and the performers are exceptionally comely, though what they do isn't. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Promenade—A musical caper with an enchanting, witty, brimming score by Al Carmines, charming costumes and scenery by Willa Kim and Rouben Ter-Arutunian, respectively, and words—absurd and sometimes funny—by Maria Irene Fornes. The antics and mockery, which comprise the action, are entertaining, and the singing is good. Lawrence Kornfeld directed the stylish production. (Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Salvation—A rock musical that is cast—but very loosely—in the form of a revivalist meeting. This revivalist theme gets a bit trying at times, but every other aspect of the show—the songs, the singing, the dancing, the performances, the staging—is a delight, and most delightful of all is the spirit of the company. Words and music by Peter Link and C. C. Courtney, who also appear in it. (Jan Hus, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 4:30.)

1776—Is it possible to write a successful musical about the laborious debates of the Continental Congress? On the evidence of this attempt, no. William Daniels does splendidly as John Adams, but there are few songs, few dances, and few signs of intelligence in the lumpish dialogue. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **CURLEY MCDIMPLE:** A lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **DAMES AT SEA:** Another takeoff on musical movies of the thirties, this one about a dancer named Ruby who loves a boy named Dick and is befriended by a chorine named Joan. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:**—The aunt thinks you killed your mother, he said. That's why she won't let me have anything to do with you. —Someone killed her, Stephen said gloomily. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, with Harry Goz. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HAIR:** A psychedelic pandemonium that ought to make anybody feel twenty years old and full of promise. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** With an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAME:** Ann Miller is Auntie. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Claudio Brook plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music is by Mitch Leigh. Jack Dabdoub substitutes for Mr. Brook at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **PROMISES, PROMISES:** A musical starring Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara. The book is by Neil Simon, and the music and lyrics are by Burt Bacharach and Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** Peanuts to music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at



Be Some Body.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

8:30; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **YOUR OWN THING:** As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

Harkness Ballet—Opening performances of an engagement that will run through Tuesday, Nov. 18—Thursday, Nov. 6, at 8: "Madrigalesco," "Grand Pas Espagnol," "Souvenirs," and a work to be announced. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 7, at 8:30: "Night Song," "Le Diable à Quatre" (company première), "Monument for a Dead Boy," and "Souvenirs.". . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 8, at 2:30: "Grand Pas Espagnol," "Feast of Ashes," "Le Diable à Quatre," and "Souvenirs.". . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 8, at 8:30: "Madrigalesco," "Monument for a Dead Boy," "Le Diable à Quatre," and a work to be announced. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 9, at 7:30: "Grand Pas Espagnol," "L'Absence" (première), "Canto Indio," and a work to be announced. . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 10, at 8:30: "Madrigalesco," "After Eden," "La Favorita" (première), and a work to be announced. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 11, at 8:30: "La Favorita," "L'Absence," and "Souvenirs.". . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 12, at 8:30: "Night Song," "Canto Indio," "A Season in Hell," and "La Favorita.". . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 14, at 8:30: "Time Out of Mind," "Grand Pas Espagnol," "After Eden," and "Souvenirs." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)

Matteo—And the Indo-American Dance Company. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Nov. 8, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

The Music of Kurt Weill—A benefit program with Lotte Lenya, Nancy Dussault, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Jack Gilford, Richard Kiley, Mabel Mercer, and Robert Ryan, and including a concert version of "Lady in the Dark," with Angela Lansbury. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Sunday, Nov. 9, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Neither bitter nor the end, but sometimes a beginning for young talent. Its present occupants are a British outfit known as the Scaffold and folk singer Tom Rush. Monday, Nov. 10, is the final night for Mr. Rush. Performances are at nine-thirty and eleven Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine, ten-thirty, and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Coffee and tea abound. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting entertainers.

La Bohème, 2019 Broadway, at 69th St. (TR 4-9801)—Elvin Jones' drums resound through this indifferent spot from eight-thirty to four. Wilbur Little is on bass and Joe Farrell is on reeds. Between sets, the Dizzy Reece orchestra performs. Dancing. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Some worthy contemporary jazz on piano and bass from eleven to one, in a brick-walled setting that's conducive both to listening and to conversation. Dining. No music Sundays.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Beginning at about nine-thirty the Roy Eldridge quartet is on the stand. Fridays and Saturdays, singer Chris Connor is around, too. Customers may wear open collars, and light Italian dishes are served. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—There's nothing special about this bar except the music. The atmosphere is calm, comfortable, and genuine. A group that at one time or another includes Max Kaminsky, Bobby Pratt, George Reed, Joe Muranyi, and Marshall Brown plays Dixieland from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

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Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—They seem a little confused about their epoch, but most of the paraphernalia recalls the eighteen-nineties. The banjo band—a pretty good one—plinks and plunks from the back of a fire engine, and now and then old movies flicker. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—More banjos. More claptrap. More peanuts. A piano player at an upright and two banjoists perched on top. They play winningly from nine until three or four each night.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—A frabjous sort of place in a somewhat vorpal neighborhood. A long wooden bar, some tables, and, beginning at nine, music by the Bobby Hutcherson-Harold Land quintet. On Tuesday, Nov. 11, things will be handed over to the Art Farmer quintet. Closed Mondays.

Tony Parenti's Club, 227 W. 52nd St. (JU 2-8370)—Hands across the Mason-Dixon Line are extended by Tony Parenti, Jimmy McPartland, Freddie Moore, Dill Jones, and Graham Stewart. The room is tiny, the bar is adequate, the sound is large. Nine-thirty until three, except Sundays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs, starting at about nine-thirty, singer Marian Taylor and the Reggie Moore trio alternate with the solo piano of Toshiko. On Tuesday, Nov. 11, the David Amram-George Barrows quartet and pianist Joel Shulman will move in. Grilled dinners are available. On Mondays, when the regulars are off, new talent is auditioned. . . . ¶ Downstairs: Friday and Saturday, Nov. 7-8, the Modern Jazz Quartet can be heard. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 14-15, the stage will be occupied by the Count Basie band.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—It's in the basement. Through Saturday, Nov. 8, wily singer Anita O'Day will take the stand at nine-thirty, approximately. Beginning Tuesday, Nov. 11, an attractive and soulful singer named Esther Marrow and the Charlie Mariano quintet will perform. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained-glass windows, candles on the tables, and convincing Southern cooking in an unlikely, deserted part of town. Non-disruptive jazz on piano and bass, from eight-thirty to two, by Nat Jones and Herman Wright (Monday through Wednesday) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursday through Sunday).

BAR
IN PERSON
Getz

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

Aux Puces, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—Small and sybaritic. Many of the furnishings—lowboys, chandeliers, paintings, and gewgaws—are for sale. Some of the records are oblique (one wouldn't be surprised to hear Beverly Sills singing "Revolution"), and the patrons look glossy and contented. Dancing from ten to three or four. Dining.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks' Pl. (777-7080)—A Day-Glo tunnel, a wide-screen light show, and nook-and-cranny hiding places. Dancing starts at nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at eight on Fridays and Saturdays. Live sounds will come from Far Cry through Saturday, Nov. 8. On Friday and Saturday, Nov. 7-8, Eric Mercury will also be here. Sunday, Nov. 9, from five until two, there will be a benefit concert that includes Tom Paxton, the Pennywhistlers, Patrick Sky, John Hammond, and Ten Wheel Drive. Beginning Tuesday, Nov. 11, it will be Heritage's turn. Alcohol is out. Closed Mondays.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—Continental traffic signs are the motif, and neckties or the equivalent are expected. The recorded music doesn't really go anywhere. A fairly complete supper menu. Crowded on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Sphinxes, Pharaonic statues, and golden leaves (golden leaves?) are supposed to make you think you're in merry old Egypt. Every so often, John Bishop and his trio play. On Wednesday, Nov. 12, the Zaras, a Spanish group of singers, dancers, and instrumentalists, will begin an engagement. Substantial dining. Closed Sunday through Tuesday, Nov. 9-11.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—A fabricated street lined with shops, a bar, an amusement gallery, and other small establishments. The trees are phony, but the records are real. Dancing from six to three except on Saturdays, when the doors open at eight.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—If you're looking for a place to dance to some now-type music, where you can just sit and have a beer and wear your old corduroys or your old velveteen, this might be it. The 45 r.p.m.s alternate with the live sounds of Nite Train. Closed Sundays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—It's dark, small, and out of sight. Downstairs—below the street-level crêpe parlor that bears the same name—there are white cubes for tables, consistently swinging records, and swarms of coolly dressed people. (On weekends, the coolly dressed people swarm so thickly that reservations—for whatever they're worth—are needed.) Everything is all right.

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

EL MOROCCO, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2060): This fortress city, so long under two flags, is today under a third—a banner of not very strange devices, being the house flag of Billy Reed, once *commendatore* of the Little Club. The best band Horace Diaz ever put together makes it sound like the pristine Morocco, all the same. Music from eight-thirty until three. Closed Sundays. . . . **DELMONICO'S**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Calm views of everything are taken in the restaurant, even when Ernie Warren's light cavalry is on the bandstand, which it usually is until one or two in the morning. No sound, though, on Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ROSELAND DANCE CITY**, 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): Functional City is just as good a name for this portion of *soi-disant* Fun City. But the floor is ample, and so is the music—a full house of Latin bandsmen and a pair of Up North orchestras. No—absolutely no—rock and roll. Eight until about one, in general, though Sundays begin at three-thirty, Wednesdays run from six-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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thirty until midnight, and Thursdays from two until midnight. The dining is minimal. Closed Mondays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—Damon Runyon may have slept here. Music, some of it live, but mainly Rodney Dangerfield, who twice every night but Sunday, and three times on Saturday, sheds his television skin to reveal in pungent words his true self. That is, he is as true as can be about the battered way of metropolitan life, and often as funny as can be about it.

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—The floor is taken by Joan Rivers, who has a little list of things to be changed, and who believes that where there's a will there's a way. The readings of her will, which never begin before ten, end on Saturday, Nov. 8. On Monday, Nov. 10, enter Felicia Sanders, who gives a dramatic reading of every song she encounters. For her, it will be once on Mondays, twice through the week, thrice on Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Israelis, Greeks, Yemenites, and Armenians in their own United Nations, blending voices and instruments. The joker is the namesake, Avram Grobard; among the principal participants are oudist George Mgrdichian and the Grecian goddess named Rea (a solemn damsel who offers up a bellyful of *danse du ventre*). The dining can be as Israeli as you wish. Dancing, both domestic and imported. Closed Mondays.

The Twelve Steps, 44 W. 54th St. (JU 2-2348)—Reminders of "Spoon River" and of "Our Town" are inventively woven into a remarkably soft-spoken rock musical by the musicians known as A More Perfect Union and by a few friends. At nine and eleven, from Wednesday through Saturday each week, in a minute crack in the walls of this big city. An adequate table is set.

Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Weigh-In, Way-Out," the incumbent boy-and-girl miniature revue, is being sociological and political in its own fashion twice every night but Sunday.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The Royal Box reopens on Thursday, Nov. 6, to admit Engelbert Humperdinck (that's the longest melodic line of the season) and his own collection of melodic lines, which will be sung, and reverberated, during dinner and supper. The puissant Lee Evans orchestra will take charge of the rest of the evening. Closed Sundays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—The good life led onstage by Los Chavales de España (no alarums but plenty of excursions into song and dance) should set an example for all who do not know what to do with their own lives. The example may be studied during dinner and supper every single night. . . . ¶ In the minute Flamenco Room, Domingo Alvarado's voice and Antonio Arenas's guitar unite to deplore a life that has been shot full of holes by the arrows of Cupid. The lament begins at ten, likewise every single night.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—What is so rare as an evening in which a good singer and a good wit are in juxtaposition? The singer: Jack Jones, bobbing along on a stream of glittery orchestration; The wit: Adam Keefe, whose talent to amuse is visual as well as vocal. They depart on Wednesday, Nov. 12; other players ensue.

Downbeat, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—No fancy airs, but grace notes by the dozen from the threesome of Marian McPartland, who finds health and happiness through piano work. The Seven Shades of Jazz move in whenever the McPartlands take ten. Six-thirty until two, every night but Sunday. No dancing.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Julius La Rosa checks into the Persian Room on Wednesday, Nov. 5, to fill the place with heated air and arias. At ten-fifteen that night, at dinner and supper thereafter. The orchestras of Burt Farber and Mark Monte will hum contentedly the evening through. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In **Plaza 9—and All That Jazz**, there is Cannonball Adderley's quintet, designed to keep the ears wide open, and Marty Napoleon's trio, designed to persuade the feet. Dinner (and music) at eight; the music plays on and on, but there is no supper. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ The Space Age could learn a great deal by studying the lofty lineaments of the Palm Court. Piano and violin (Sandu Marcu) commune blissfully from four-thirty until six-thirty for crumpets and tea, and violin (nearly always Gunnar Hansen's worldly, Old Worldly one) takes flights of fancy from eight until one every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ The Marcu flotilla also operates in the Edwardian Room, except Sundays, from seven until ten-thirty.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—These nights, this is a concert hall for Peter Nero, pyrotechnician of the pianoforte. His deliveries are made in the midst of dinner and supper every night but Tuesday, Nov. 11, and Sunday. Dance music begins at seven.

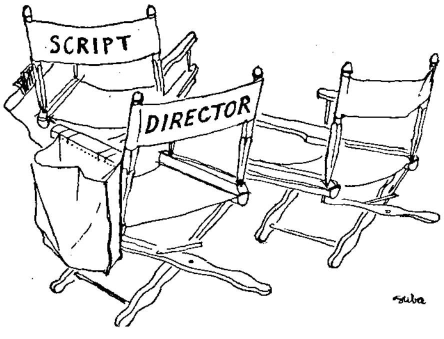
St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The permanent parties in the Maisonette (a nice place to visit, a nice place to live) are a Latin band run by Quintero and a Manhattan band run by a new hand, Hal Turner. The visitor during the dinner and supper hours is Marilyn Maye, a soprano on a standard sound track. On Wednesday, Nov. 12, she will be replaced by Leon Bibb, voice of precision and decision. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ La Boite, the across-the-way retreat for those who like to think things out in peace and quiet, is under the mild jurisdiction of Ernest Shoen's unobtrusive violin and Jules Kuti's unobtrusive piano. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Empire Room, Johnny Mathis, cool customer, cool chanter, but mesmeric nonetheless, appears at nine and midnight throughout the week, and at eight-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one-thirty Saturdays. Dance music, hot and heavy, and by the ton. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

Goldie's New York, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The Landmarks Commission didn't get around to preserving this institution, and in a few weeks it, too, is to disappear. Wayne Sanders, determined to go down with his ship, mans the piano alongside the bar, and on Thursday, Nov. 6, Otis Clements and he will start taking turns at the keys. Closed Sundays. . . . **Café Carlyle**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Bobby Short, the candidate for night mayor most likely to succeed, breaks out his voice, his piano, and his guardsmen (Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan) at half past nine. It's nice work, and you can get it until two in the morning. Closed Sundays. . . . **Chucks' Composite**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Coeducation can be beautiful on a campus as unperturbed as this one. The occasional music comes from the new Ralph Towner-Glenn Moore group, which stays home Sundays. . . . **Jamaica Arms**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Aged-in-the-wood Jamaican domestic architecture, aged-in-the-wood Jamaican rum, and a Jack-in-the-pulpit kind of itinerant calypso singer, who does his roundelays from dinner through supper every night but Sunday and Monday. . . . **La Chansonnette**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Housewarmings by the lady of the manor, Rita Dimitri, happen five nights a week (no Sunday, no Monday). A docile dance crew makes music during the evening, and at nine-thirty weekdays and at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays Mlle. D. climbs to the roof of a piano and sings, Toulouse-Lautrec style, for friends and their guests. . . . **Chardas**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Budapest Mon Amour. The tributes are issued by Tibor Rakossy (tenor and host), Béla Babai's gypsy encampment, and whatever singer happens to be in the house. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **Asti**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): *Schola cantorum*, in which the waiters double in brass tones and the diners frequently serve as spear- and tune-carriers. The amiable rumble takes place every night but Monday. . . . **Grenadier**, 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (753-2960): In the bar of what does seem like a bit of a well-known sceptred isle sits Lynn Richards, who plies her piano and soprano Monday through Saturday in the manner of whoop-de-do New York. Nine until two is her plan of attack. . . . **A Quiet Little Table in the Corner**, belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A bumper-to-bumper traffic jam that bothers none of the guests, who have no intention of moving on. The music in this bar-and-grill comes from Muriel Roberts (her restrained jazz piano serves from five-thirty until nine-thirty Tuesday through Friday, from seven-thirty to nine-thirty Saturday) and Scott Reed (his romance piano serves from nine-thirty until three Tuesday through Saturday). Both players are also given to carolling.



SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

Château Henri IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): No difficulty at all about living like kings, for the appurtenances—moat, armor, medieval architecture—were left behind intact when Henri IV moved into a modern co-op. The piano (almost always by that old romanticist Herman Arminski) is proffered every night but Sunday, and the fiddle (two hearts that beat as one) is done by Norbert Faconi, the in-perpetuity gallant. Sundays and Mondays, Mr. F. is a private flier, though. . . . **Sign of the Dove**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Where every prospect pleases—life in rural Umbria in the back rooms, life in a leisured New York in the bar, in which Lynn Mullinax, from six to midnight, except Sundays, plays his buoyant piano. . . . **Salum Sanctorum**, 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): The upper half of the same enterprise, but worlds apart in every aspect. In one of the alcoves on display there is a piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **Drake Room**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Angels, theatrical and otherwise, fear not to tread. From cocktails until after-the-theatre supper, the piano is in the hands of Dick Hankinson, who is on duty every evening but Sunday. . . . **Sherry-Netherland**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Maison de style* and music room, too, for there is piano (five-thirty to eight, nine to twelve-thirty) every night except Sunday and Monday. . . . **Café Renaissance**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The Grand Tour of Spanish architecture. The accompaniment is the guitar, classic in its simplicity and authenticity, of Rogelio Reguera, who sets to between seven-thirty and eight every evening but Sunday and keeps on until twelve-thirty or one; the nourishment is both American plan and Andalusian. . . . **Rembrandt Room**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): George Feyer, last of the Hapsburgs, is doing his Viennese piano, and sometimes serving as lyrical town crier, in this elaborate conservatory. Eight-thirty until one-thirty, but not on Sundays. . . . **Monsignore**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Walking-around music by an assortment of tireless serenaders, who are on their feet at the stroke of seven. Closed Sundays. . . . **La Ronde**, in the Americana Hotel, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000): Ray Hartley's piano, on tap from the cocktail hour until midnight, offers proof through the night that good songs are still being written. Closed Sundays. . . . **Polo Bar**,

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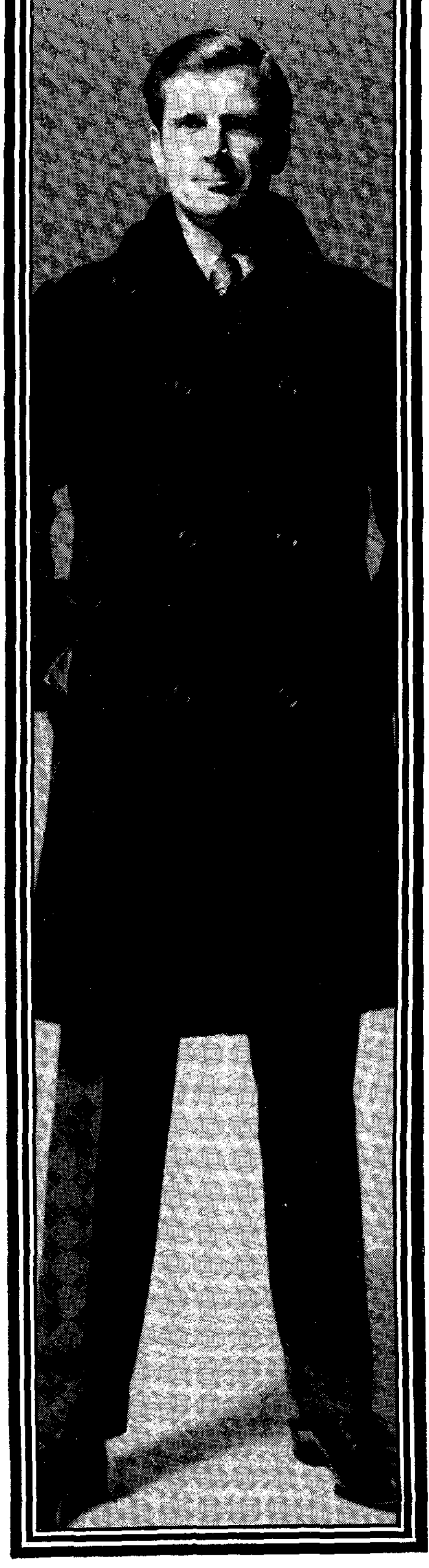


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

in the Westbury Hotel, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): In his usual corner, Joe Miles conducts a whispered colloquy with his piano from nine until twelve-thirty every night but Sunday and Monday. . . . **HOUSE OF HUNGARY**, 320 E. 79th St. (TR 9-6220): Cabbages (the national Hungarian flora) and kings (of the gypsies, naturally) are what the dutiful musicians, led by Elemer Horvath, in this calm Mitteleuropa restaurant talk about from seven-thirty until three every single night. . . . **GOTHAM RESTAURANT**, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): The Gotham's annual gift to thousands of Bermudian expatriates—the Talbot Brothers, singing and chatting with their constituency from six to ten every Sunday and Monday evening. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The Bombay Bicycle Bar is Bob Kail's new home, and he has moved his piano in with him, for sessions beginning at five-thirty and ending at twelve-thirty. He is on leave Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

LENNART ANDERSON—Still-lifes, figures, and landscapes; through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

KAREL APPEL—A veteran of Abstract Expressionism and Pop has turned to paintings and sculptures with fantastic motifs; through Nov. 22. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

SHUSAKU ARAKAWA—Paintings that incorporate words; through Nov. 27. (Dwan, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

PEGGY BACON—Realistic works, often satirical, of people and cats in Maine; starting Monday, Nov. 10. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

JOHN BATTENBERG—Life-size plastic sculptures based on the Hell's Angels; starting Tuesday, Nov. 11. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

JULIUS BISSIER *(1893-1965)*—Thirty-six watercolors, oil temperas, and brush drawings by the well-known artist of tiny paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 15. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

STANLEY BOXER—Luminous abstractions by a painter who is also a sculptor; through Saturday, Nov. 15. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALEXANDER BROOK—Figures, landscapes, and still-lifes from 1923 to the present; through Saturday, Nov. 15. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

BRYON BURFORD—Figurative mixed-medium compositions, including silk screen; through Nov. 26. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALEXANDER CALDER—Eighteen bronzes done in 1944, most of them motionless; through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

PETER CHINNI—Stainless-steel spirals; through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Loeb & Krugier, 119 E. 57th St.)

CHRISTO—Scale models, collages, drawings, and photographs of this artist's packaging of a portion of the Australian coast; through Nov. 28. (Gibson, 27 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

COROT—A benefit show of eighty paintings selected from all periods of the master's career; through Dec. 6. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

ROBERT CRANER—*The first one-man show of this* artist's well-handled conventional paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 15. (Cerberus, 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

DON DAVID—Geometric paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St.)

ALAN DAVIE—Oils and watercolors by the British Abstract Expressionist; through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

RON DAVIS—Various applications of Minimalist concepts; through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. . . . ¶ Also at Castelli Warehouse, 103 W. 108th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

SONIA DELAUNAY—Forty small Orphic compositions; starting Tuesday, Nov. 11. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

FRED FARR—Bronze horses and riders; through Saturday, Nov. 15. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

JOHN FERREN—Abstract paintings by a veteran colorist; starting Saturday, Nov. 8. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

SAM FRANCIS—Paintings by a veteran Abstract Expressionist; through Thursday, Nov. 13. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

EDWARD GIOBBI—Oils and collages; through Nov. 29. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOEL GOLDBLATT—Realistic paintings; through Nov. 22. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

JAMES M. GUY—Cubist adaptations in paintings and constructions done over a period of twenty-five years; through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

HANS HAACKE—This artist devotes himself to systems—hydraulic, formicarian, political, and so on—and celebrates them with his own devices; through Nov. 29. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN HELD, JR.—Drawings, prints, watercolors, photographs, and bronzes representing the flapper and other figures of "the roaring twenties;" through Nov. 22. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

WASSILY KANDINSKY—Fifty paintings from his Parisian period; through Nov. 22. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

PAUL KLEE (1879-1940)—Fifty-six oils, drawings, and works on paper in gouache and watercolor, done from 1913 to 1940; through Nov. 29. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

HENRY KOERNER—Paintings and drawings by an artist known for cover portraits on news magazines; through Nov. 26. (Austrian Institute, 11 E. 52nd St. Closed Saturdays.)

GARY KUEHN—Abstract sculptures in wood and fibre glass; starting Saturday, Nov. 8. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

GABRIEL LADERMAN—Realistic landscapes and still-lifes; through Thursday, Nov. 13. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

EDWARD LANING—Scenes of American life; through Nov. 22. (Danenberg, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

MON LEVINSON—Abstract Plexiglas constructions; through Nov. 28. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

GERHARDT LIEBMANN—Paintings of the sea; through Thursday, Nov. 13. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

LINDA LINDEBERG—Pen-and-ink landscapes and figures by an artist who studied with Hans Hofmann; starting Saturday, Nov. 8. (Moss, 140 W. 57th St.)

RICHARD MAYHEW—Quiet low-keyed landscapes by an artist frequently seen in Afro-American exhibitions; through Nov. 29. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

CLAUDE MONET—A benefit exhibition of forty-five paintings covering a sixty-year span; through Saturday, Nov. 15. (Feigen, 27 E. 79th St.)

LEGH MYERS—Abstract marble sculptures; starting Saturday, Nov. 8. (Chapman, 922 Madison Ave., at 73rd St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 6.)

HARRY NADLER—Paintings that reproduce Ingres; starting Saturday, Nov. 8. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

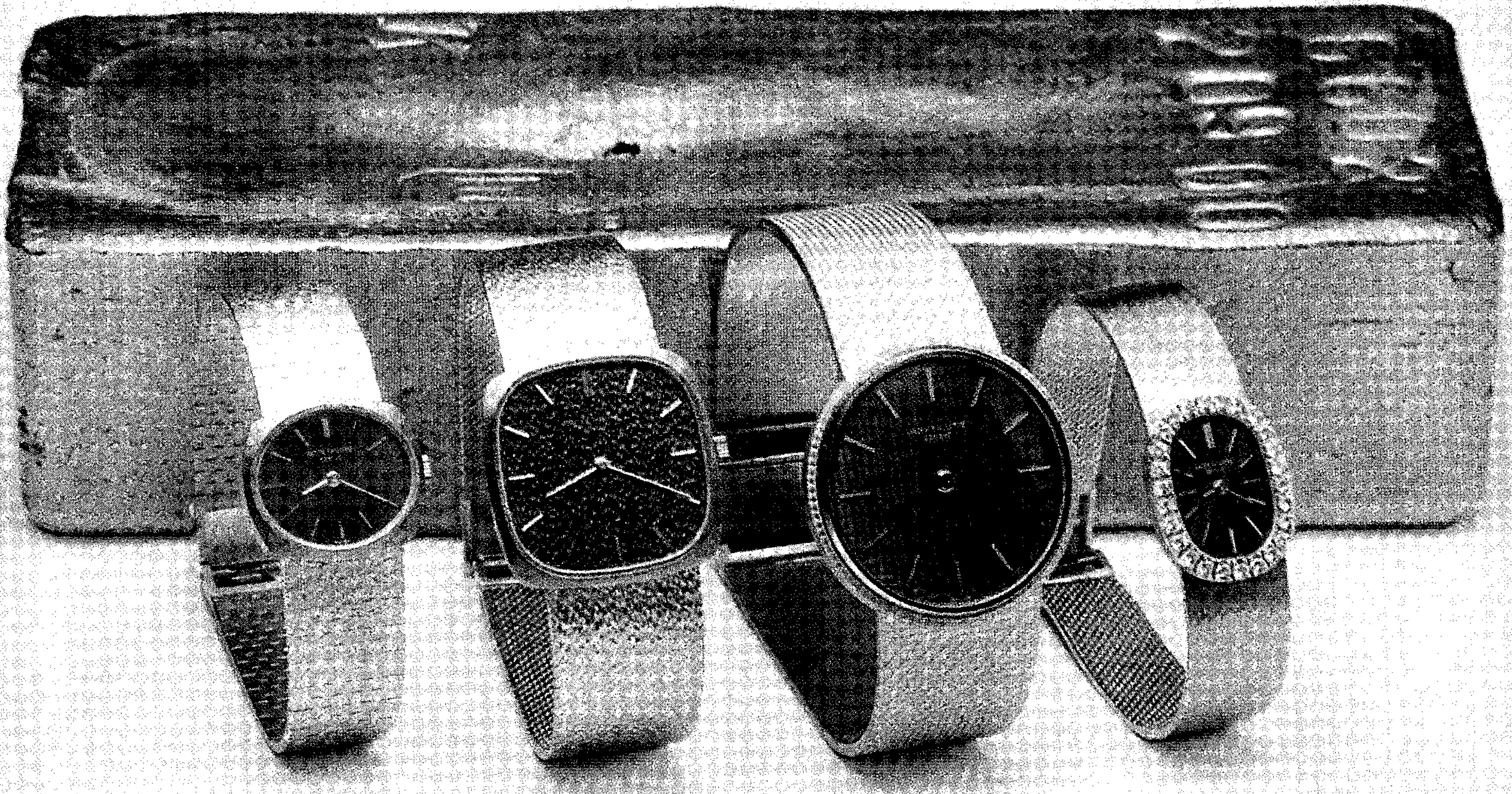
JERRY OKIMOTO—Complex combinations of geometrical forms and planes in acrylics; through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

JULES OLITSKI—Spray paintings; through Dec. 2. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALFONSO OSSORIO—More of this artist's panels and sculptures of assembled exotic materials; through Nov. 29. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

ANN COLE PHILLIPS—Calligraphic hints of remembered landscapes; through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

DEBORAH REMINGTON—Precisionist paintings of



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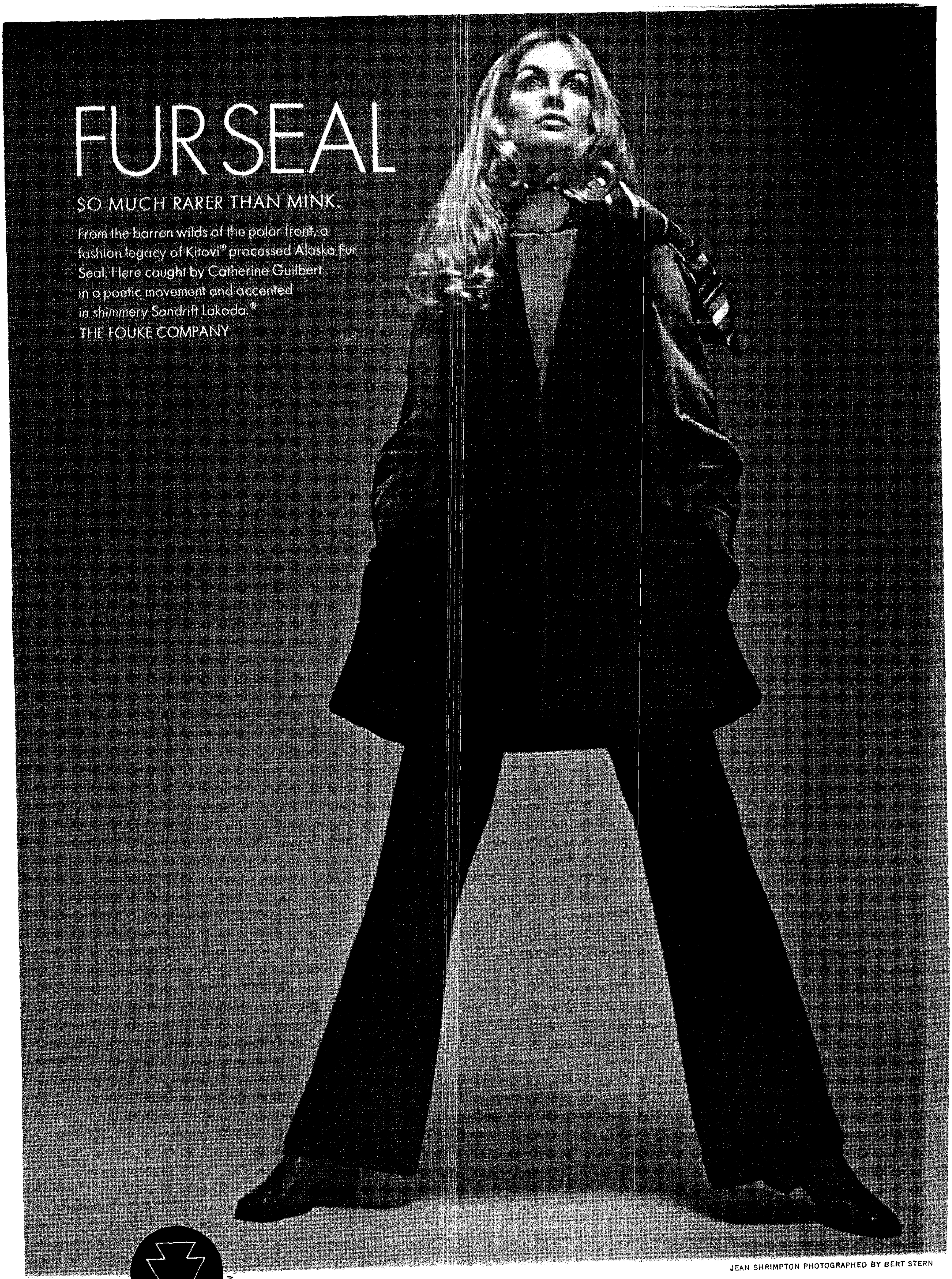

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private emblems; through Thursday, Nov. 13. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Jean Paul Riopelle—Paintings, assemblages, and pastels by a Canadian Abstract Expressionist who lives in Paris; through Nov. 22. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Peter Saul—Pop-related paintings that fiercely attack current political situations; through Nov. 29. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Oskar Schlemmer (1888-1943)—More than a hundred oils, watercolors, drawings, and sculptures constituting a first retrospective in the United States of an artist who taught at the Bauhaus along with Klee, Kandinsky, and Gropius; through Nov. 26. (Samuels, 18 E. 76th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5:30.)

Ben Shahn (1898-1969)—Works in several mediums by America's leading social realist; through Nov. 29. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Leon Polk Smith—"Constellations" of shapes by one of the first American hard-edge painters; through Nov. 29. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St. Closed Mondays.)

Soto—Optical paintings by a leading Latin-American artist; through Saturday, Nov. 15. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Chaim Soutine (1893-1943)—Twenty-eight paintings by this artist, who is infrequently shown in New York; starting Tuesday, Nov. 11. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Saul Steinberg—Two exhibitions of drawings, some made with rubber stamps; through Nov. 29. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St. . . . ¶ Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Leopold Survage (1879-1968)—Paintings, drawings, and prints by a Russian in Paris who was an early Cubist; through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Vestart, 1061 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Tuesdays, noon to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Steven Urry—Large looping aluminum shapes by a Chicago artist; through Saturday, Nov. 15. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Arline Wingate—Sculptures representing letters of the Hebrew alphabet; through Nov. 22. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Isaac Witkin—Outdoor sculptures in painted steel; through Nov. 27. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sanford Wurmfeld—Four large geometric constructions in transparent colored plastic; through Dec. 20. (Bryant Park, Sixth Ave, at 42nd St.)

Group Shows—At the **ACA**, 25 E. 73rd St.: A hundred twentieth-century American paintings, by Avery, Eilshemius, Homer, Hopper, O'Keeffe, Prendergast, and others; starting Monday, Nov. 10. . . . **ARCHITECTURAL LEAGUE OF NEW YORK**, 41 E. 65th St.: An exhibition organized by Les Levine lampooning art establishment taste by exhibiting the participants' "worst work;" through Nov. 22. (Closed Saturdays.). . . **BANFER**, 23 E. 67th St.: Around twenty artists, among them Jared French, Maurice Grosser, and Margo Hoff; through Saturday, Nov. 15. (Closed Mondays.). . . **CISNEROS**, 1316 Madison Ave., at 93rd St.: Drawings and engravings by such major Latin-American artists as Matta, Lam, Merida, Tamayo, and Siqueiros; through Nov. 29. (Closed Mondays.). . . **GALLERY OF ISRAELI ART**, 4 E. 54th St.: Paintings by ten Israeli modernists; through Dec. 9. (Closed Saturdays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.). . . **GOLDOWSKY**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: One work each by Chamberlain, di Suvero, Diller, and Myron Stout; through Friday, Nov. 14. (Closed Mondays.). . **HAHN**, 060 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: French paintings from Corot to Picasso; through Nov. 29. (Closed Mondays.). . **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.: A hundred paintings of the American scene from 1825 to 1875, by Cole, Homer, Eakins, and many others; through Nov. 22. (Closed Mondays.). . . **LEWISON**, 30 E. 60th St.: Nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century Americans, including Bierstadt, Kensett, Hart, and Eilshemius; through Nov. 22. (Closed Mondays.). . . **LOEB STUDENT CENTER**, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.: Paintings and collages by four contemporary Roman artists; through Thursday, Nov. 13. (Mondays through Thursdays, 8 A.M. to 11 P.M.; Fridays and Saturdays, 8 A.M. to 1 A.M.). . .

SABARSKY, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Posters done between 1900 and 1920 by seventeen German artists, among them Kirchner, Pechstein, Otto Mueller, and Schiele; through Nov. 29. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—More than four hundred paintings, sculptures, and drawings by forty-three Americans chosen by the curator of the Department of Contemporary Art as having determined the direction of art in the past thirty years; through Feb. 1. (Except on Mondays, admission is $1.). . . ¶ American oils, drawings, and watercolors from the Museum's collections; through Dec. 7. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; Veterans Day, 1 to 10.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of ten years of work in many mediums by Claes Oldenburg; through Nov. 23. . . . ¶ Recent prints by thirty Yugoslav artists; through Nov. 30. . . . ¶ More than fifty drawings and watercolors by George Grosz, executed in different phases of his career as artist and illustrator and including well-known satiric drawings of the twenties; through Nov. 16. . . . ¶ Preliminary studies and photographs of some rather mystifying works executed by Peter Hutchinson and Dennis Oppenheim "somewhere in the Caribbean;" through Nov. 30. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Over a hundred paintings, sculptures, and ceramics by Roy Lichtenstein, known for his "comic strip" paintings; through Sunday, Nov. 9. (Tuesdays, except Veterans Day, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays and Veterans Day, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Paintings, drawings, and prints by Martin J. Heade, a nineteenth-century itinerant painter of landscapes, portraits, and tropical birds and flowers; starting Tuesday, Nov. 11. . . . ¶ An exhibition of paintings, sculptures, drawings, prints, and photographs by eighty-seven American artists, going back to the nineteenth century, dealing with extreme emotions aroused by the human environment, from political corruption to German concentration camps and black-and-white conflict; through Nov. 30. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Thirty paintings and nineteen sculptures by twelve younger black artists; through Sunday, Nov. 9. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Veterans Day, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Hall of Earth History offers a variety of displays that examine the mysteries of our planet's history and evolution. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Veterans Day, 1 to 5.)

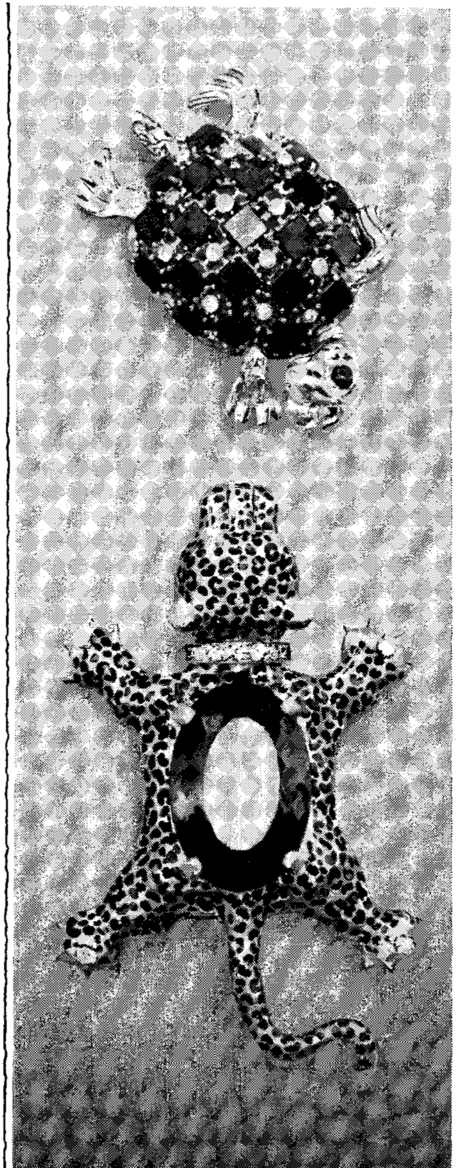
Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Sixty-one bronzes and stone figures, including such subjects as deified monarchs and animals, and architectural fragments, all representing the creation, between 650 and 1250 A.D., of the Khmer people of Cambodia; through Dec. 7. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; and Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—Chinese painted enamels, mostly from the sixteenth century to the eighteenth; through Feb. 1. (Mondays through Fridays, except Veterans Day, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Posters by artists including practically everybody; through Nov. 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—First editions, manuscripts, letters, prints, and drawings ranging from the fifteenth century to the twentieth, all pertaining to the theatre; through Saturday, Nov. 15. . . . ¶ Costume prints of the court of Louis XIV, of added interest in being cut out and faced with fabric from the reverse side; through Saturday, Nov. 15. . . . ¶ A selection of books printed during the first three decades after the introduction of typographic art into Venice in 1469; through Nov. 22. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W 53rd St.—Sculptures that create sound, among



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

other sound-creating mediums; through Jan. 4. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Five artists have organized "situations" that dispense with fixed art objects and include invisible and "impossible" art; through Nov. 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A series of paintings by Jacob Lawrence on the subject of Toussaint l'Ouverture, the Haitian revolutionist; through Jan. 4. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall at Lincoln Center 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

New York City Opera—Wednesday, Nov. 5, at 8:15: "Rigoletto," with Anne Elgar, Kay Creed, Louis Quilico, and Donald Pilley. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 6, at 8:15: "Manon," with Patricia Brooks, Michele Molese, P. Claude Corbeil, Richard Fredricks, and Nico Castel. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 7, at 8:15: "Bomarzo," with *Patricia Wise, Muriel Greenspon*, Joanna Simon, Salvador Novoa, and Franco Iglesias. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 8, at 2:15: "Manon," with Beverly Sills, Pierre Duval, P. Claude Corbeil, Richard Fredricks, and Nico Castel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 8, at 8:15: "Rigoletto," with Anne Elgar, Kay Creed, Louis Quilico, Michele Molese, and Will Roy. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 9, at 1:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Maralin Niska, Beverly Evans, Donald Pilley, and Franco Iglesias. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 9, at 7:15: "L'Heure Espagnole," with Karan Armstrong, Kenneth Riegel, Spiro Malas, Richard Fredricks, and Nico Castel; and "Songs of Catullus," with Patricia Wise, William DuPree, and Carmen de Lavallade. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 11, at 8:15: "Rigoletto," with Patricia Brooks, Mary Cross Lueders, Louis Quilico, Michele Molese, and Malcolm Smith. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 12, at 8:15: "L'Heure Espagnole," with Karan Armstrong, Kenneth Riegel, Richard Fredricks, Spiro Malas, and Nico Castel; and "Songs of Catullus," with Patricia Wise, John Lankston, and Carmen de Lavallade. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 13, at 8:15: "The Ballad of Baby Doe," with Beverly Sills, Muriel Greenspon, Nell Evans, Walter Cassel, and Will Roy. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 14, at 8:15: "Rigoletto," with Anne Elgar, Mary Cross Lueders, Louis Quilico, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Robert Hale. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 15, at 2:15: "The Abduction from the Seraglio" (in English), with Beverly Sills, Frank Porretta, and Spiro Malas. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 15, at 8:15: "La Traviata," with Patricia Brooks, Michele Molese, and Dominic Cossa. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 16.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, George Szell conducting—Monday, Nov. 10, at 8:30, a Mozart-Beethoven program for the benefit of the Philharmonic's Pension Fund (with Rudolf Serkin, piano). . . . ¶ Performances of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony on Thursday, Nov. 13, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 14, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 15, at 8:30; and Monday, Nov. 17, at 7:30 (all with Heather Harper, soprano; Jane Hobson, mezzo-soprano; Ernst Haefliger, tenor; Thomas Paul, bass; and the Camerata Singers).

Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra—William Steinberg conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 12, at 8:30, with Maureen Forrester, contralto, and Jean Cox, tenor. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Thursday, Nov. 13, at 8:30, with Lorin Hollander, piano.)

NHK Symphony Orchestra—Hiroyuki Iwaki conducting this orchestra from Tokyo, with Yoshio Unno, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 15, at 8:30.)

Mannes Orchestra—Carl Bamberger conducting. (Wollman Auditorium, Ferris Booth Hall, Broadway at 115th St. Thursday, Nov. 6, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Juilliard Theatre Orchestra—Dennis Russell Davies conducting. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Nov. 7, at 8:30.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. 879-5512. Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 8-9, at 8:30, with Marilyn Horne, soprano; and Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 15-16, at 8:30, with Robert, Gaby, and Jean Casadesus as piano soloists. All seats have been sold for the first and third concerts, and *only standing room is left.*)

American Symphony—Jascha Horenstein conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 9, at 3, and Monday, Nov. 10, at 8:30.)

Pro Arte Symphony Orchestra—Eleazar de Carvalho conducting the first in a series of three concerts of contemporary and *avant-garde* music, this one with Raymond Lewenthal, piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Sunday, Nov. 9, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau conducting, with Claude Frank, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, Nov. 15, at 8:30.)

Royal Choral Society—Wyn Morris directing, with the Royal Choral Society Players. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 8, at 8:30.)

Oratorio Society of New York—T. Charles Lee directing. (Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center. Monday, Nov. 10, at 6:30. A limited number of free tickets are available at the Amsterdam Avenue entrance, but only to those applying for them in person after 4 on the day of the performance.)

RECITALS

Christiane Edinger—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 5, at 8:30.)

Gérard Souzay—Baritone. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 5, at 8:30.)

Guarneri Quartet—*Presenting the Beethoven* cycle. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Nov. 5, at 8:40, the first in a series of five programs [by different quartets]. . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. 879-5512. Friday, Nov. 14, at 8:30, the second in a series of six programs.)

Philip Cho—Tenor, in a benefit recital. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Nov. 6, at 8:30.)

Berlin Philharmonic Octet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. 879-5512. Friday, Nov. 7, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 8, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Festival Winds—Chamber music for woodwinds. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Nov. 7, at 8:40.)

Agustin Anievas—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Nov. 8, at 8:30.)

Paul A. McGhee Washington Square Chamber Music Concerts—Sunday, Nov. 9, at 3: The Berlin Philharmonic Octet. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 14, at 8:30: Nelli Shkolnikova, violin. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Tickets at the box office on the afternoon or evening of the concert.)

Jerome Rose—Piano, in an all-Schumann recital. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 9, at 8:30.)

Victor Eresko—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Nov. 10, at 8:30.)

Camerata Bariloche—Alberto Lysy conducting and acting as violin soloist. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. 879-5512. Tuesday, Nov. 11, at 8:30.)

Ralph Kirkpatrick—Harpsichord, in the last in a series of recitals, this one a program of Scarlatti sonatas. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 12, at 8:30.)

Marilyn Horne—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 13, at 8:30.)

Vladimir Ashkenazy—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 14, at 8:30.)

Rey de la Torre—Classic guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Nov. 14, at 8:30.)

Jan Gorbaty—Piano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, Nov. 14, at 8:30.)

Kohon String Quartet—An all-Beethoven pro-

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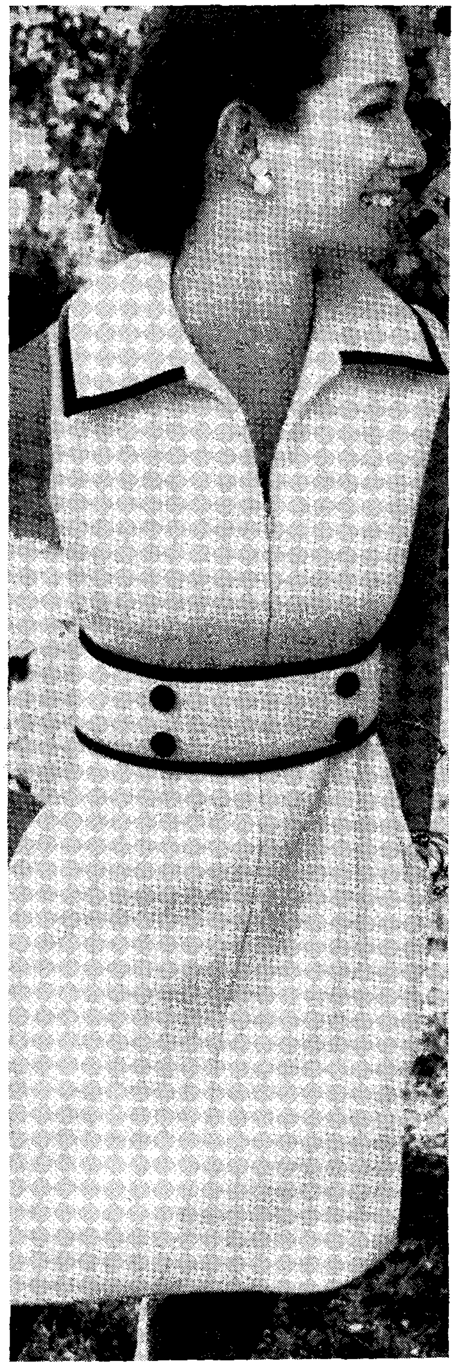

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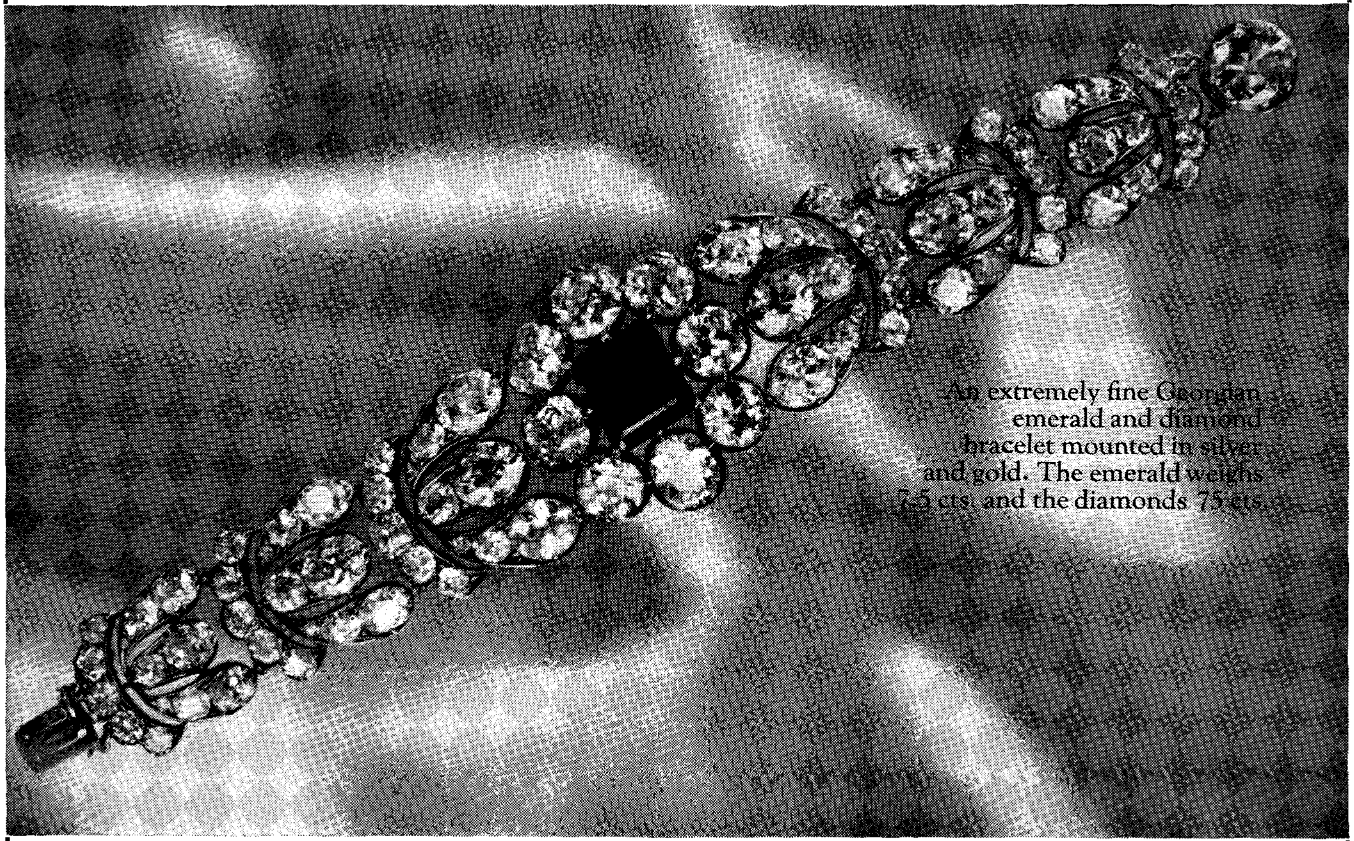

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gram. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Saturday, Nov. 15, at 2. No tickets necessary.)

Beaux-Arts String Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 15, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Note—The Beaux-Arts String Quartet will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Nov. 16, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Nov. 10, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Peter, Paul & Mary—A benefit concert. (Philharmonic Hall. Thursday, Nov. 6, at 8.)

Santana, Humble Pie, and the Butterfield Blues Band—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 7-8, at 8 and 11:30.

Miriam Makeba—Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Nov. 7, at 8:30.

Pete Seeger—A benefit concert. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Friday, Nov. 7, at 8:30. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

Benny Powell Sextet—A program called "Story of Jazz." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturday, Nov. 8, at 5:30.)

Shoshana Damari—Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 8, at 8:30.

Paul Bley and the Moog Synthesizer—Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, Nov. 8, at 8:30 and 10:30.

Tommy Makem—With Paddy Noonan, the Blarney Folk, and others. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, Nov. 8, at 8:30.)

Jacques Loussier Trio—An all-Bach program, with present-day improvisations. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 11, at 8:30.)

Nehama Lifschitz—The last in a series of recitals of Yiddish, Hebrew, English, and Russian songs. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 12, at 8:30.)

Johnny Winter, Chicago, and Blodwyn Pig—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 14-15, at 8 and 11:30.

José Feliciano—Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Nov. 14, at 8:30.

Isley Brothers and the Nice—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, Nov. 15, at 8 and 11.

McCoy Tyner Trio—Judson Hall. Saturday, Nov. 15, at 8:30.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Thursday, Nov. 13, at 7:30: Knicks vs. Chicago. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 15, at 8: Knicks vs. Boston.

Boxing—Dick Tiger vs. Andy Kendall, light heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Nov. 14. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

College Football—**saturday, nov. 8** (all games at 1:30): Amherst vs. Trinity, at Amherst. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Dartmouth, at Baker Field. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Brown, at Ithaca. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Princeton, at Cambridge. . . . ¶ Wesleyan vs. Williams, at Middletown. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Pennsylvania, at New Haven. . . . **saturday, nov. 15:** Army vs. Pittsburgh, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Harvard, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Pennsylvania, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Cornell, at Hanover, at 1. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Manhattan, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Syracuse, at Annapolis, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Yale, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Trinity vs. Wesleyan, at Hartford, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Williams vs. Amherst, at Williamstown, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Jets vs. Buffalo Bills. (Shea Stadium. Sunday, Nov. 9, at 1:30.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Detroit. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, Nov. 12, at 7:35.)

Horse Show—National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Through Tuesday, Nov. 11. Competitions daily at 2 and 7:30.)

Hunt Racing—Virginia Fall Race Meeting. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, Nov. 8.)

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Weekdays at 12:30; through Monday, Dec. 15. The Roamer Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 8; the Ladies Handicap, Tuesday, Nov. 11; and the Queens County Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 15. . . . **garden state park,** Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Tuesday, Nov. 18. The Gardenia, Saturday, Nov. 8, and the Garden State, Saturday, Nov. 15. . . . **laurel,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, Jan. 3. The Washington, D.C. International, Tuesday, Nov. 11 (for this day only, post time will be 12:20).

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Monday, Dec. 15.

FOR CHILDREN

Celebration of the Arts for Children—The first in a series of three weekend programs, this one comprising two light shows ("The Magic Clowns' Theatre," by the Joshua Light Show, and "Little Match Girl," by Jackie Cassen's Theatre of Light) and "Ile Ife," performed by Arthur Hall and his Afro-American Dance Company. (City Center Theatre, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Saturday, Nov. 15, at 11:30 and 2:30, and Sunday, Nov. 16, at 1:15 and 4.). . . ¶ A free exhibit of American Indian art and artifacts and dolls from around the world, as well as a continuous Punch and Judy show and a strolling minstrel. (City Center Building, 130 W. 56th St. Saturday, Nov. 15, through Sunday, Nov. 30, from 11 to 5.)

Opera—Operas-in-Brief, presented by the Amato Opera Company—"Carmen." (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Nov. 8, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2:15 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.). . . ¶ "Hansel and Gretel." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Nov. 15, at 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By **bil baird's marionettes:** "Winnie-the-Pooh." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.). . . **salvatore guida:** "A Very Special Clown," Saturdays at 2:30. . . . ¶ "A Magical Red Fan," Sundays at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291.). . . **rose lynch productions:** "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.). . . **pixie judy troupe:** "Tom Sawyer." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays at 1 and 3:30 and Sundays at 2.). . . **traveling playhouse:** "Aladdin." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, Nov. 11, at 1. Children under five not admitted.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition, "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques," demonstrating the techniques employed in pictorial art and including examples of various mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Veterans Day, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Adventure of a Light Beam." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Veterans Day at 11, 1, 2, 3, and 4. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Saturday and on Veterans Day from 10 to 12.

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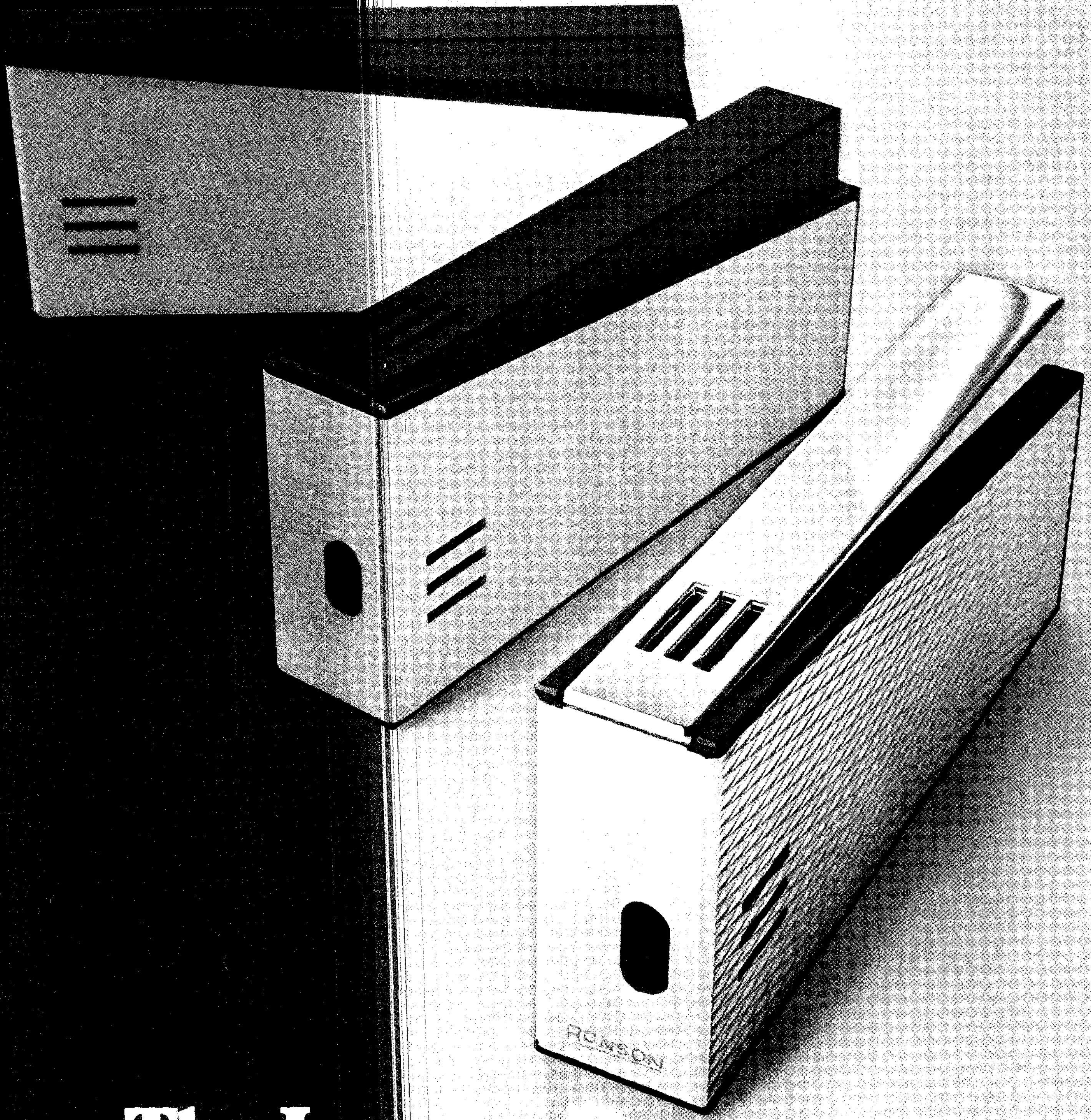

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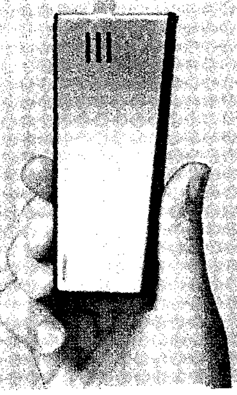

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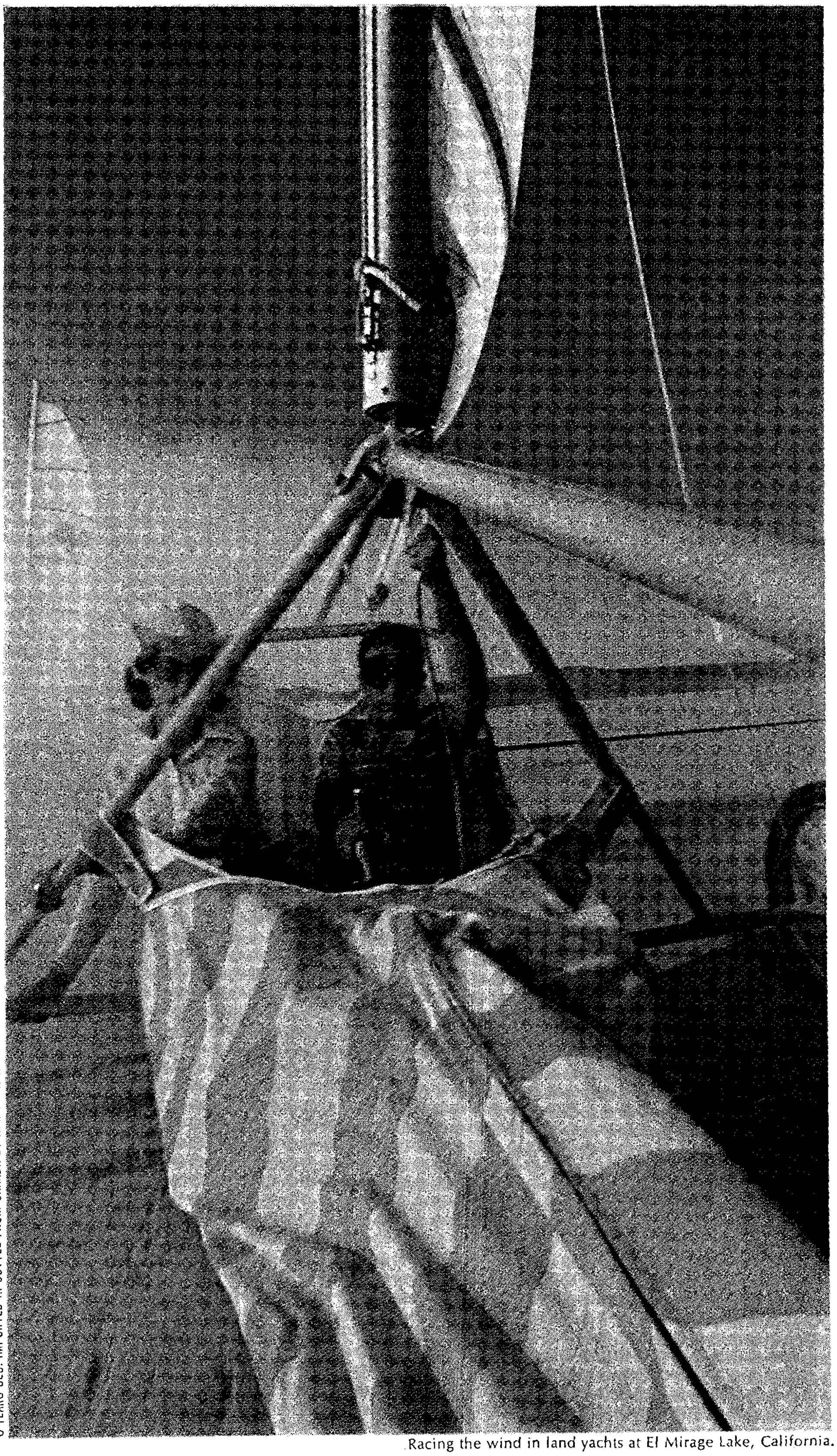

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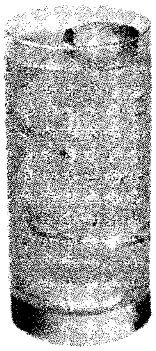

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able, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

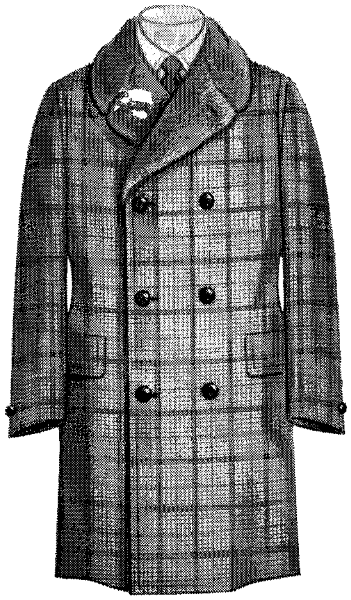
DRAMA READING—A group of actors, headed by Nancy Wickwire, reading "The Straw Market," a comedy by William Jay Smith. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Nov. 10, at 8:30.)

LECTURES—At COOPER UNION'S ENGINEERING AND SCIENCE BUILDING, 51 Astor Pl.: "Words in Western Painting," by Michel Butor, Wednesday, Nov. 5, at 8:15.... ¶ James Johnson Sweeney presenting the second in a series of seven lectures under the over-all title of "Contemporaries and Predecessors." Thursday, Nov. 6, at 3. (No tickets necessary for either lecture.)... BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 30 Lafayette Ave.: The first of three lectures by Jerzy Grotowski, director of the Polish Laboratory Theatre, speaking in French, with an English interpreter. (Friday, Nov. 7, at 3. For tickets, call 783-6700.)

CHRYSANTHEMUM SHOW—The annual indoor showing of chrysanthemums in all sizes and colors. (New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Saturday, Nov. 8, through Sunday, Nov. 23. Daily, 10 to 4:30.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Nov. 5, at 1:45: Twentieth-century European and American paintings, drawings, and sculptures; the property of several collectors.... ¶ Friday, Nov. 7, at 1:45: Japanese art, from various owners.... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 8, at 10: Pre-Columbian art, from many sources.... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 8, at 1:45: French furniture and decorations, from a number of owners.... ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 11, at 1:45: English and Continental silver, belonging to various collectors. Exhibition starts Thursday, Nov. 6.... ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 11, at 7: American and European coins and medals, from many collections. Exhibition starts Thursday, Nov. 6.... ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 12-13, at 10 and 1:45: Old-master and modern prints, including works by Picasso, Klee, Rouault, and Rembrandt; from several owners. Exhibition starts Thursday, Nov. 6.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—The last seven programs in a series of Russian films, many without English titles: Nov. 6 at 2, 5:30, and 8, "The Cranes Are Flying" (1957); Nov. 7 at 2, "Nobody Wanted to Die" (1966); Nov. 7 at 5:30, "Fragment of an Empire" (1929); Nov. 8 at 3 and 5:30, "Through Fire and Water" (1967); Nov. 9 at 2 and 5:30, "A Ballad of Love" (1965) and "The Lady with the Dog" (1960); Nov. 10 at 2 and 5:30, "The First Teacher" (1965); Nov. 11 at 2, "Shadows of Our Forgotten Ancestors" (1964).... ¶ Nov. 5 at 2 and 5:30: "The Last Laugh" (1924), with Emil Jannings.... ¶ Nov. 8 at 11:30: "Male and Female" (1919), directed by Cecil B. DeMille.... ¶ Nov. 11 at 5:30: A program of short films by Lloyd Michael Williams.... ¶ Nov. 12 at 2: "The Lost Squadron" (1932), with Erich von Stroheim and Richard Dix.... ¶ Nov. 13 at 2 and 5:30: "Gravitation" (1968), a Yugoslav film.... ¶ Nov. 13 at 8: "Early Works" (1968), a Yugoslav film. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)... NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Three programs in a series called "W. C. Fields." Nov. 5-6: "Pool Sharks" (1915) and "Sally of the Sawdust" (1925).... ¶ Nov. 7-9: "The Gold Specialist" and "Her Majesty Love" (both 1930).... ¶ Starting Nov. 12: "The Dentist" (1932), "The Fatal Glass of Beer" (1933), "The Pharmacist" (1933), and "The Barbershop" (1933). (Showings at 4 and 6.)



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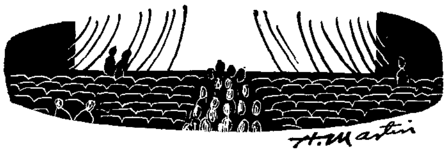

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Adalen 31—Bo Widerberg, whose last film was "Elvira Madigan," re-creates the events leading to the labor riots that established Sweden's Social Democratic Party in 1931. He is a young director of great sensitivity and talent, but for all its beauty, this is the kind of film that one calls "admirable"—meaning "A" for effort, not for achievement. In Swedish. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, 246-5123; through Nov. 8.)

Alice's Restaurant—Arthur Penn's tender, simple film from Arlo Guthrie's best-selling talking-blues ballad record, "The Alice's Restaurant Massacree." Arlo Guthrie plays himself. Among many other things, the film becomes a very touching study of kinds of American faces—hippies, an old man, even an affectingly seen cop. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, 581-2323. . . . ¶ Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, 685-7652; through the afternoon of Nov. 9.)

The Battle of Algiers (1965)—An account, in documentary terms, of how Algeria won its independence. Gillo Pontecorvo directed. In French and Arabic. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Nov. 12.)

Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice—In recent years, Hollywood comedies as entertaining as this have become rare. As the happily married couple, Robert Culp and Natalie Wood are not as good as they might be, but Dyan Cannon and Elliott Gould are almost too good as the perfectly mismatched pair. Written by Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker. Mazursky directed. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid—Maybe the company should have just bought the title and got another script to go with it, because this one (by William Goldman) is some kind of cute cross between a contemporary put-on and a stylized Western legend, and if there is any way to make it work, George Roy Hill, who directed, didn't find it. Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and Katharine Ross are, however, among the most attractive performers around. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Coming Apart—Rip Torn is a psychiatrist whose crack-up involves a series of sexual encounters, a few amusing but most of them intended to be "joyless"—and the movie certainly succeeds in making them so. Sally Kirkland has a big screaming and slobbering scene that could be a good performance, but in this semi-improvisational kind of movie how can one be certain what's acted and what's acted *out*? Written and directed by Milton Moses Ginsberg. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363; and Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th, 759-4630.)

Duet for Cannibals—Two couples and the games they play, which would be more entertaining if we could figure out the rules, or discover if there is anything at stake. The actors have so little to do they seem to be stranded on the screen. Written and directed by Susan Sontag. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131; Nov. 5.)

Dutchman (1967)—Shirley Knight and Al Freeman, Jr., in a movie version of LeRoi Jones' play about a kooky white girl and her Negro victim. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Nov. 12.)

Easy Rider—A ballad about an eastbound cycle-odyssey across modern America. Stanzas of encounters with a gradually hardening country, and reprise lines of lyric motorcycle riding by the two heroes, who are played by Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper. The third hero, a middle-aged, highborn Southern liberal lawyer, is brilliantly seen as the hippies' natural blood brother, and acted with the greatest talent by Jack Nicholson. Directed by Dennis Hopper; his first film, and very fine. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Faces (1968)—Apathy and desperation in an American marriage, as visualized by John Cassavetes in semidocumentary style. With John Marley, Gena Rowlands, Lynn Carlin, and Seymour Cassel. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Nov. 12.)

The Fox (1968)—D. H. Lawrence's English spinsters are transformed into Canadian lesbians in Mark Rydell's film. With Sandy Dennis, Anne Heywood, and Keir Dullea. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Nov. 12.)

Funny Girl—The extraordinary performance of Barbra Streisand makes this one of the most enjoyable movie musicals in years. Directed by William Wyler. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Veterans Day at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Gigi (1958)—A musical revamp of Colette's novel. With Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, and Hermione Gingold. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; through Nov. 10.)

Goodbye, Mr. Chips—Peter O'Toole is remarkably fine as James Hilton's schoolmaster hero, and Petula Clark and Sian Phillips have splendid moments, though the picture just barely survives the Leslie Bricusse music. That it does is a triumph for Herbert Ross, making his début as a director. (Palace, B'way at 47th, 757-2626; starting Nov. 5, at 7:30. Thereafter nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Veterans Day at 2:30, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

The Graduate (1967)—Life is full of perils for the pure, as Dustin Hoffman finds. Among the perils is Anne Bancroft, and among the rewards is Katharine Ross. Directed by Mike Nichols. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, 255-7050; through Nov. 10.)

La Guerre Est Finie (1966)—Yves Montand is the star of this sombre Existentialist tale about an aging Spanish revolutionary. Directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Nov. 6-9.)

The Lion in Winter—A comic melodrama, inflated by the prestige treatment, about the Plantagenets as a family of monsters. Peter O'Toole is robust and in good voice. With Katharine Hepburn. Directed by Anthony Harvey. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Veterans Day at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Lions Love—Agnès Varda's first American feature is very pretty and pleasantly loose, but short of substance—and what there is makes you regret that there's *any*. Viva, fluttering limply, and the two authors of "Hair," Gerome Ragni and James Rado, talk about getting into the movies, cuddle in bed, watch the television coverage of Robert Kennedy's death, and murmur inanities. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Nov. 9.)

The Loves of Isadora—Isadora Duncan played by Vanessa Redgrave, dancing and acting with dazzling romantic range and a witty dash of bile. Karel Reisz's film is one of the very few movie biographies that possess intelligence about an innovator's great talent, and a structure that is ruled by character-sense instead of clodhopping chronology. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Nov. 12.)

The Madwoman of Chaillot—Updated and misguided. With Katharine Hepburn, and Margaret Leighton, Edith Evans, Giulietta Masina, Yul Brynner, Danny Kaye, Richard Chamberlain, and Charles Boyer. Bryan Forbes directed, from Edward Anhalt's bowdlerization of the Jean Giraudoux play. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Marry Me! Marry Me!—Claude Berri's minor, gentle-natured film about a French boy being nudged into marriage. It has the wry and alert virtues of the best anecdotal Czech movies. In French. (Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 427-1332; through Nov. 10. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; and Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700; through Nov. 11.)

Midnight Cowboy—John Schlesinger directs James Leo Herlihy's story for horselaughs, but the movie is worth seeing for a look at Jon Voight and Dustin Hoffman, who play the cowboy and Ratso Rizzo. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

Odd Man Out (1947)—James Mason as a fugitive hunted by all the cops in Belfast. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting Nov. 11.)

Oh! What a Lovely War—A socially significant antiwar musical that is also a big, heavy movie in the pukka-sahib tradition of English moviemaking. Maggie Smith and Laurence Olivier are very funny, but oh, so briefly. With John Mills, John Gielgud, Dirk Bogarde, Ralph Richardson, various Redgraves, et al. Richard Attenborough directed. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013.)

Paint Your Wagon—The kind of corny, butch Americana that is said to be healthy—maybe because it's so insensitive. Joshua Logan directed this Lerner-Loewe musical, which, improbable as it sounds, features Lee Marvin, Jean Seberg, and Clint Eastwood as a *ménage à trois* in the California Gold Rush. (State 2, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Veterans Day at 2:30, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Popi—Alan Arkin in a rich part that includes a scene as a Puerto Rican busboy at a Cuba Libre banquet who is mistaken for a heroic veteran of the Bay of Pigs. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie—Maggie Smith's Miss Brodie, Celia Johnson's magnificent Miss Mackay, and an excellently selected cast more than compensate for Ronald Neame's rather stodgy direction of the Muriel Spark material. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Nov. 12.)

The Producers (1968)—Zero Mostel, Gene Wilder, and Dick Shawn in a farce about Broadway. Written and directed by Mel Brooks. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; starting Nov. 7.)

Putney Swope—A mostly funny, haywire farce by Robert Downey about an advertising agency called Truth & Soul, Inc. Putney Swope is a weary-looking black, hoisted into the chairman's seat by a bad accident of boardroom voting. Things thereupon explode. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

The Royal Hunt of the Sun—One doesn't know whether to laugh or to groan: As the King of the Incas, Christopher Plummer carries on like a mad queen, while Robert Shaw, as Pizarro, and the rest of the cast play it straight. No doubt Plummer should be scolded, but he's so *entertaining*, and the movie is a mess, anyway. From Peter Shaffer's play. Directed by Irving Lerner. (Fine Art, 130 E. 58th, 755-6030.)

The Secret of Santa Vittoria—Anna Magnani beats Anthony Quinn with a rolling pin while a lot of Italians make their funny Italian sounds, waving their funny Italian arms. Stanley Kramer directed this anti-Nazi opéra bouffe, which is meant to be a celebration of the indomitable something-or-other of man (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180.)

The Sterile Cuckoo—A good script (by Alvin Sargent) gives Liza Minnelli and Wendell Burton the kind of witty, lyrical roles that actors sell their souls for. A nice little movie, directed by Alan J. Pakula. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

Take the Money and Run—Woody Allen as a criminal who never makes the Ten Most Wanted list. Far from taking the money and running, he writes polite holdup notes to bank tellers and argues desperately when they can't read his writing. Written and directed by the star. A stop-and-go film, but a true original. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

Top Hat (1935)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers dancing to Irving Berlin's music. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 11-13.)

Up to His Ears (1966)—Directed by Philippe de Broca, with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Ursula Andress. In French. (Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting Nov. 12.)

A Walk with Love and Death—John Huston's romantic idyll, set in a time of terror. A student (Assaf Dayan) and a young girl of noble birth (Anjelica Huston) try to find an escape hatch from the Hundred Years' War. This love story is unusually tough-minded, and effective because it is. From Hans Koningsberger's novel. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663; Nov. 5.)

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf? (1966)—A movie of that hard night's night. Richard Burton, Elizabeth Taylor, Sandy Dennis, and George Segal, and directed by Mike Nichols. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037, starting Nov. 12.)

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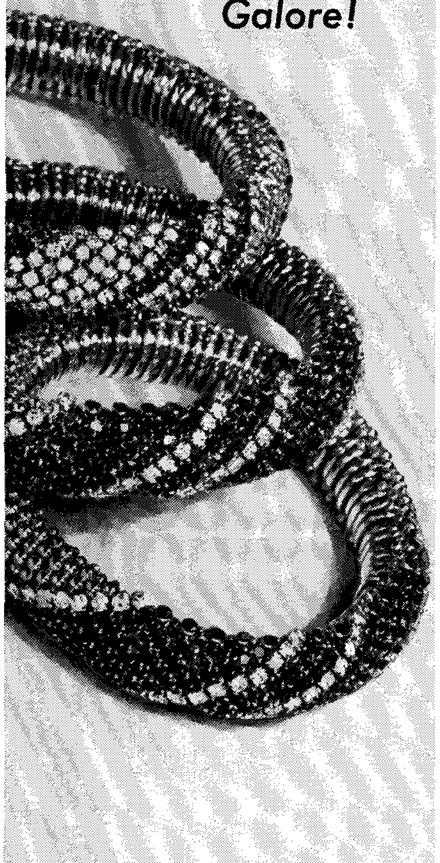

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THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Last Summer," Barbara Hershey.

Evergreen, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
COMING APART.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Nov. 11: "Sweet Charity," Shirley MacLaine; and "I'll Never Forget What's 'Isname" (1968), Orson Welles, Oliver Reed.
From Nov. 12: **FACES**; and "The Magus" (1968), Anthony Quinn, Michael Caine.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Nov. 11: "Medium Cool," Robert Forster.
From Nov. 12: **THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE**; and "Joanna" (1968), Genevieve Waite.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
POPI; and "If It's Tuesday, This Must Be Belgium," Suzanne Pleshette, Ian McShane.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through the afternoon of Nov. 9: **ALICE'S RESTAURANT.**
From Nov. 9, at 8: "The Last of the Ski Bums," a documentary film.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Battle of Britain," Harry Andrews, Michael Caine.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Black on White," Terry Carter.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
THE ROYAL HUNT OF THE SUN.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
THE MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Nov. 5: **A WALK WITH LOVE AND DEATH.**
From Nov. 6: "Downhill Racer," Robert Redford, Gene Hackman.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
MIDNIGHT COWBOY.

Pacific East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through Nov. 13 (tentative): "de Sade," Keir Dullea, Senta Berger.

Avco Embassy East, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
Through Nov. 10: "Fanny Hill," Diana Kjaer.
From Nov. 11: "Don't Drink the Water," Jackie Gleason, Estelle Parsons.

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
COMING APART.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
BOB & CAROL & TED & ALICE.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
PUTNEY SWOPE.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
EASY RIDER.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
THE STERILE CUCKOO.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Nov. 9: **LIONS LOVE.**
From Nov. 10: "She Done Him Wrong" (1933) and "I'm No Angel" (1933), both with Mae West and Cary Grant.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
THE SECRET OF SANTA VITTORIA.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"All the Loving Couples," Norman Alden.

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through Nov. 10: **MARRY ME! MARRY ME!** (in French).
From Nov. 11: "Flare Up," Raquel Welch.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Battle of Britain," Harry Andrews, Michael Caine.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
"L'Immortelle" (in French).

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Nov. 11: "Medium Cool," Robert Forster.
From Nov. 12: **WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?**; and **THE FOX.**

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Nov. 11: **MARRY ME! MARRY ME!** (in French).
From Nov. 12: **THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS** (in French and Arabic); and **DUTCHMAN.**

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Sign of the Virgin," a Czechoslovakian film.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Nov. 11: "Fanny Hill," Diana Kjaer.
From Nov. 12: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Nov. 10: **GIGI**; and "Lili" (1953), Leslie Caron, Mel Ferrer.
From Nov. 11: **ODD MAN OUT**; and "The Third Man" (1950), Joseph Cotten, Alida Valli.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Nov. 10: **THE GRADUATE.**
From Nov. 11: "Journey to the Far Side of the Sun," Roy Thinnes, Ian Hendry.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
FUNNY GIRL.

State 2, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
PAINT YOUR WAGON.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (757-2626)
From Nov. 5, at 7:30: **GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS.** (Opening night is a benefit performance.)

Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
Through Nov. 10: "Krakatoa, East of Java," Maximilian Schell, Diane Baker.
From Nov. 11: "Don't Drink the Water," Jackie Gleason, Estelle Parsons.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Nov. 6: "Camelot" (1967), Richard Harris, Vanessa Redgrave.
From Nov. 7: **THE PRODUCERS**; and "Will Penny" (1968), Charlton Heston, Joan Hackett.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
Through Nov. 12: "Hail, Hero!," Michael Douglas, Arthur Kennedy.
From Nov. 13: "The Brain," David Niven, Jean-Paul Belmondo.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
ALICE'S RESTAURANT.

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through Nov. 8: **ADALEN 31** (in Swedish).
From Nov. 9: "La Femme Infidèle" (in French).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Nov. 5: **DUET FOR CANNIBALS** (in Swedish).
From Nov. 6: "Trilogy," a film of three Truman Capote short stories, among them "A Christmas Memory."

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE LION IN WINTER.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
OH! WHAT A LOVELY WAR.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
Through Nov. 9: "The Christmas Tree," William Holden, Virna Lisi.
From Nov. 10: To be announced.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Nov. 11: **MARRY ME! MARRY ME!** (in French).
From Nov. 12: To be announced.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Nov. 5: "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955), James Dean, Natalie Wood; and "East of Eden" (1955), Julie Harris, James Dean.
Nov. 6-9: **LA GUERRE EST FINIE** (in French); and "Accattone!" (1961; in Italian).
From Nov. 10: "In the Year of the Pig," a documentary film.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Nov. 11: "Sweet Charity," Shirley MacLaine; and "Secret Ceremony" (1968), Elizabeth Taylor, Mia Farrow.
From Nov. 12: **THE LOVES OF ISADORA**; and "The Oldest Profession" (1968; in French), a film composed of six episodes.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Nov. 6: "Catherine the Great" (1934), Elisabeth Bergner, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; and "Rembrandt" (1936), Charles Laughton, Elsa Lanchester.
Nov. 7-10: "Night After Night" (1932), Mae West, George Raft; and "She Done Him Wrong" (1933), Mae West, Cary Grant.
Nov. 11-13: **TOP HAT**; and "Rhapsody in Blue" (1945), Joan Leslie, Robert Alda.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Nov. 11: "Camille 2000," Danièle Gaubert.
From Nov. 12: **UP TO HIS EARS** (in French); and "Heartbeat (La Chamade)," in French, with Catherine Deneuve.

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a pearly,
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interior of
a seashell . . .

and if
she looks
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and young
and
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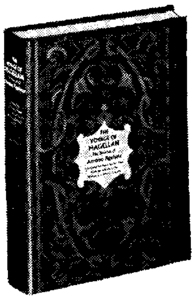
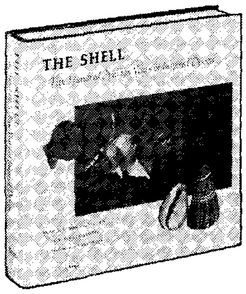
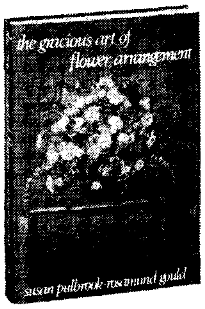
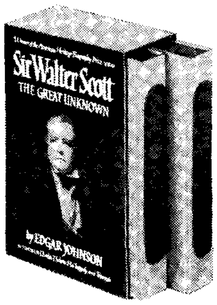
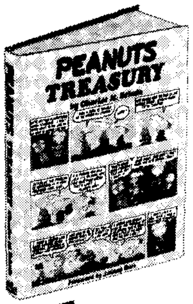

THE VOYAGE OF MAGELLAN



A Boy Named Charlie Brown


the gracious art of flower arrangement
susan pulbrook rosamund gould


Sir Walter Scott
THE GREAT UNKNOWN
by EDGAR JOHNSON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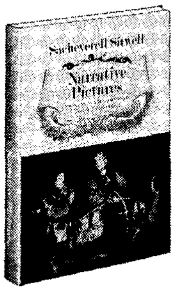
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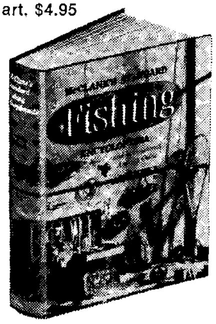
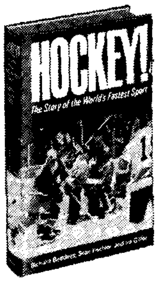


My Year in the White House Doghouse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The Story of the World's Fastest Sport

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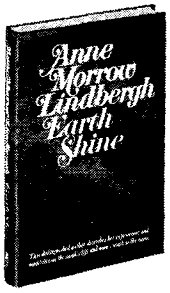
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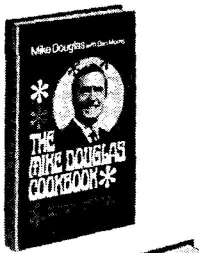
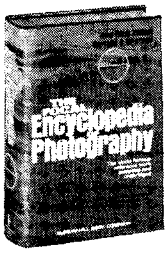

Mike Douglas with Dan Morris
THE MIKE DOUGLAS COOKBOOK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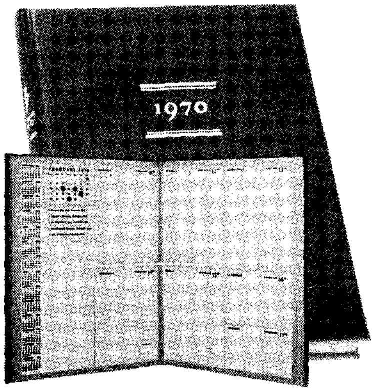

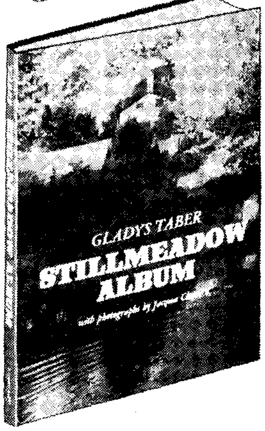
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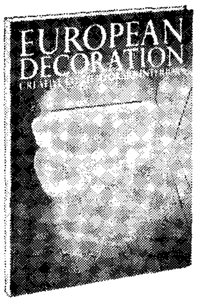
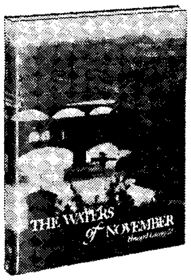
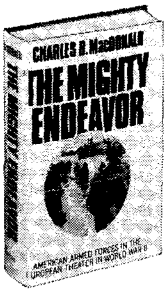
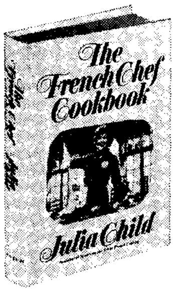
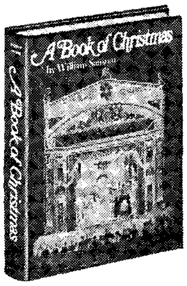
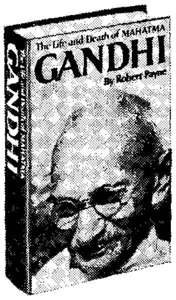
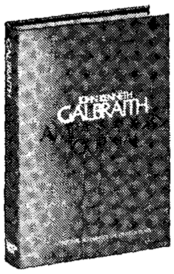
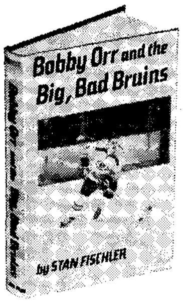
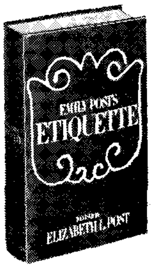


Ev: The Man and His Words





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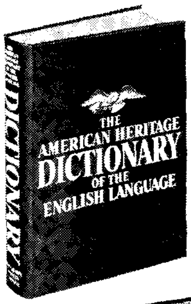
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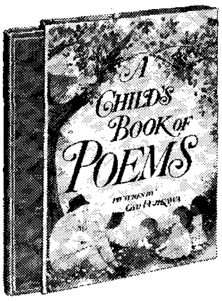
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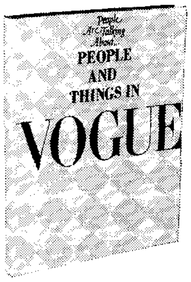
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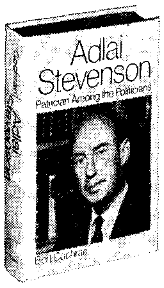
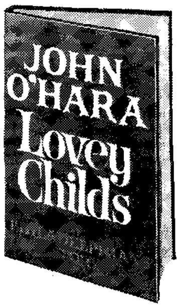

Adlai Stevenson
Patrician Among the Politicians
Bert Cochran

THE JAPAN EXPEDITION 1852-1854
The Personal Journal of Commodore Matthew C. Perry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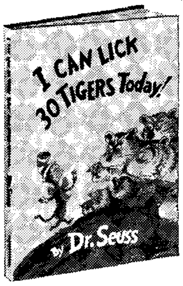
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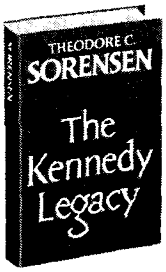
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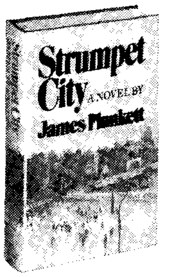
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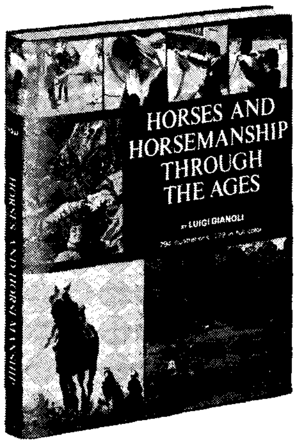
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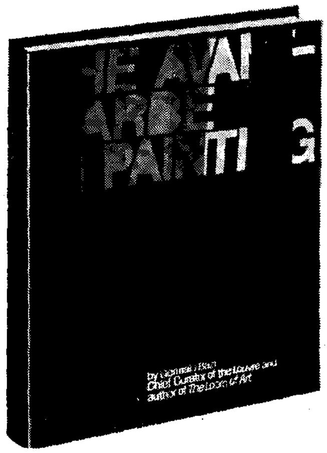

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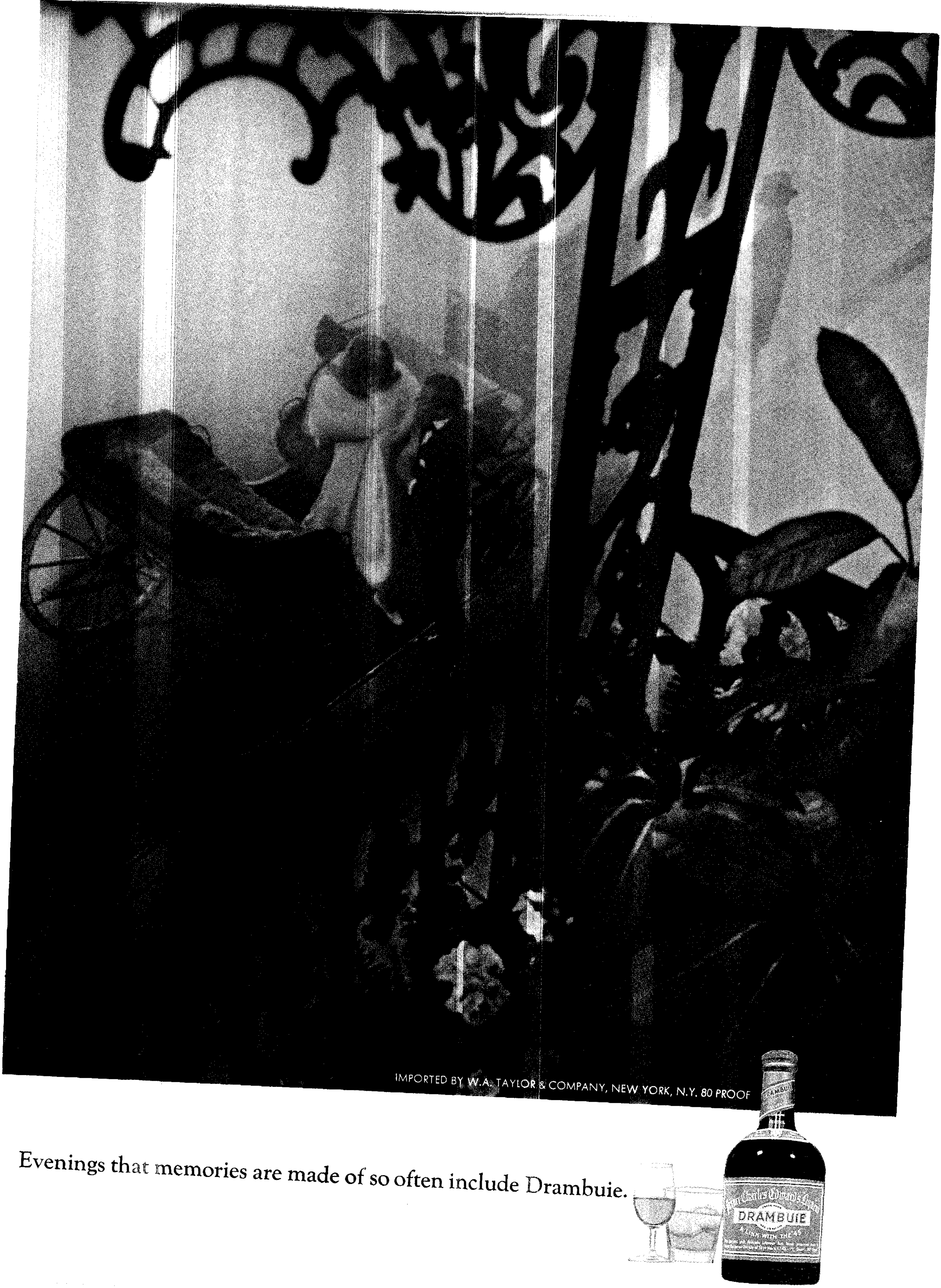
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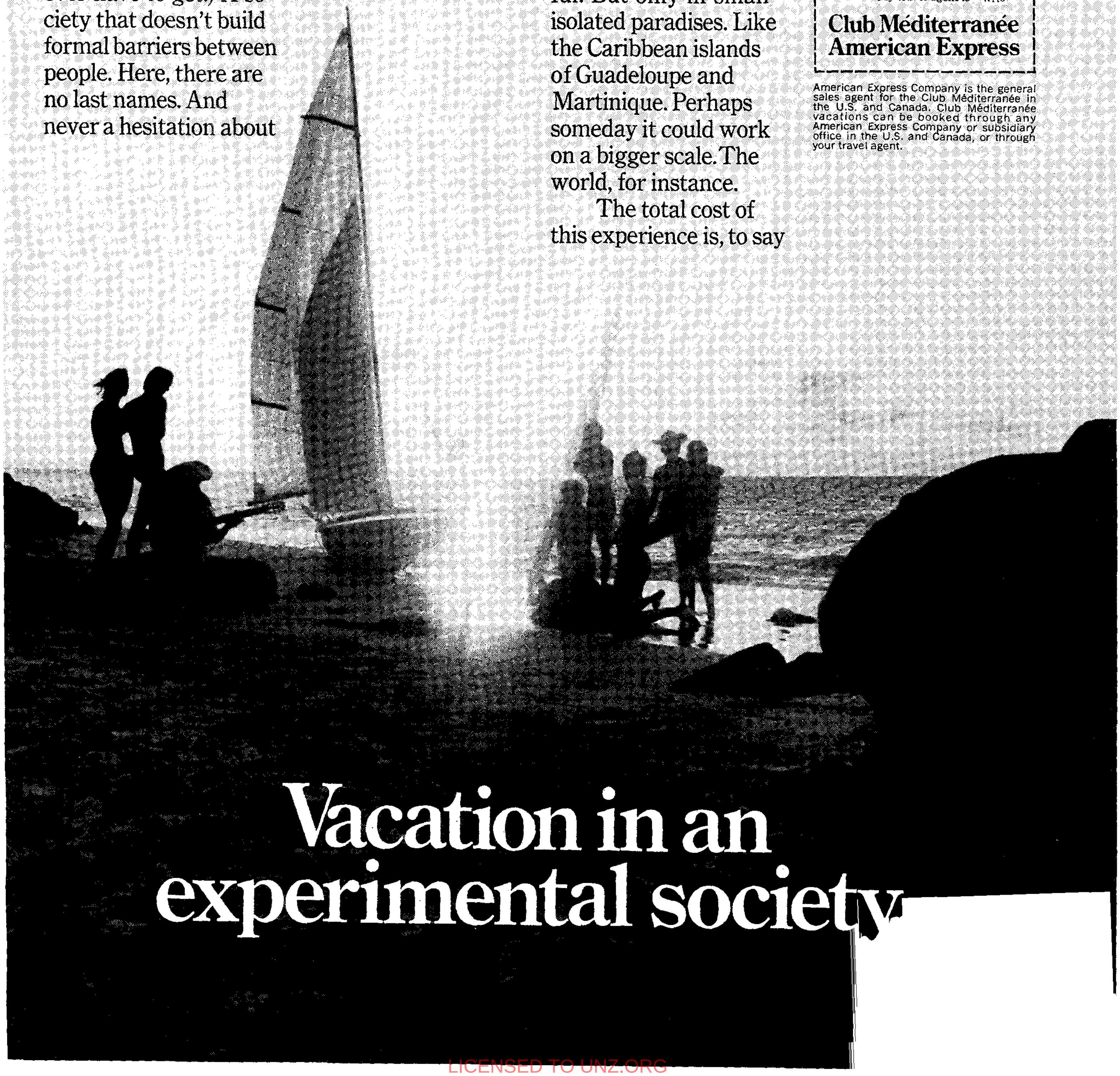
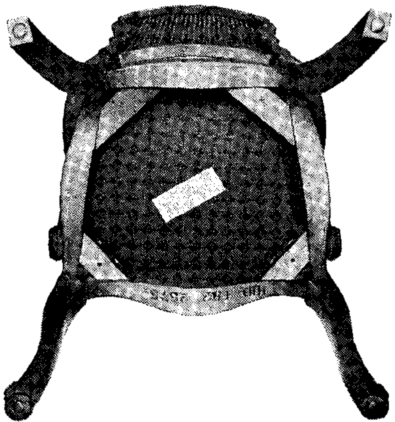


Some of the best reasons we're small never see the light of day.



We're the people who'd rather stay small than get big at the expense of quality. The trouble is, we can't always show you what we're bragging about.

Witness our elegant Charmand collection. What you *can* see are its classic lines. And its delicate carvings. And the authentic antique finishes it comes in (which, up to now, you could only get from custom manufacturers.)

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Nor can you see the two years of inspiration and perspiration that went into Charmand. Or the fact that we paid our model maker triple time on a holiday to produce those carvings. Plastic would have been cheaper. But not better.

Which is the point, exactly. We'd rather be better than big.

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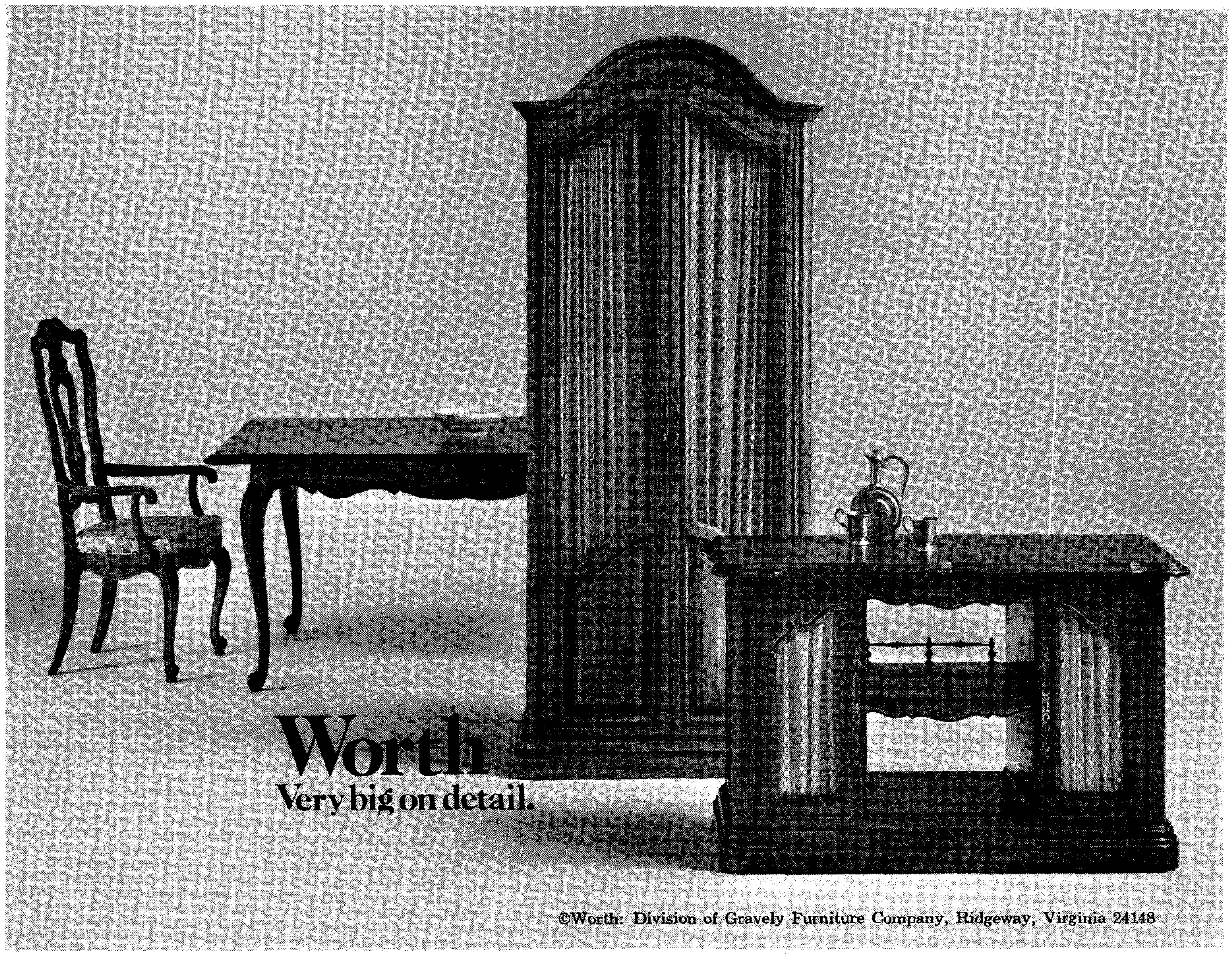

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Steinway Hall. It's more than a piano showroom. It's a music museum, as well. Here, on display, are letters from Sibelius, Berlioz, Liszt. A straight-strung piano built by Henry E. Steinway in 1836. Paintings of famous musicians like "Beethoven and Nature" by N. C. Wyeth and "The Death of Mozart" by Chambers. Room after room of piano memorabilia that would most likely be in the Smithsonian today. If it weren't part of Steinway's own 117-year history, too.

Downstairs, Steinway craftsmen are constantly at work voicing and regulating the more than 40 concert grands Steinway maintains for visiting concert pianists. Here too, in halls once trod by Hoffmann, Rachmaninoff and Paderewski, tomorrow's immortals come to select pianos for their concert performances.

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For more information write to Henry Steinway, Steinway Hall, 109 West 57th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10019.

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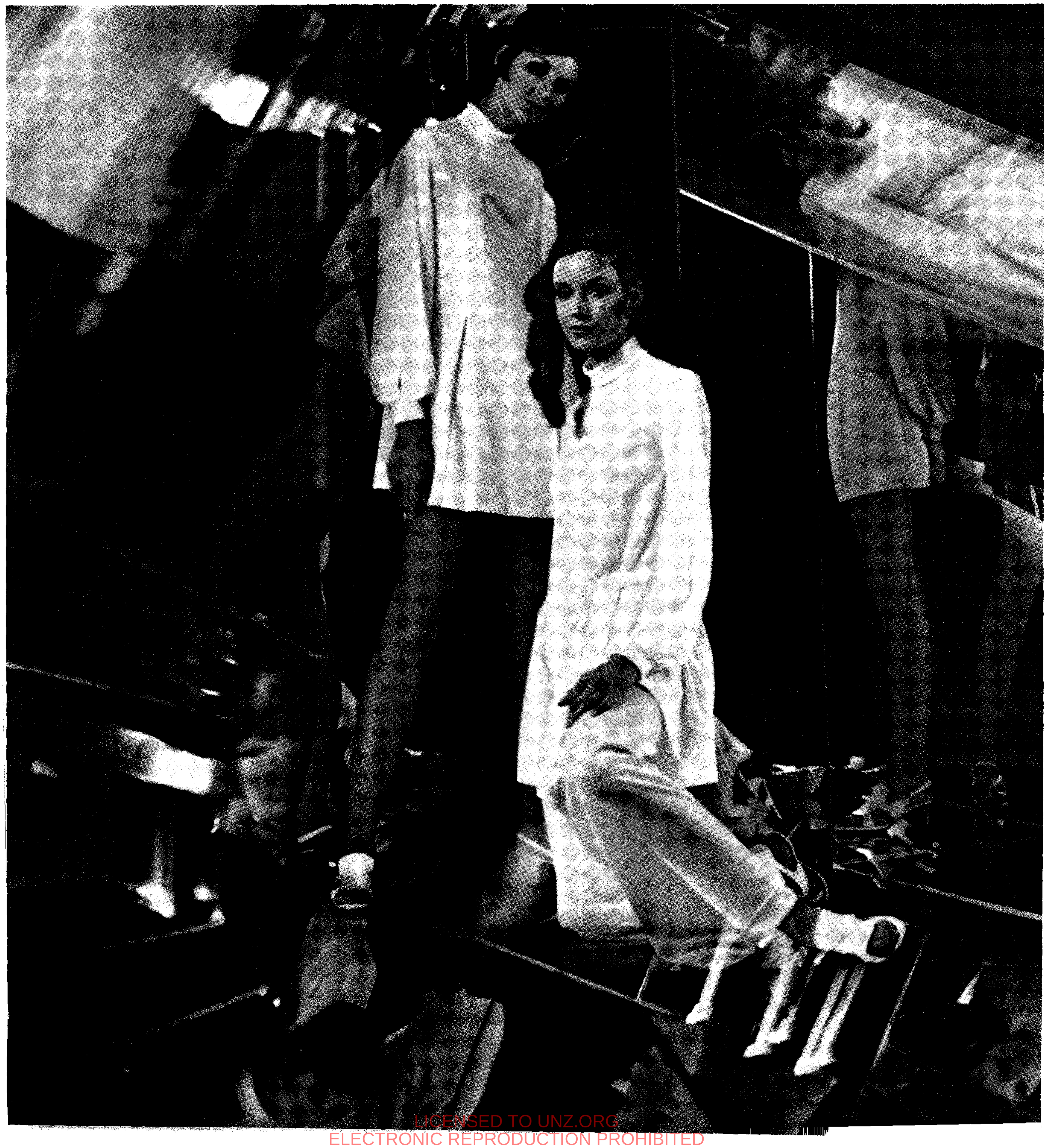
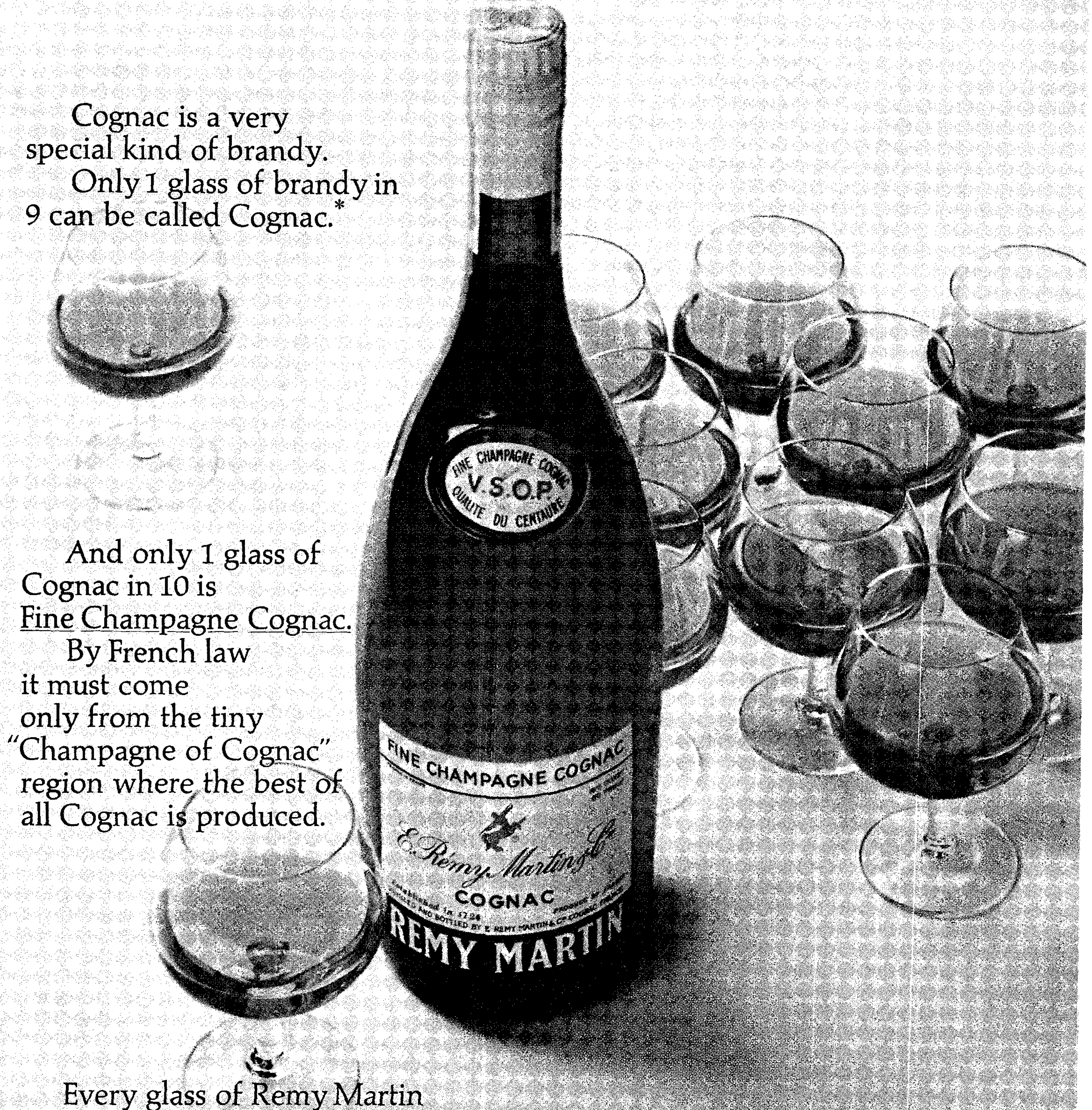


Remy Martin is rare Cognac. But how rare is rare?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Cognac is a very special kind of brandy.

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Our crystal compotier-styled dessert bowls will make a piece de resistance out of anything good. Delicate short-stemmed 6-oz. bowls are 4¼" round at the top and measure a mere 2¾" high. They're great for designed desserts, such as cherries jubilee, glacé, mousse, sundaes, colorful fruit compote, or your very own specialty. Per set of eight, $10.00. Shipping Charge 95c.

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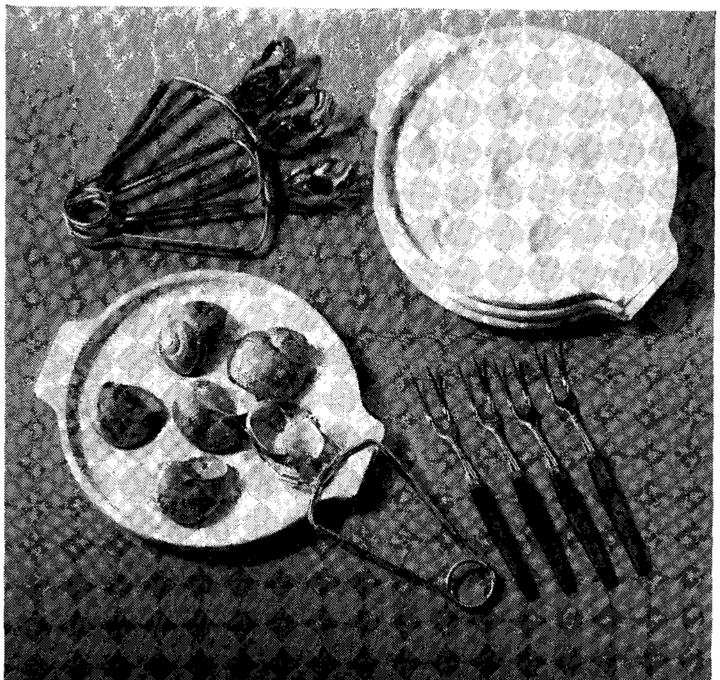
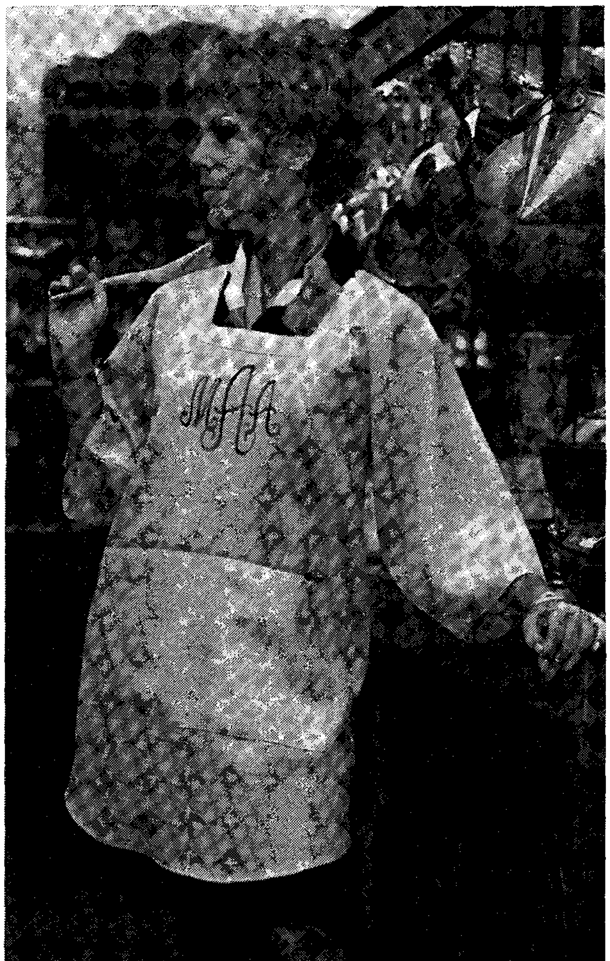
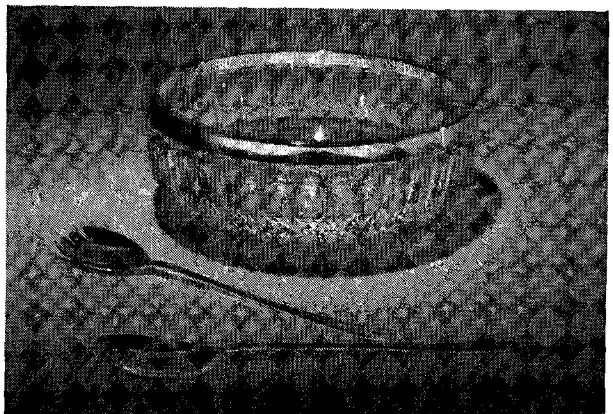


Going gourmet? Then start with "Escargotmanship" to dramatize the occasion. Our 12-pc. service for four makes it easy. Oven-to-table plates, 6¼" round, of white porcelainized steel, come with stainless snail clamps and wood-handled forks. And with our exceptional find, a recipe is included for preparing this great delicacy. Toujours Bon Appétit! The set, $12.00. Shipping Charge 95c.



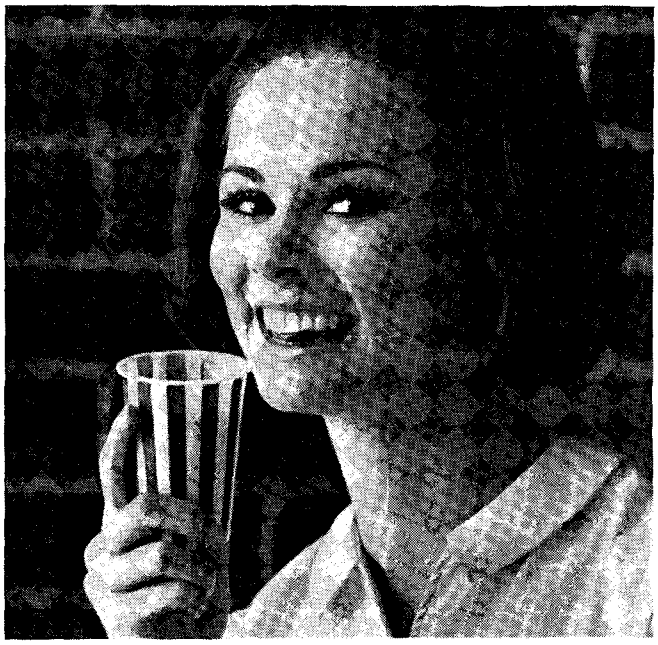
The Mamma-San apron, with your monogram embroidered in contrasting color, makes a great hostess coverup. One size fits all, and it is made of a washable rayon and silk blend. Choose Halls own red with green piping and monogram. Also powder blue with navy, or lime with turquoise. $10.00. Order before Dec. 1 for Christmas delivery. Circle last initial. Shipping Charge 65c.



Symbols of hospitality are designed into our brilliant salad set import, to make anything you serve with it a feature attraction. The heavy lead crystal bowl, 8¼" round, is cut with the pineapple and thumbprint motifs. Use as a decorative accent or fill it with other delectables. Thickly rimmed of English silverplate, with matching servers. 3-pc. set, $10.00. Shipping Charge $1.10.

Get ready for the "fat time of day."

"The sugar in a soft drink now
can save me
a lot of calories later."



Anytime you allow yourself to get ravenous, you're in trouble. That's the "fat time of day" when your appestat* is turned up and you're likely to overeat.

By snacking on something sweet shortly before mealtime, you turn your appestat down.

The sugar in a couple of cookies or a small dish of ice cream can turn it down almost immediately.

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Sugar...only 18 calories per teaspoon,
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"A neural center in the hypothalamus believed to regulate appetite."—Webster's Third New International Dictionary.

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Sewage is mounting.

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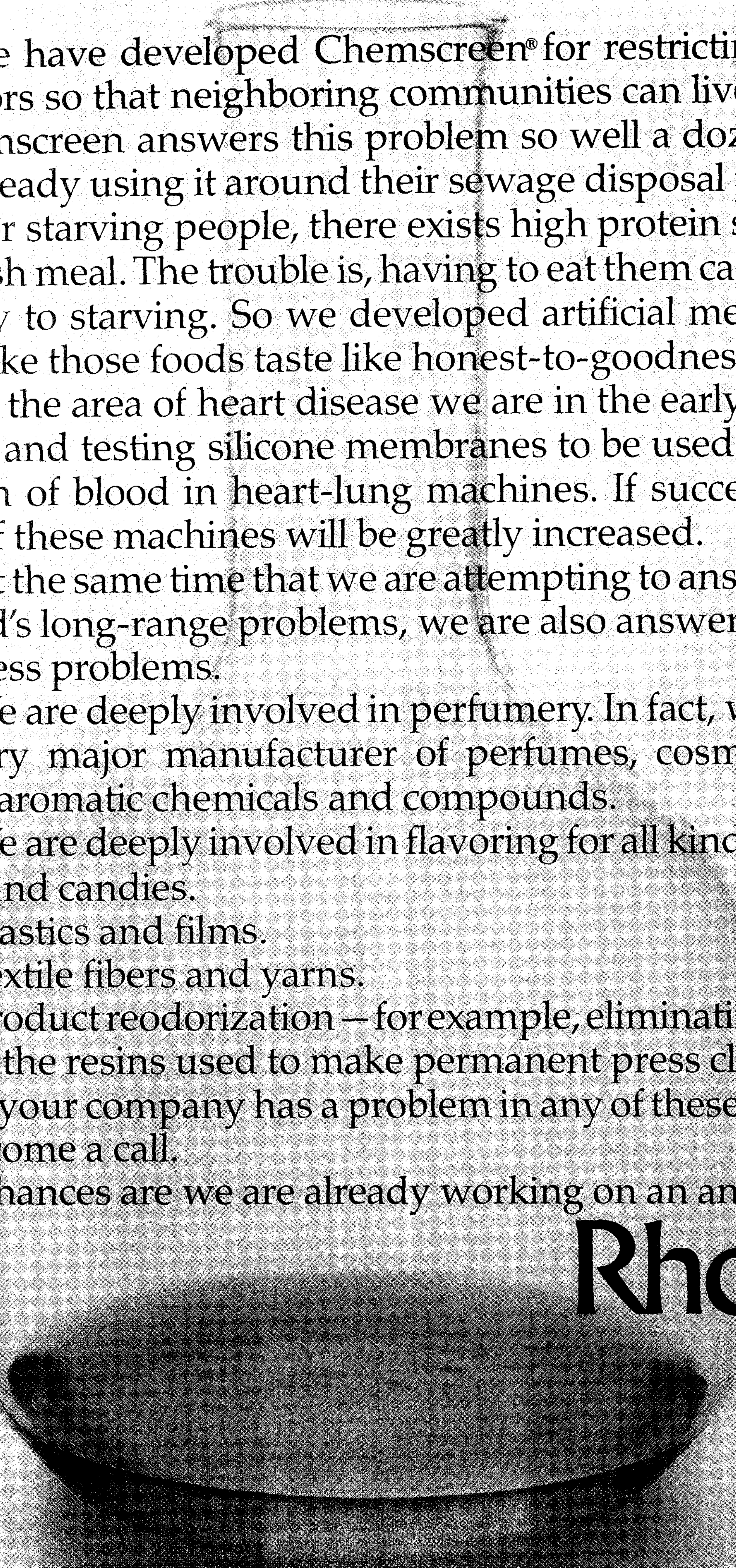
We are developing breakthroughs for polluted air. When you learn about them, you will breathe a whole lot easier.



We have developed Chemscreen® for restricting bad industrial odors so that neighboring communities can live without them. Chemscreen answers this problem so well a dozen major cities are already using it around their sewage disposal plants.

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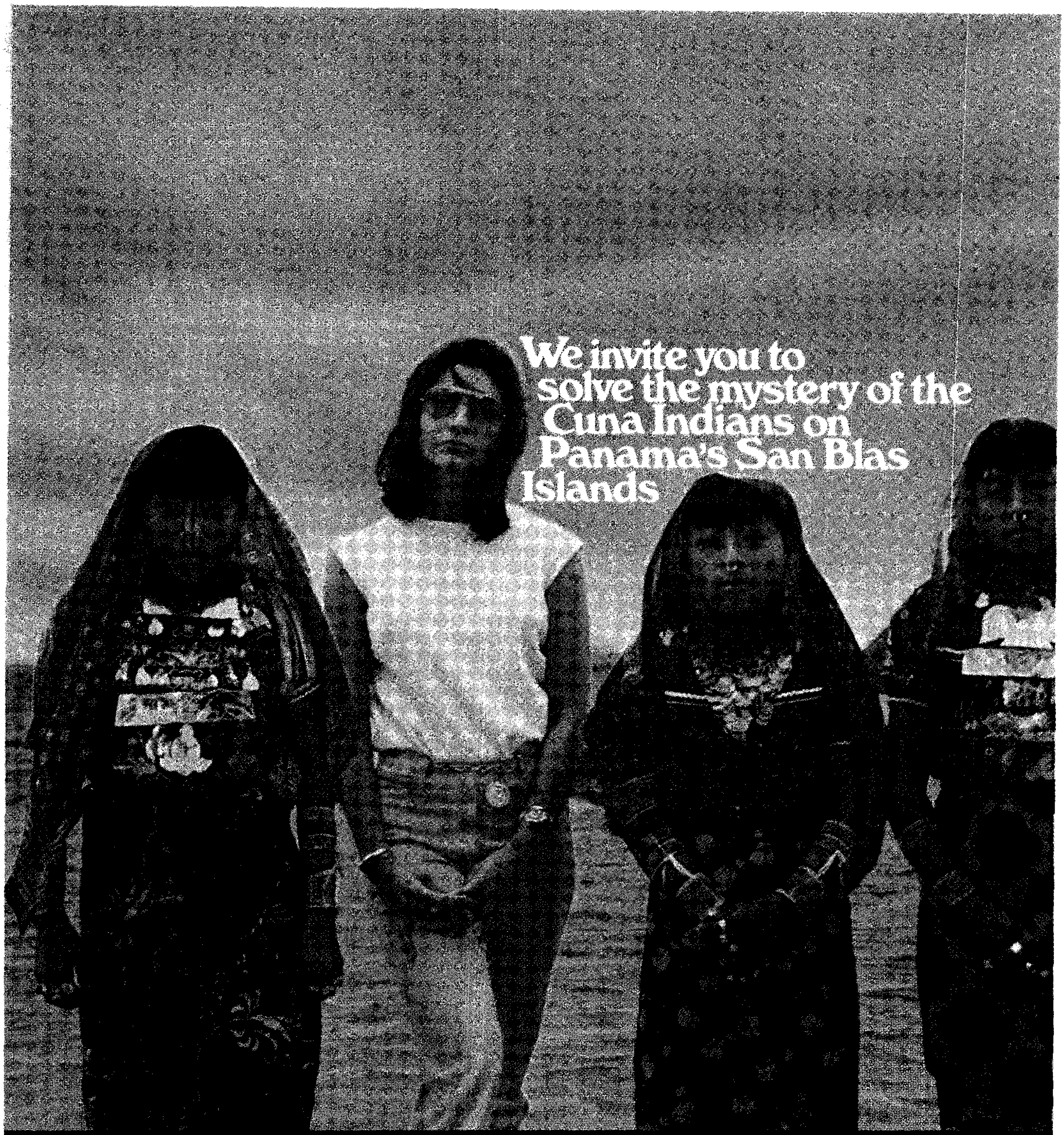

We invite you to solve the mystery of the Cuna Indians on Panama's San Blas Islands

These coral islands are just off the Atlantic coast of Panama. And the Cunas have lived there for almost five thousand years. But no one is certain of their origin. Some say they came from the Euphrates Valley. Others believe they came from Egypt. And their language currently contains eleven ancient Norse words. The Cunas are artisans and musicians, as you'll see. Friendly, too. And photographable.

All of Panama is fascinating. Filled with beauty and mystery. Panama offers sights not found in most travel folders. And, of course, it offers the more mundane things also like nightclubs, gambling, beaches, surf, fishing, hunting, exciting shopping and all that sort of thing. For a wealth of fact on Panama, see your Travel Agent or write:

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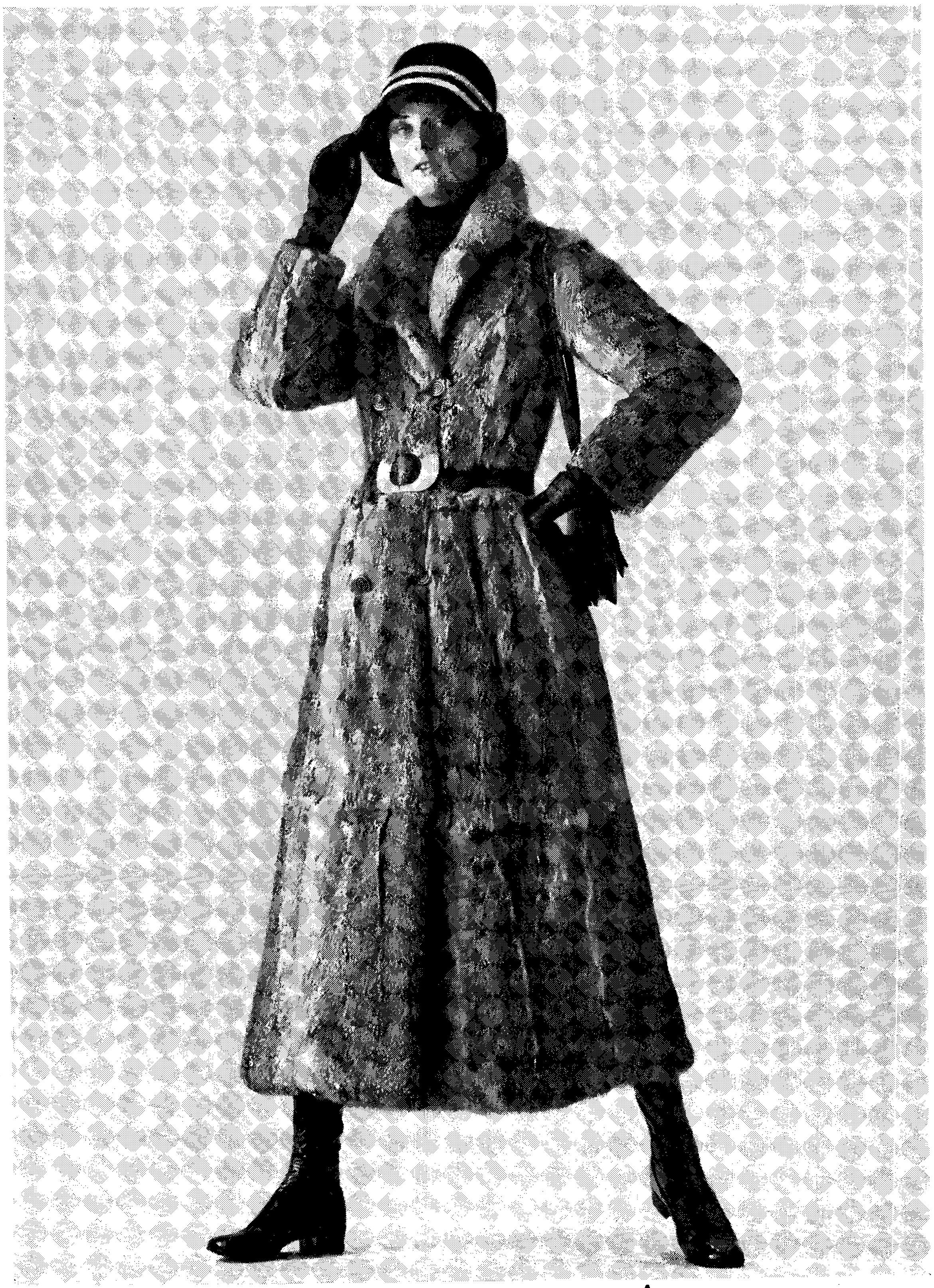

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THE NEW YORKER

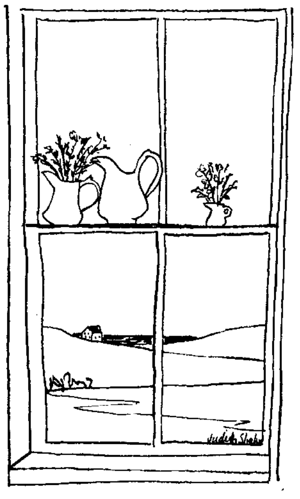
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ON Main Street in Essex, Connecticut, as October drew to a close, a few doors from the Griswold Inn a weigela bush was in full bloom. In Salisbury, across Route 44 from the Town Hall an impromptu picnic-lunch party had fresh-picked raspberries set out in dishes on the lawn. In a hillside garden in nearby Cornwall, a tower of Van Doren morning-glories defied the mild October sun and stayed open late into the afternoon. Elsewhere in Connecticut, there were the second bloomings, the oddities, the persistencies and confusions of a season prolonging itself beyond its natural time. A yellow day lily shot up out of its supposed dormancy and budded. In vegetable gardens, Kentucky Wonder beans continued their yield; tomato vines, once exhausted, began to blossom and set again; little green peppers reappeared; pumpkin vines that had already oversupplied the roadside stands of the state began making new green pumpkins; rose gardens that had produced bonus surges for August and September came out with candelabra arrays of new buds and blooms, shoulder-high. Confused by such unusual traffic signals, the migrating fall warblers loitered along the route, crowding the thickets. In Hartford County, an unexpected stopping-over of mockingbirds jammed the airwaves with the disjointed, frantic mimicry and catapult dances of spring courtship. Only the stars, with the nightly earlier appearance of Orion wheeling evenly on toward November, seemed to be keeping the true season.

Exposition

LAST week, we received a bulletin from a public-relations firm about a Japan Exposition to be held in New York at the Coliseum and later in Chicago and Los Angeles. The bulletin described the show as a collection of "outstanding products recently developed and marketed by progressive Japanese industries," including "toys, TV and radio sets, cameras and watches . . . as well as highly sophisticated technical equipment in the electronics, photographic, optical, and heavy-machinery and automotive fields," and said that the purpose of the Exposition was to "stimulate the continuing growth of international trade and friendship between Japan and her biggest trading partner, the United States." It further said that "some one hundred industries and manufacturers will be demonstrating their products." We decided to go over and have a look. In the lobby, we paid two dollars and fifty cents admission and headed up an escalator to the Exposition, which was on the third floor. When we arrived, we found that the floor had been divided into about fifty booths—small rooms, really, separated by yellow cloth on frames. There was only a handful of people in each of several aisles of booths. The first thing that caught our eye was a display of the Encyclopædia Britannica, and the second thing was a display of Austrian loden coats. "We must be at the wrong exposition," we told ourself, but then we noticed that the girl selling encyclopedias was wearing a kimono and appeared to be Japanese.



"Why are Encyclopædia Britannicas being sold at the Japan Exposition?" we asked her.

"I don't know," she said, in hesitant English. "I came, and—oh, it is so strange! I want to go away, but I promised I come, so I come. If you promised, so would you do, too?"

We said we would.

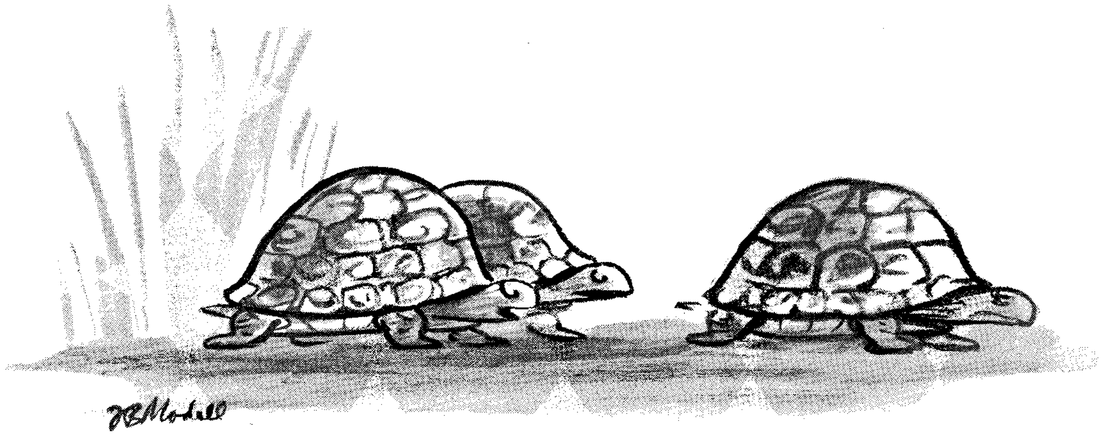
At a booth across the aisle, a man on a raised platform was holding open a case of gold-plated flatware made by the Lifetime Cutlery Corporation and was saying, "Ladies, you're in for the surprise of a lifetime. Now, this is real gold plating applied through electronic methods. Of course, I want you to know that it was made in this country."

Again, we wondered whether we really were at the Japan Exposition.

"Now, when you hear what I'm offering, you're going to be amazed, and I mean that *honestly*, and from the bottom of my heart," the man continued, and he put his hand on his heart. "If you bought this set at two hundred and fifty or three hundred dollars, and brought it home, you'd never have cause to regret it—and I mean that absolutely sincerely. But I'm not talking about two hundred and fifty or three hundred dollars. I'm asking you to forget two hundred and fifty and three hundred dollars. That would be a fair price, but you wouldn't need *me* to buy it at that price. I'm asking you to forget two hundred and fifty and forget two hundred dollars, too—yes, and to forget a hundred and seventy-five and one-fifty, and *even to forget a hundred and twenty-five!*" He looked at his audience as though he could hardly believe it himself. "I'd like someone here to bid for this set at the price of one hundred dollars. No, I wouldn't kid you—I said *one hundred!* Now, who will bid a hundred?"

A lady up front quickly offered to buy a set, as though the offer might be withdrawn before she could take advantage of it, and her bid was followed by one or two more.

We rounded a corner into another aisle of booths and found that at one end, in semi-darkness formed by still more cloth partitions, a movie projector



"Poor Emily! The years have not been kind to her."

• •

without an operator was showing a travelogue about Japan. Because the darkness was incomplete, the picture was faded and difficult to see. The narrator for the film then being shown was saying, "At night, Tokyo offers a bewildering variety of activities. Golf has become a craze among Japanese businessmen." On the screen, there appeared fifty or so Japanese businessmen teeing off at a Japanese driving range at night. We went on, and found that in the next aisle there were a few booths selling small articles of Japanese make, such as teacups and paper flowers. About halfway down the aisle, there were ten or fifteen vibrating chairs and vibrating chaise longues, displayed by the Niagara South Western Company. The salesman offered to let us try one, and we discovered that after we had lain in it for a minute, a pleasant floating sensation came over us. We asked where the chairs were made (our voice came out vibrating strangely), and a salesman answered, "The parts are made in Japan but assembled in America."

We asked why the chairs were being demonstrated at the Japan Exposition.

"We demonstrate wherever there are people," he answered. "The purpose is to sell our product."

We got up from the vibrating chair feeling relaxed but puzzled.

The next three displays we dropped in on did nothing to help us figure out the nature of the Exposition. The first was a demonstration of that great standard article of the demonstration salesman—the multi-purpose vegetable slicer. (This one was American-made.) The second was a large plastic pool stocked with trout, where customers were invited to try their luck fishing. The third was a set of machines that performed "electrographic personality analysis," which meant that they analyzed your personality from your handwriting for seventy-five cents. The results of the analysis appeared on a little graph on a postcard. It looked like a cardiogram, with favorable qualities listed on one edge and unfavorable qualities listed on the other edge. We had our personality analyzed, and learned that among our favorable qualities were "interest in sports" and "attractiveness to the opposite sex," and among our unfavorable ones was an "overdeveloped imagination." As we were reading this, we heard the sound of a koto—a traditional Japanese instrument, which is plucked—and we directed our attention to a stage against one wall. A Japanese classical dancer was announced, and she appeared, wearing a yellow kimono. Someone turned on a tape recorder behind the stage, and a voice, with exceptionally clear diction, announced, "Miss Nobuko Shimazaki will now demonstrate some of the movements of Japanese classical dance." As the voice called out the movements, Miss Shimazaki performed them. Among the movements were one called "Writing a Letter," one called "Expressing Shyness," and one called "Sewing and Biting off the Thread." As she performed, customers turned away from the gilt flatware, the vegetable slicer, the electronic personality analyzer, and the vibrating chaise longues to watch the dance. Miss Shimazaki was a striking performer, who danced with tiny, utterly liquid movements. Occasionally, the graceful, fluid movements were interrupted by a sudden turn or gesture of surprising speed and power. Her final dance was called "Spring Rain," and was about a woman who is waiting in the rain for her lover.

When the performance was over, we drifted back toward the vibrating chairs. A salesman came up to us and said, "You know, speaking frankly, this is disgusting. We paid two thousand dollars for this space, but this is no Japanese exposition. Is that vegetable slicer Japanese? Is the New York Bible Society Japanese?" He pointed to a booth that had been let to the New York Bible Society. "A lot of exhibitors have just left. Look at the empty booths!" He then took us on a little tour of the premises, often remarking, "What has that got to do with Japan?" Stopping in front of a booth rented to the Oppenheimer Fund, he asked, "What's the Oppenheimer Fund doing here?" Then he stopped in front of the personality analyzer, and said, "This is stuff for a carnival." We talked with other exhibitors, nearly all of whom were angry about the Exposition. It turned out that it had been organized by a company called Expositions & Shows, Inc., and we decided to look up a representative of the company. The ranking representative on hand at the Coliseum proved to be Albert Balk, executive vice-president of Expositions & Shows, Inc. We found him in front of his office, near the elevators, facing about fifteen people. He is a tall, very stout man with a round face and a pencil mustache. When we came up to him, he was saying, "O.K., now, don't aggravate me. Stop all this screaming and yelling. Just wait here for Mr. Metz, and he'll take it up with you. You won't get anywhere by unnecessarily aggravating me. I'm not the guy who can resolve your particular problem. Look. Don't you want to see the beautiful Japanese dancing with the koto and all? Yeah, sure, you didn't like the movies, you didn't like the art." It turned out that the people he was talking with were Exposition visitors demanding their admission money back. "I'll aggravate you, all right! I'll aggravate you!" a red-haired woman was saying loudly. "It's just five dollars for me and my daughter, is it? I'll call the Mayor's office and do something about this." Mr. Balk eventually retreated into his office.

We went in a few minutes later and asked him what his company's conception of the show had been. "Look," he said. "Let me tell you something the guards here told me. New York audiences are spoiled. They're spoiled. They don't want beautiful art, and the beautiful dancing and karate matches I arranged and am paying for and losing my shirt for so these people can see some culture. I never had any conception of having Sony and Mitsubishi and those companies. You can see that stuff in the department stores. Someone comes in and says to me 'Where are the TVs?' and I say 'Look in the department stores and you'll find plenty of TVs.' I never conceived of having all that stuff."

We remarked that the bulletin for the show had advertised TV and radio sets, sophisticated electrical equipment, and even heavy machinery, and that it had said flatly that some one hundred Japanese industries and manufacturers would be exhibiting their products at the Exposition.

"The public-relations people got a little bit overenergetic," he said.

Later, as we were leaving, we found ourself in an elevator with Mr. Balk and a dozen of the angry customers. One asked him why there had been so few Japanese exhibits. "I had all the contracts signed with all the companies, but they didn't deliver," he said. "You've got to understand. There's a whole different culture over there—different from ours. What does a contract mean to them? They expect a little chiselling here and there, a little corruption. That's their Oriental culture."

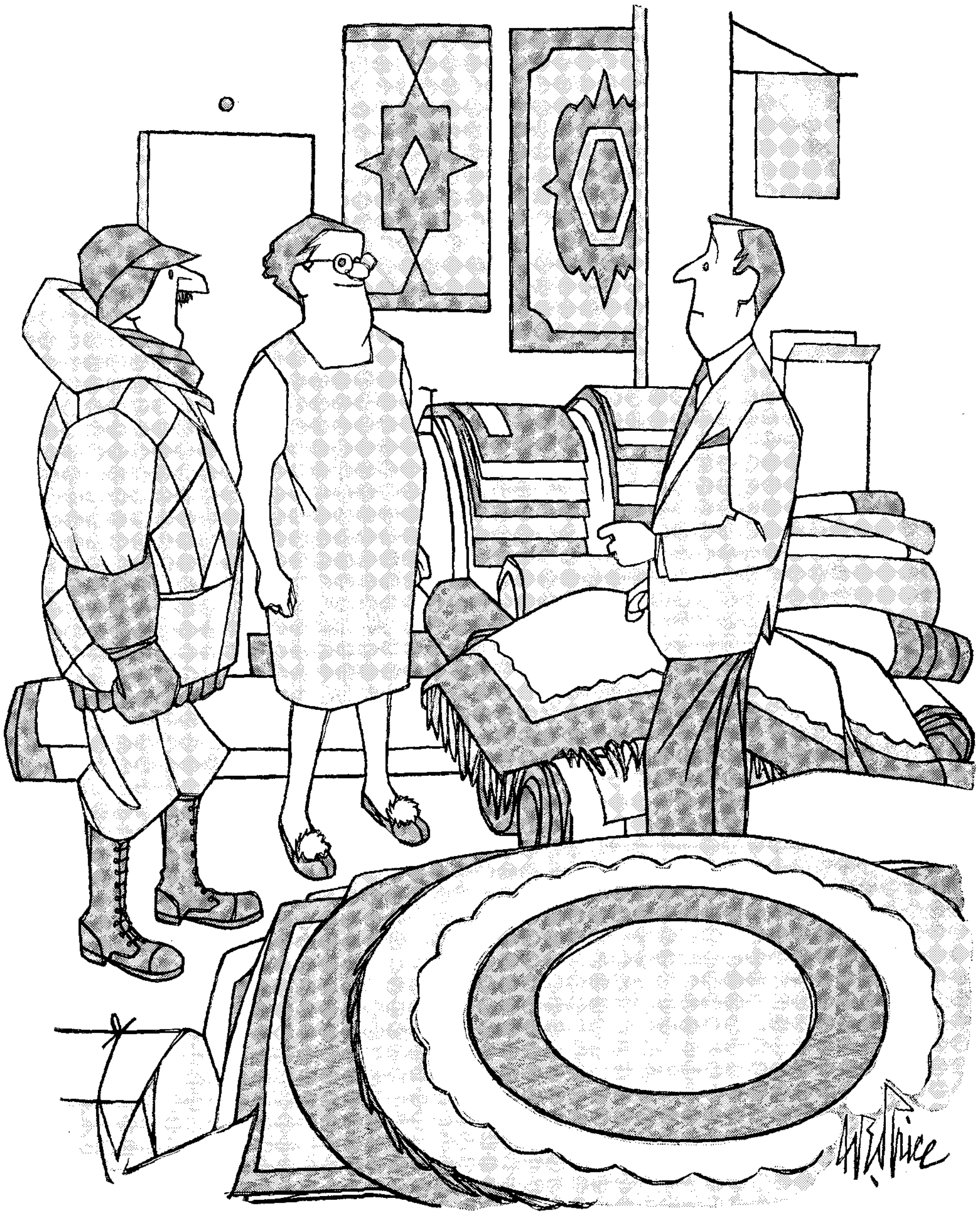
"They've been honest in every dealing I've had," said one of the customers, who appeared to be a businessman.

In the lobby, the red-haired woman who had been upbraiding Mr. Balk came up to us and said, "You know, the saddest thing of all is what this does to the Japanese. My daughter and I went to Japan and just loved it. Now, just a few minutes ago, in the elevator, we met some Japanese who had come to the show, and they were so ashamed! Why, they began apologizing to us, when they didn't even have anything to do with it! You can be sure that if the Japanese had had anything to do with it, it would have been wonderful."

Wave Hill

WE took the nine-five train to Riverdale the other morning to visit the Wave Hill Center for Environmental Studies, which recently announced a new anti-air-pollution project involving high-school students. We were met at the station by the Center's director, Richard A. Madigan, a husky thirty-two-year-old with brown eyes and dark-brown sideburns, who was dressed in a bright-blue shirt, a mod tie, and a black-and-white checked suit with a secondary, subdued orange check. He drove us up a steep hill to a big red brick house that overlooks the Hudson. Entering the grounds, we passed three or four groups of small children who were gathering botanical specimens, which they arranged and carried on pieces of cardboard. They were accompanied by female teachers, and Mr. Madigan told us they were from schools in the Bronx and were studying how seeds travel.

"We have a twenty-eight-acre estate here," he said, leading us to his office, on the second floor. "It used to belong to George W. Perkins, a banker, whose daughter—and her husband, Edward W. Freeman—gave it to the city in 1960. It's now being run by a private board of Riverdale people. There are several houses on the place. The one we're in, Glyndor, was built by Mr. Perkins' widow in 1928, and she lived here until her death, in 1960, at ninety-four. The biggest house, Wave Hill, is crumbling—it was built in 1843—and this one is in pretty poor shape. We can't reach our potential until the city renovates them, but our program already includes urban-environmental education for disadvantaged New York City elementary-school children. This involves teacher education, curriculum innovation, and workshops, institutes, and field sessions for pre-service and in-service schoolteachers, and the teaching of demonstration classes in laboratories. Outdoor studies are a natural way to take advantage of the site. Our anti-air-pollution program is for the motivated high-



"Indoor-outdoor carpeting?"

school student. Here in New York, we have this absolutely crummy way of life. If young people can find out what's wrong with the quality of the air in their school and home environments, if we can show them that they can become investigators in their own right, they're much more apt to demand that pollution be stopped. The trick is to stop it through education. Unless there's an educational program, the legislation isn't going to be effective. God only knows whether we can make some kind of dent in New York City. The city is doing the renovation of our houses and the greenhouses and the grounds—Mrs. Perkins had thirty gardeners here right through the Depression, and we have a crew of six—and the Ford Foundation has given us a three-year, hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar grant for our studies program. We're retraining teachers from four school districts in the Bronx in the use of their environments."

Whisking us off on a tour of the Center's environment, Mr. Madigan called our attention to a clear Lucite box, four feet high, in one of three greenhouses. "Ozone chamber," he said. "It was constructed last summer by a high-school senior, assisted by a man from the Boyce Thompson Institute for Plant Research, in Yonkers. Plants can be placed in it for exposure to ozone gas, an air pollutant."

A young man with a luxuriant black beard, neatly cropped, joined us, and Mr. M. introduced him as Marco Polo Stufano, the staff horticulturist, recruited from the New York Botanical Garden. The three of us went on to a flourishing rose garden, a gazebo whose cork roof was disintegrating, a rock garden, and a large, empty, crumbling ornamental pool.

"This will be restored," Mr. Stufano said of the pool. "We'll have aquatics growing in it."

We strolled past big silver maples, copper beeches, lindens, a wild-cherry tree that Mr. Stufano said was unusually large, and a Chinese lacebark pine that he said was rare, and came to a vast gray granite house.

"Wave Hill, the old Appleton mansion," Mr. Madigan said as we went inside. "William H. Appleton, the publisher, took it over in 1866. Famous people have occupied it. Mark Twain, an Appleton author, spent two summers here. Teddy Roosevelt's family once rented it—T. R. spent a summer here when he was twelve—and Toscanini leased it for four years. Part of 'The Brotherhood,' a movie about the Mafia, was filmed here."

"There are lots of pheasants on the place—one hen had eleven chicks last spring," Mr. Stufano said when we were walking back to Mr. Madigan's car. "Raccoons eat our garbage. Two got trapped in the cans the other night. One fell asleep in the bottom of the can. We let them go."

As Mr. Madigan drove us back to the station, we learned that, before Wave Hill, he was assistant director of the Corcoran Gallery of Art, in Washington, and director of the Children's Museum in Brooklyn. He has three children of his own—all boys, from fourteen months to eight years old—and lives in Yonkers, just across the Riverdale line. "First time I've been able to get to my office within ten minutes," he said.

We pulled in at the station just as the ten-fifty-six was approaching.

"Look at the Hudson here if you want to see pollution," Mr. M. said, and then we climbed aboard the train.

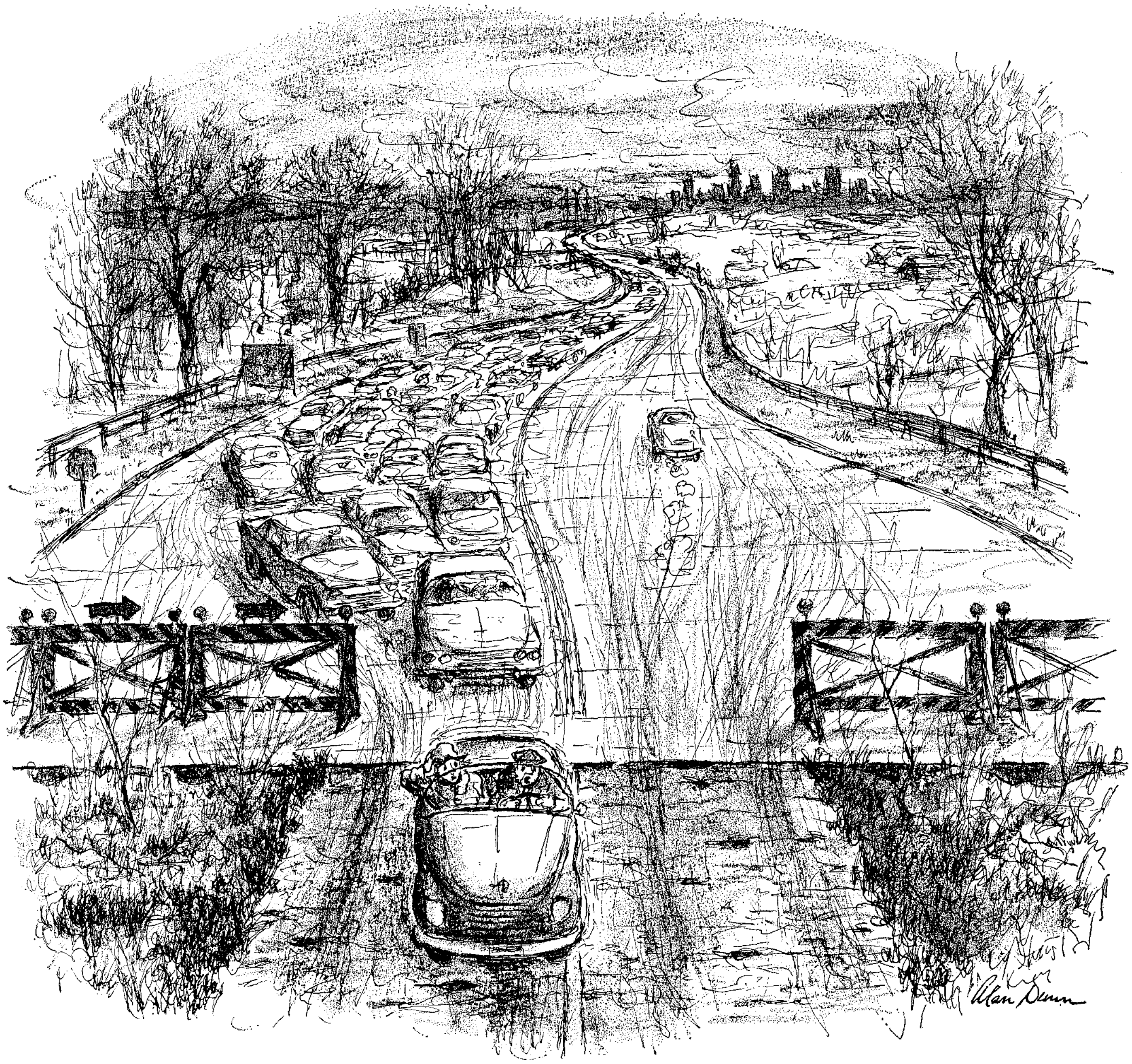
Complete

THE Juilliard School, a distinguished musical institution that has expanded its horizons in recent years to include all the so-called performing arts, celebrated its move downtown to Lincoln Center a week ago Sunday with a televised concert featuring three famous alumni—Itzhak Perlman, Shirley Verrett, and Van Cliburn—and followed by a five-floor open house for a thousand guests. Although classes had begun downtown several weeks earlier, the Sunday festivities marked the public début of Juilliard's handsome thirty-million-dollar building and also the completion of Lincoln Center, the world's most ambitious and expensive cultural conglomerate. We attended both the concert and the reception, and can report that although the atmosphere was generally harmonious, there were a few dissonant notes. Shortly before air time, Leopold Stokowski, the venerable guest conductor, became upset backstage on discovering that a student, rather than he himself, had been assigned to lead the Juilliard Orchestra in the national anthem. (The student was fired, and Stokowski got the job.) Jean Morel, the orchestra's regular conductor, sulked in his dressing room between numbers because the Columbia Broadcasting System had dropped Ravel's "Daphnis et Chloé" suite from the television program to gain time for speeches and commercials. ("This week, we work for business," said Mr. Morel. "Next week, I hope we get back to music.") Finally, Mrs. Richard M. Nixon, who had flown up from Washington for the occasion, got stuck in an elevator during a tour of the building, with an embarrassed entourage that included John D. Rockefeller III, chairman of the Lincoln Center Board, and Peter Mennin, the president of Juilliard. ("Everybody was very calm," Mr. Mennin said when the group emerged at the third floor, to a round of applause. "We just stood there suffocating for six minutes and talked about the problems of public and private support for the performing arts.")

We arrived at Alice Tully Hall, one of the building's two large auditoriums, shortly before five o'clock on the evening of the concert and crossed an acre of purple carpet on our way backstage to watch the student orchestra warming up. En route, we encountered John D. Rockefeller III—tall, lean, and monastic—pacing back and forth, who told us he was contemplating his imminent appearance on television with much trepidation. "The trick is to speak to the audience in the hall," Mr. Rockefeller said, a trifle grimly. "But Frank Stanton told me that there would be at least ten million people watching on television. That's a sobering thought."

We asked Mr. Rockefeller if it would calm his nerves to tell us something about the history of Lincoln Center, and he replied that the entire project had taken almost exactly fourteen years, from the initial idea to the last completed building. "There was a great deal of evolution," he went on, and he stopped his pacing. "Since we started with the Metropolitan Opera and the Philharmonic, two great musical organizations that were looking for new homes, we met first on October 25, 1955, as an Exploratory Committee for a *Musical* Arts Center. We had that initial get-together downtown to lay plans and discuss problems. I was elected chairman. We had already agreed to bring in a citizenship group—the Lincoln Square Urban Redevelopment Project—and during the next ten months we made two other basic decisions. The first was to create a center for all the performing arts. The second was to include an educational factor—a school and a library-museum. After some discussions with Columbia, it became obvious that Juilliard, with its emphasis on professional training and performance, would fit in best with our basic concept."

"Did you anticipate that Lincoln Center would cost a hundred and



"Hold on to your hat! Here's where Nixon tightened the purse strings."

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eighty-four million dollars?" we asked.

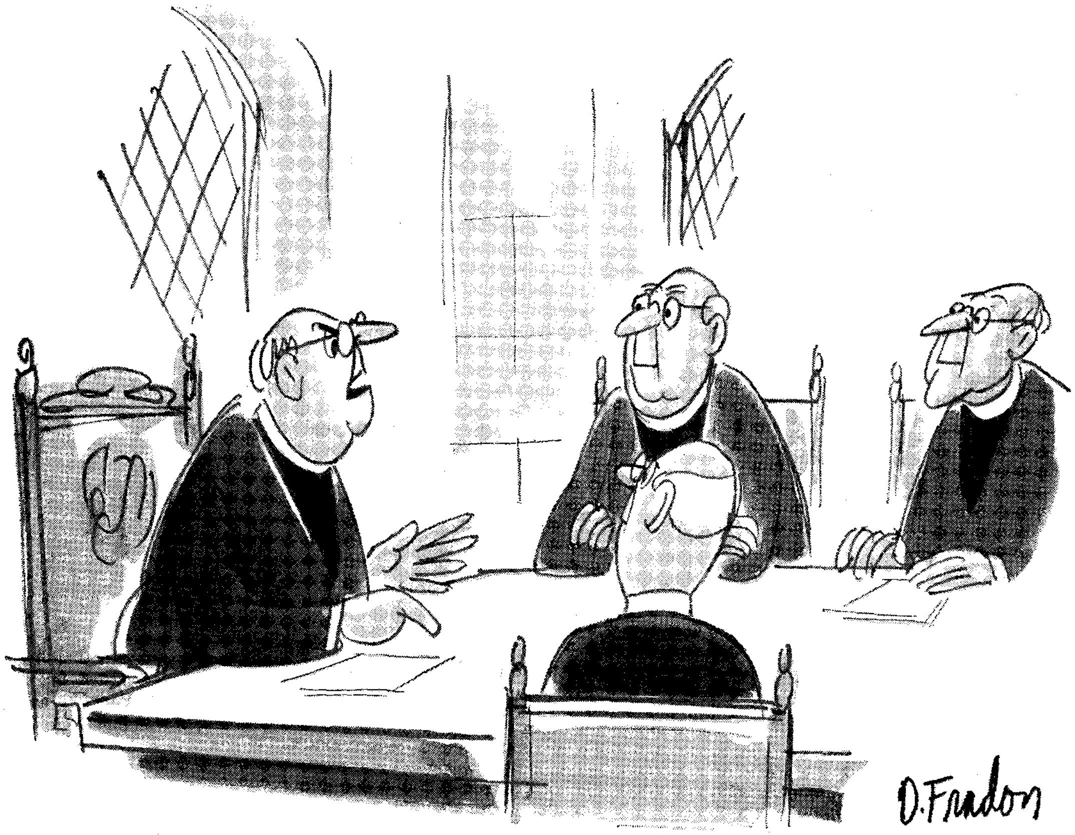
"Dear me, no," said Mr. Rockefeller. "We didn't even anticipate the correct amount of real estate. We started with two blocks and ended up with four—which was *vastly* more expensive. But now that the Center is complete, I am convinced that it's going to be a very exciting place. And in time, I am sure, the various groups will find ways of doing things together. It may start with simpler forms of coöperation—ticket sales, security, and, possibly, some common fund-raising. But it can develop into genuine creative partnership—the exchange of artistic ideas and the creation of imaginative educational programs that will use all the Lincoln Center facilities."

Saying goodbye to Mr. Rockefeller, we opened a door, crossed a corridor, and emerged into the brightly lit cacophony of the Tully stage, where ninety-three student musicians were tuning their instruments. Standing in the wings checking camera cues were Miss Verrett (Juilliard '61), a statuesque mezzo-soprano dressed in a billowing floor-length chiffon dress ("You're supposed to wear a body stocking underneath," Miss Verrett said, "but I thought a white slip would be safer for television"), Mr. Cliburn (Juilliard '54), lanky and resplendent in white tie and tails, and Mr. Perlman, a chunky twenty-four-year-old Israeli violinist, who told us, with a broad smile, that he had been a Juilliard student since the age of thirteen. "I'm terribly close to a degree," Mr. Perlman said, "but I'm on an indefinite sabbatical at the moment, because my concert schedule has just got out of hand."

"The wonderful thing about Juilliard is that they encourage you to perform professionally," Mr. Cliburn put in. "All of us knew quite early in life what we wanted to do, so it's a question not merely of work but of maintaining the proper balance between performance and study."

"Juilliard gave me three months off to sing at the Cologne Opera in '59, and I'm grateful, because it was the beginning of my operatic career," said Miss Verrett. "Actually, I came to the school convinced that I was going to be a recitalist. They pushed me into opera."

A C.B.S. stage manager wearing a headset and trailing an electric cord walked to the edge of the stage, turned,



"Mark my words. Let priests marry, and the next thing they'll want is divorce."

• •

and addressed the orchestra. "Whether you're playing or not, please look interested, because the cameras will be on you constantly," he told the students. The students, scrubbed and shining in rented tuxedos and demure black gowns, nodded.

The reception that followed the concert took place in the spacious two-story lobby that occupies the center of the building. We climbed a broad gray marble staircase—in the company of, among others, Martha Graham, in a gold turban and a gold-and-black *caftan*; Risë Stevens (another old grad), in shimmering white brocade; and Lauritz Melchior, in a mulberry velvet dinner jacket—and introduced ourself to President Mennin, who looked handsome and unflappable. Mr. Mennin, in turn, introduced us to a courtly white-haired, white-mustached man, who turned out to be Pietro Belluschi, the chief architect of the building, which has already received considerable acclaim.

"You have a great feeling of relief when fourteen years of hard work is ended," said Mr. Belluschi, scooping up a gin-and-tonic from a passing tray. "The problem was to create a building that would fit the school's program; there were restrictions on size and height, so that the end result would conform to the rest of Lincoln Center. It wasn't easy. We went through about seventy schemes."

We asked Mr. Belluschi how he would describe his finished product.

"It's a box, two hundred feet by three hundred and fifty by one hundred, that contains ten floors—six aboveground and four below," he replied. "There are four major performance halls and several layers of rehearsal studios for music, drama, dance, and opera. Since the majority of the students are involved with music, we paid a great deal of attention to acoustics; the walls and floors float free of the structure to minimize the transmission of sound, and the Juilliard Theatre—the main performance hall for the school—has a movable ceiling that can be tuned for everything from drama to grand opera."

"These new halls make it possible to emphasize performance even more than we've done in the past," said Mr. Mennin. "It's terribly important to close the gap between the school and the outside world. We all know major artists who trained beautifully but were not prepared for the concert stage. Mr. Belluschi has understood our needs and has created a building that we can live in and love."

"I just came from the opening of a Bank of America building I did in San Francisco," Mr. Belluschi said. "Somebody remarked at the dedication that it looked as if it had been designed by Ayn Rand. I'm *sure* that's not a compliment."

"*Our* building was designed by a very patient man and a perceptive artist," Mr. Mennin said gallantly.

"One always has a detached feeling at the end," said Mr. Belluschi, "because so much of the work is sheer organization."

When we left Mr. Mennin and Mr. Belluschi, we took an elevator to the fifth floor and inspected several of the new rooms: a two-story open-shelf library carpeted in brilliant green, an austere white-walled studio containing a baroque organ ("It was built in Amsterdam from plans and descriptions of instruments that existed in North Germany at the time of Bach," volunteered a knowledgeable student), a classroom containing rows of gray metal seats and a blackboard with four musical staffs painted on it, and a beige-carpeted studio containing two grand pianos, some modern wooden chairs, and a comfortable squashy sofa. At the end of a corridor, we found Jennie Tourel, the celebrated mezzo-soprano, who is on the teaching staff, showing off her new voice studio to a group of friends that included Leonard Bernstein, the narrator of the television program. "Look!" cried Miss Tourel, throwing open some doors at one end of the room to reveal a built-in desk. "I can compose if I want to."

Mr. Bernstein bounded past her to peer out of the window. "My God, Jennie, what a marvellous view of the plaza!" he said. "How will you ever get any work done? And this carpet. It's so beautiful it makes me want to cry." He set a glass of Scotch on top of the grand piano, played a few bars of the 'Hallelujah Chorus,' segued into some flashy Liszt chords, and settled, finally, on a delicate and dreamy Chopin nocturne.

At the end of his impromptu recital, Miss Tourel rose briskly from her chair and said, "Well, Lennie, how does the piano sound to you?"

"Expensive," Mr. Bernstein said. "Like everything else in this building."

"You can come up and practice any time you want," Miss Tourel said.

DONOVAN'S BOOTS

Eoin Donovan, they told me in the bar, was the man to see for boots—in Dublin, sure, there were fine shops full of the finest boots, but since the ones I had on my poor, wet feet would never walk me out of County Wexford, I'd best be going to do a little business with Donovan. I thanked them, drank up my glass of Guinness, and carried my rucksack out into the rain.

The shop was where they'd said it would be—opposite the post office. I would never have guessed, the window being full of ladies' dresses, that Donovan stocked men's boots, but after four weeks of shopping in Ireland I'd learned the habit of surprise. I'd bought bacon in an ironmonger's and fresh salmon at a filling station, and once, in County Clare, I'd seen apples for sale on the counter of a bank. I looked through the glass door at a farrago of goods displayed on top of a steel cabin trunk. There were fishing rods, Aran sweaters, hurling sticks, eggs. I went in.

It was a small girl who came forward to serve me. About ten years old, at a guess.

"A lovely day, sir," she said. "Can I help you?"

"Matter of fact, it was boots. But—"

"It's himself that serves the boots. Will you kindly wait one moment, sir?" She scuttled to the back of the shop, half opened a curtained door, and called, "Father, will you come? There's a gentleman inquiring after boots. An English gentleman." I heard a gruff answer, and a shuffling sound. The shop was suddenly full of the smell of roasting meat.

"My father will attend to you, sir, once he's put a shirt to his back. Can I help you off with the bag?" I suffered her to take the full weight of the rucksack and put it on the floor next to a roll of tweed. "I have an uncle that went to England," she told me. And then she just stared at me, grinning.

Donovan appeared, fiftyish, in a blue, hairy suit. He had a Toby-jug face and bristling ginger brush-and-watered hair. As he approached me, I saw him swallow and send his tongue on a final round of his gums and swallow again. I felt that I should apologize for having disturbed him.

"I'm sorry to trouble you, Mr. Donovan," I began.

"No trouble, no trouble, no trouble, sir. Boots, was it?"

"They gave me your name in the Sportsman's Bar."

"I must tell you, sir, that I'm not very big in the boot trade. What use will you put them to, the boots, sir? Working or walking?"

Both words sounded the same. The girl was still grinning. Donovan was looking down at my feet. "Would you have a pair that would do for either?" I asked him. "I have to walk as far as Rosslare tomorrow and get the boat home."

"I have a brother-in-law that went to England once."

"Your daughter was telling me."

"Luton, that was the name of the place he went. Did you ever go to Luton, sir?"

"I went through it once, on the train."

"My brother-in-law, now. He bought a pair of English boots in Luton. No offense intended, sir, but that was a terrible pair of boots. Liam wore them for digging out trenches, down in the mud in the autumn of the year. The soles of the boots—may the Lord strike me dead if I'm telling you a lie—was made of cardboard. They swelled up with the wet, and when he came home for the Christmas, my wife she didn't recognize him—her own brother. He was this high taller, wasn't he, Mary?" He turned to his daughter and held his hands two inches apart in front of his face, as though he were going to pray. The girl did the same, nodding her head, still grinning. "Luton boots. They're in his shed to this day. Cardboard soles. This high taller, I'm saying, and the brads falling out like loose teeth. You'd be a nine, sir?"

"A nine and a half, if you had them, Mr. Donovan."

"Ah, well now, you see, the half sizes I haven't in stock. I'll not deceive you."

"A ten, in that case. A ten, and I'll wear a second pair of socks."

"Please sit down, sir. Will you remove the boots you have on while I look over my stock?"

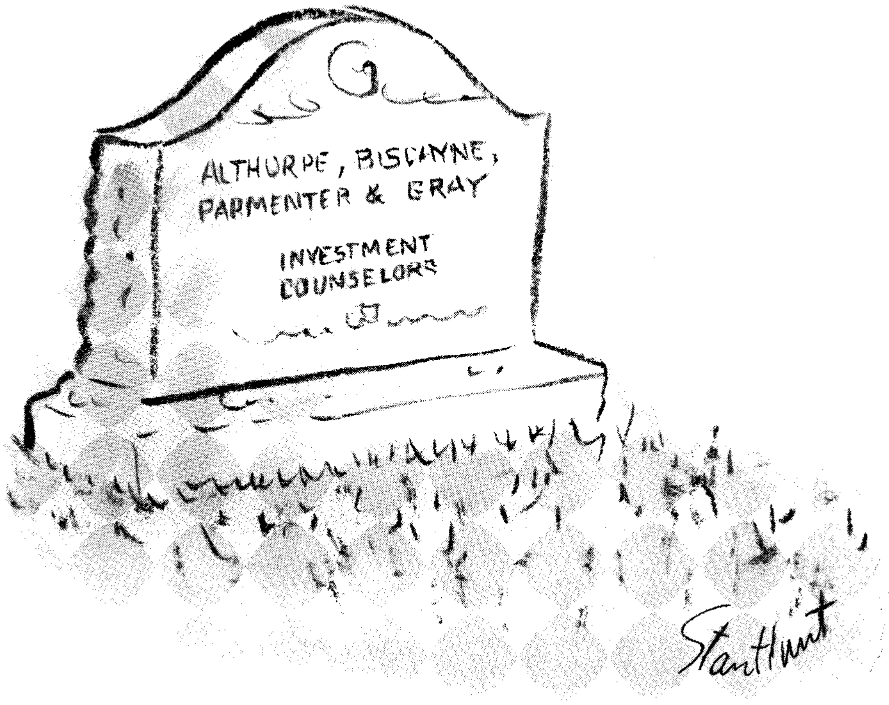
He disappeared through the curtained door. Again there was the smell of meat. Mary was singing a song about little arrows; I'd heard it often, in bars that ran to a radio. It was a difficult job, undoing the laces of my boots. The knot and the loose ends had fused into a hard jumble of cold mud and bits of grass. Donovan was back before I had the second boot off. He put down the two boxes he was carrying and helped me to prize out my sopping foot. The sock stayed inside the boot. There was steam.

"I'm sorry about the state of my feet, Mr. Donovan. Look at the dirt you've got on your hands."

"It's no matter, sir. If your feet wasn't wet, you'd not be in my shop asking for new boots. Mary, a towel for the gentleman."

It occurred to me not to protest. I couldn't put wet feet into Donovan's stock. Mary brought a towel from behind the counter and knelt down and dried my ankles, my feet, between all my toes. When she had done, her father took the towel and wiped the mud from his hands. The ceremony didn't seem unusual to them.

Donovan took the lid off one of the



boxes. "I've brought out this pair for you to have a sight of, sir, for they're a beautiful boot. Touch them now, if you will, but I can't sell them to you. They're spoken for already and I'm not a man to break a promise. Feel the quality of that leather."

I felt it between thumb and forefinger, as if I were appraising cloth.

"And the welts. You'll not neglect the hand stitching round the welts." He ran his thumbnail along.

"They're very fine, Mr. Donovan. Whoever owns them will be a proud man." I was surprised to hear myself say this; it was in Donovan's idiom, I realized. Having disturbed his morning, obliging him to get dressed and bolt his breakfast, and having accepted his daughter's ministrations, I wanted him to know that, when it came to the question of boots, I considered him the doyen of stockists. Being an Englishman, too, I had to bear some part of the ignominy of the Luton boots. I rested my toes deferentially on the brass bar that separated orange linoleum from his strip of carpet.

Donovan beamed, wrapped up the boots in their tissue paper, and laid them to rest in their box. He took up the other box, peeped under the lid and then over it at me, and made a slow and dignified genuflection. "These here," he said in a whisper, "is identical."

He produced a long steel shoehorn and slid the boots onto my bare feet. He laced them up crisscross, the way I laced my shoes when I was a small boy, and tied them in bows.

"Mr. Donovan, they're perfect. What do I owe you?"

He looked at me aghast. "I'll not sell you a pair of boots save you try them out first, sir. You'll walk out of my shop, and up the street past the Sportsman's Bar, and round the block, and back. Then, if you should still want them, I'll tell you what you owe. A boot is meant to last. No man must be in a hurry with buying a boot. Mary, the door for the gentleman."

On my way round the block, I went into the Sportsman's for a glass. I was made to put my feet, one at a time, on the corner table. Old men pressed their thumbs on the caps until they could feel where my toes were. I had to crouch, then, on my haunches, to see how the boots would bend. They'd do, was the opinion—they'd do, by the time Donovan had seen to them. I didn't know what this could mean, but I didn't like to ask.

Returning to the shop, I tried a few trotting steps and then broke into a fast run. Without socks, of course, the boots were too big, and the leather felt very stiff round my ankles. But they did seem well *balanced*, I thought, between sole and heel. I invented a critical vocabulary for footwear. I'd tell Donovan, if I remembered, that the boots were *in tune* with the way I walked.

I found him holding a gallon can in one hand, a pair of old carpet slippers in the other. "Like I said, Mr. Donovan, they're perfect. I'll have them off you, and a couple of pairs of socks my size to wear inside them." I sat down and took them off and waited for some socks to be brought.

But Donovan gave me the slippers instead. "Put these on, sir, if you please, while the boots are doing. Mary, the funnel."

I watched him place the boots on the counter and pour a liquid into each one from the can—about a pint and a half. Then he put down the funnel and the can, wiping them with the towel, and blew his nose, and sneezed, and blew his nose again.

"It's the smell of the oil, sir, makes me sneeze."

"Oil?"

"The castor oil, sir, for softening the leather. There's some say you must use the pure neat's-foot, but I think that's a terrible waste. Castor oil's your man, sir. Not the sort that you and I would ever take, you understand. The sort you give to a cow—that's plenty good enough." He was folding over the tops of the boots so that they lay in the oil. He dabbled his fingers inside and smeared the uppers until every part was glistening. Mary brought him the lid of a biscuit tin to stand the boots on.

"About the socks, Mr. Donovan," I said. I thought of them—how they'd be, sliding about on my feet.

"Later, sir, later. I heard one o'clock striking, and you'll be wanting to go and buy a bit of something to eat. Go in the old slippers, won't you? They'll keep you warm, and no matter if you get them a trifle wet. They're what belonged to my brother-in-law, and he'll not be wanting them. We'll leave these boots to do for the time they need. You come back about four o'clock, sir. Leave your bag in my care, for you'll not want to be carrying it up

ROOT-LIGHT, OR THE LAWYER'S DAUGHTER

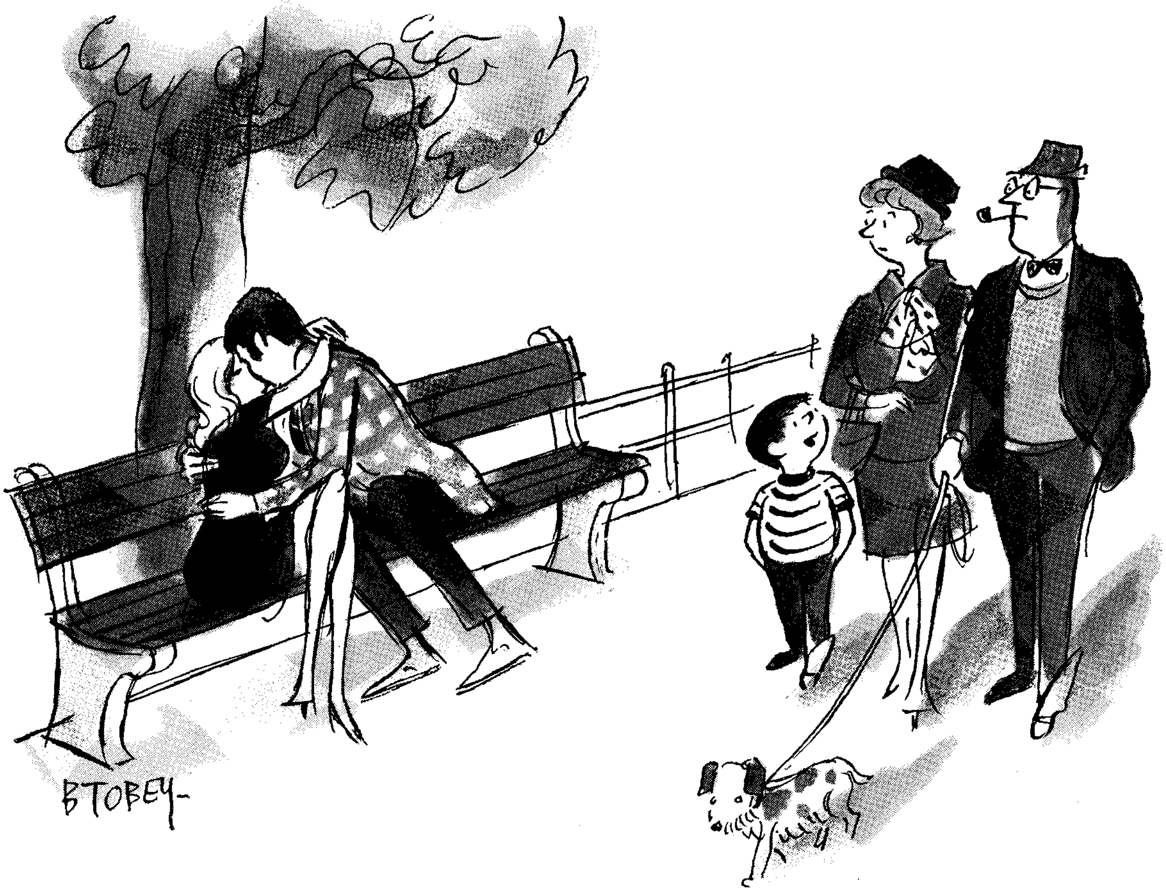
That any just-to-long-for-
The-rest-of-my-life would come, diving like a lifetime
Explosion in the juices
Of palmettoes flowing
Red in the St. Mary's River as it sets in the east
Georgia from Florida off, makes whatever child
I was lie still,   dividing
Swampy states   watching
The lawyer's daughter shocked
With silver   and I wished for all holds
On her like root-light.   She came flying
Down from Eugene Talmadge
Bridge, just to long for, as I burst with never
Rising never
Having seen her except where she worked
For J. C. Penney in Folkston.   Her regular hours
Took fire, and God's burning bush of the morning
Sermon was put on her; I had never seen it where
It has to be.   If you asked me how to find the Image
Of Woman to last
All your life, I'd say go lie
Down underwater for nothing
Under a bridge and hold Georgia
And Florida from getting at each other   hold
Like walls of wine.   Be eight years old, from Folkston ten,
From Kingsland twelve miles, in the clean palmetto color
Just as it blasts
Down with a body   red and silver buck
Naked with bubbles on Sunday   root
light explodes
Head down, and there she is.

—James Dickey

• •

and down while you're waiting. Mary, the door for the gentleman."

THE rain had stopped, and the street was suddenly full of sunlight and small boys with hurling sticks. From the iron bench under a painted statue of O'Connell in the little town square, I could glimpse donkeys up cobbled yards, and women shelling peas, and an old, dignified lady in a leather apron mending a cane chair outside her door. England, I supposed, might have been like this fifty or more years ago. When I got home, I'd have to ask my father if they used to oil boots the way Donovan did. I was filled with a maudlin nostalgia for a way of life I'd never known. I ate a pound of apples and a bit of cheese and read the page of the *Irish Times* that they'd been wrapped in; the wife of W. B. Yeats, I saw, had died in Dublin. I fell asleep in the sun.



"We had that in school last week."

• •

At just after four, I went back to the shop. Donovan was emptying the second boot of oil into the can. Scrupulously, then, he dried both boots inside and out with screws of newspaper. I sat down and took off the slippers and put on the two pairs of plain gray socks that Mary brought me. Donovan's manner, as he knelt down and laced the boots onto my feet, seemed constrained—embarrassed, even. However, when he had tied the bows, he stood up and smiled. "Can you feel the softness that's in them, sir? Oh, but they're a beautiful boot."

"I can, Mr. Donovan, I can."

"When you're home again, you'll repeat the oiling for the full twenty-four hours that's needed?"

"I will. I'm most obliged to you for all your trouble."

"There's more and more these days that won't take pains to have the comfort, sir. It's a criminal pity, for the sakes of a few pence worth of oil."

"Mr. Donovan, what do I owe you?"

"It'll be three pounds seventeen shillings and six the boots, sir, and thirteen and ten the socks. One moment, now." He did a calculation on a paper bag. "That comes to four eleven four. We'll call it four pounds ten."

"But Mr. Donovan, I can't allow that. There's the oil, and your time and trouble."

"Four ten it is, sir, and not a penny more."

"Are you certain?"

"Certain sure. Shall I dispose of the old boots, sir?"

I paid him, and he helped me shoulder my rucksack. Mary opened the door, and I stepped outside. Donovan followed. "I'll come a step of the way with you, sir, if you didn't object," he said. Again he seemed perturbed.

In silence, we walked fifty yards up the street. I asked him if he'd have a glass of Guinness with me before we parted, but he shook his head and thanked me kindly. "There's a thing now I wanted to say when we was out of the shop, so the wife couldn't be listening through the door."

"What was that, Mr. Donovan?"

"It was a terrible thing I did, to send you out walking the streets in a ragged pair of old carpet slippers and the streets not yet dry from the rain."

"After all you've done for me—"

"It's the wife, you understand, sir. Women can be wonderful strange creatures. When you was out of the shop this morning, sir, trying out the boots, she said she wouldn't have an Englishman in the kitchen offending the memory of her Liam. She blames those boots he got in Luton, you see. I told her, said I, no man could die of a pair of wet feet, but she wouldn't listen. She'd have you rather walk the town in the slippers he died in, God rest his soul."

"Mr. Donovan, what can I say?"

"And the shop full of the smell of the meat. We always have a good bit of meat of a Thursday. You'd have enjoyed a plateful and a sitdown while you was waiting."

I couldn't bear to look him in the face. I stared down, dipped my toe in a puddle, and saw my reflection in the water. A film of oil ghosted over the surface while I wondered what to say.

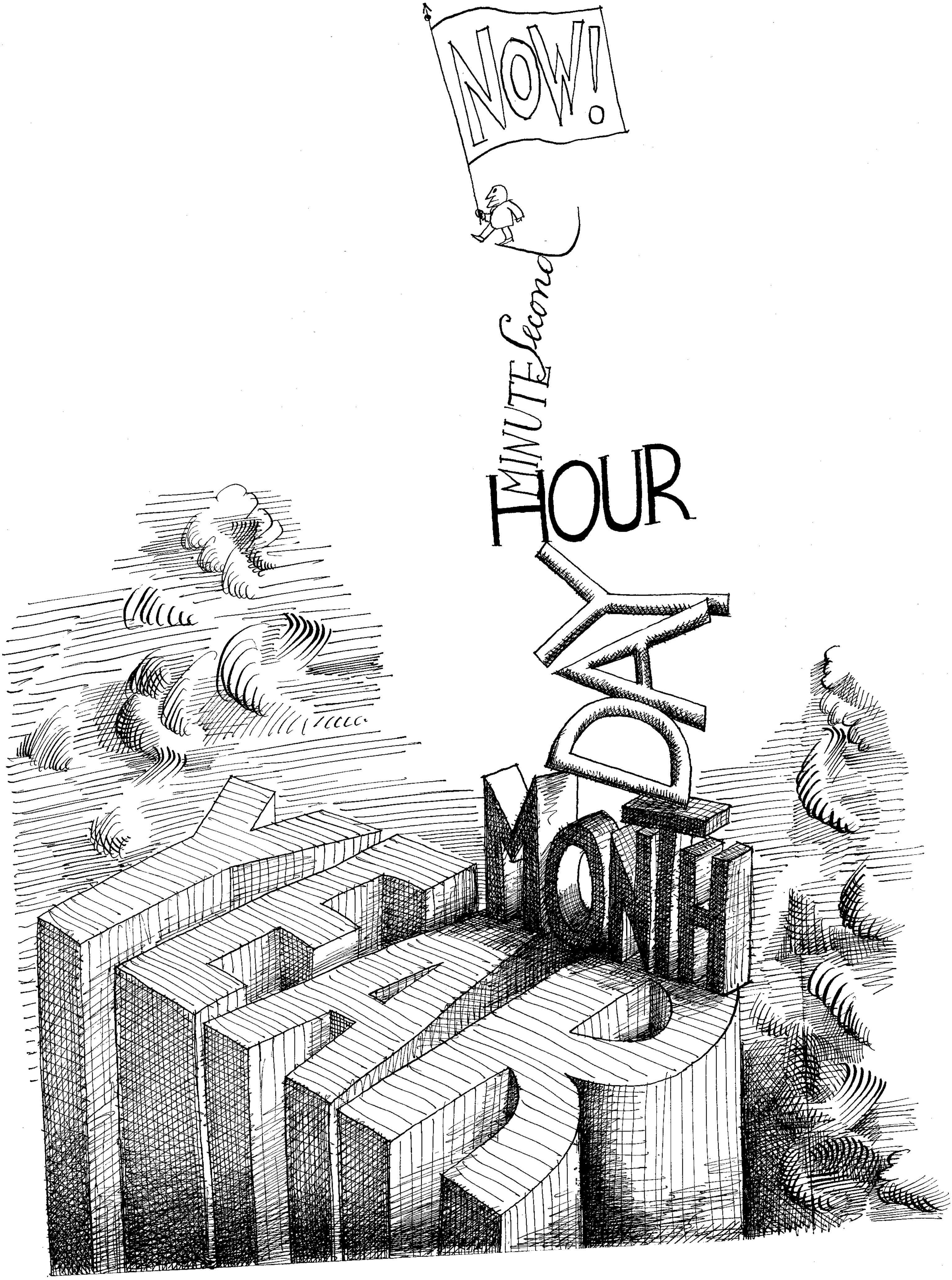
Donovan shook my hand with vigor. "God speed you home, sir," he said.

—TED WALKER

•

Eastern's Convairs flew more than 573,000 revenue hours without accident, made more than 576,000 landings and an equal number of takeoffs, and . . . —*Falcon, an Eastern Airlines publication.*

That's the *real* test of an airline!


NOW!
Second
MINUTE
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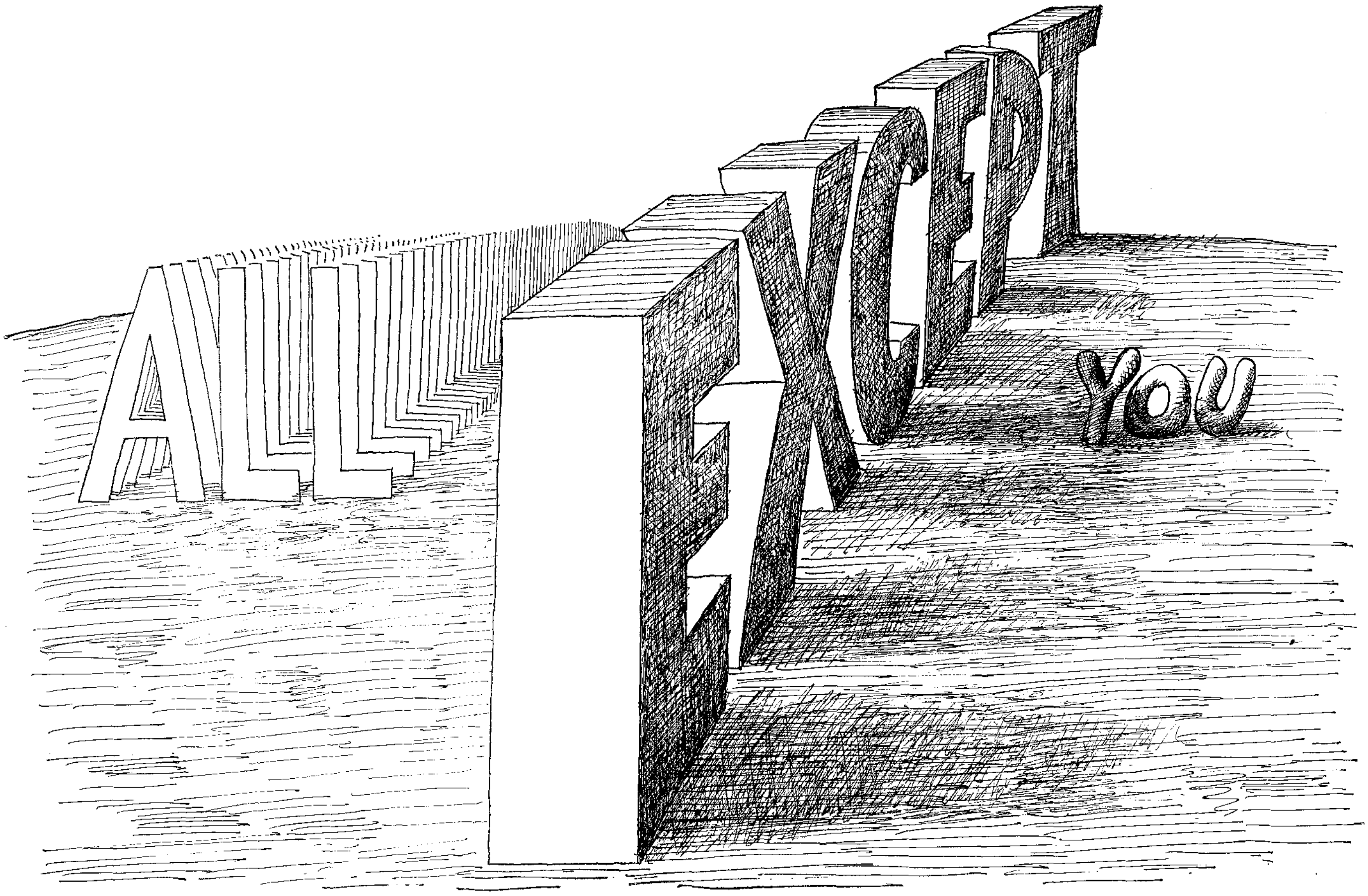
ALL
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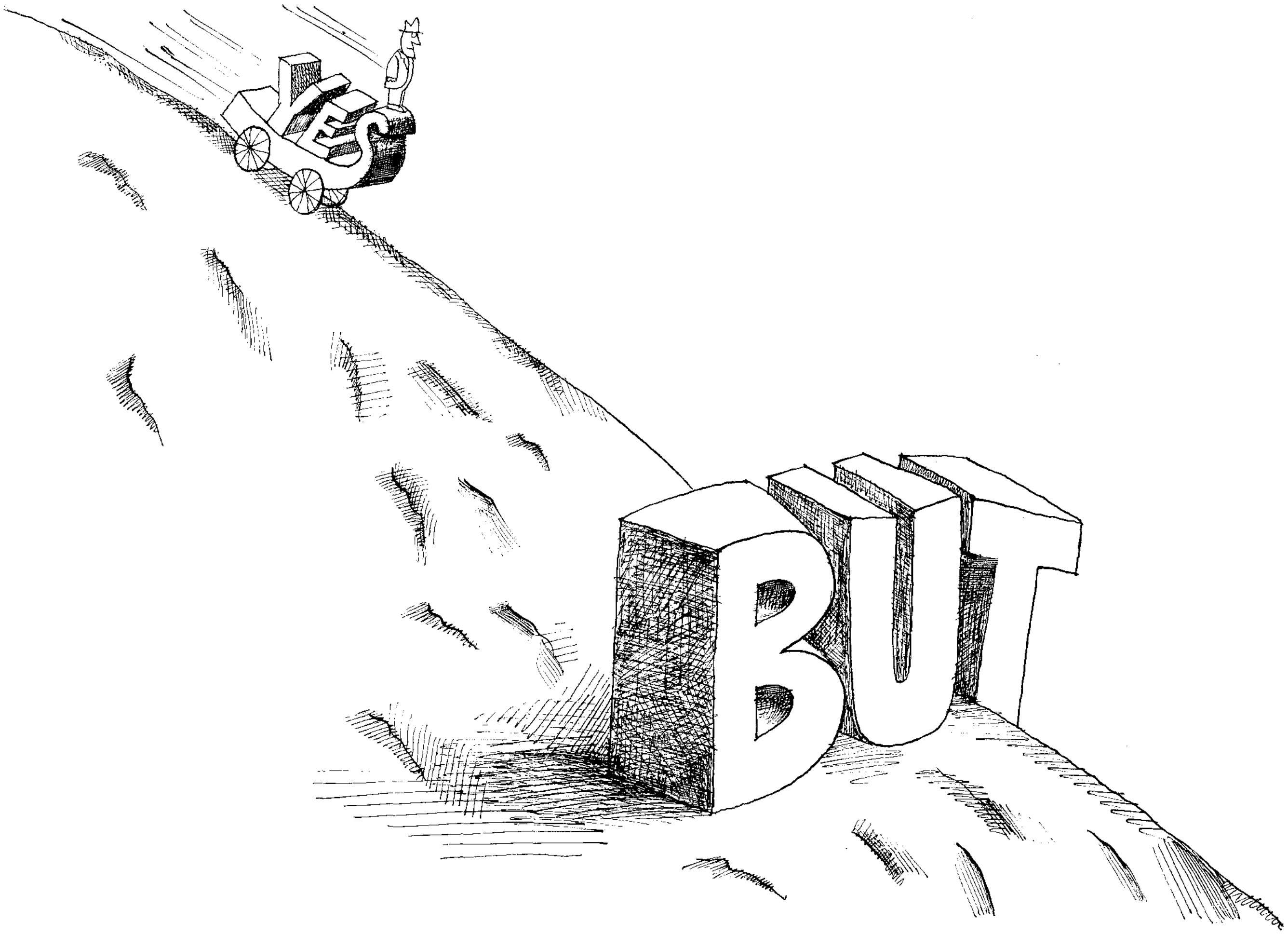
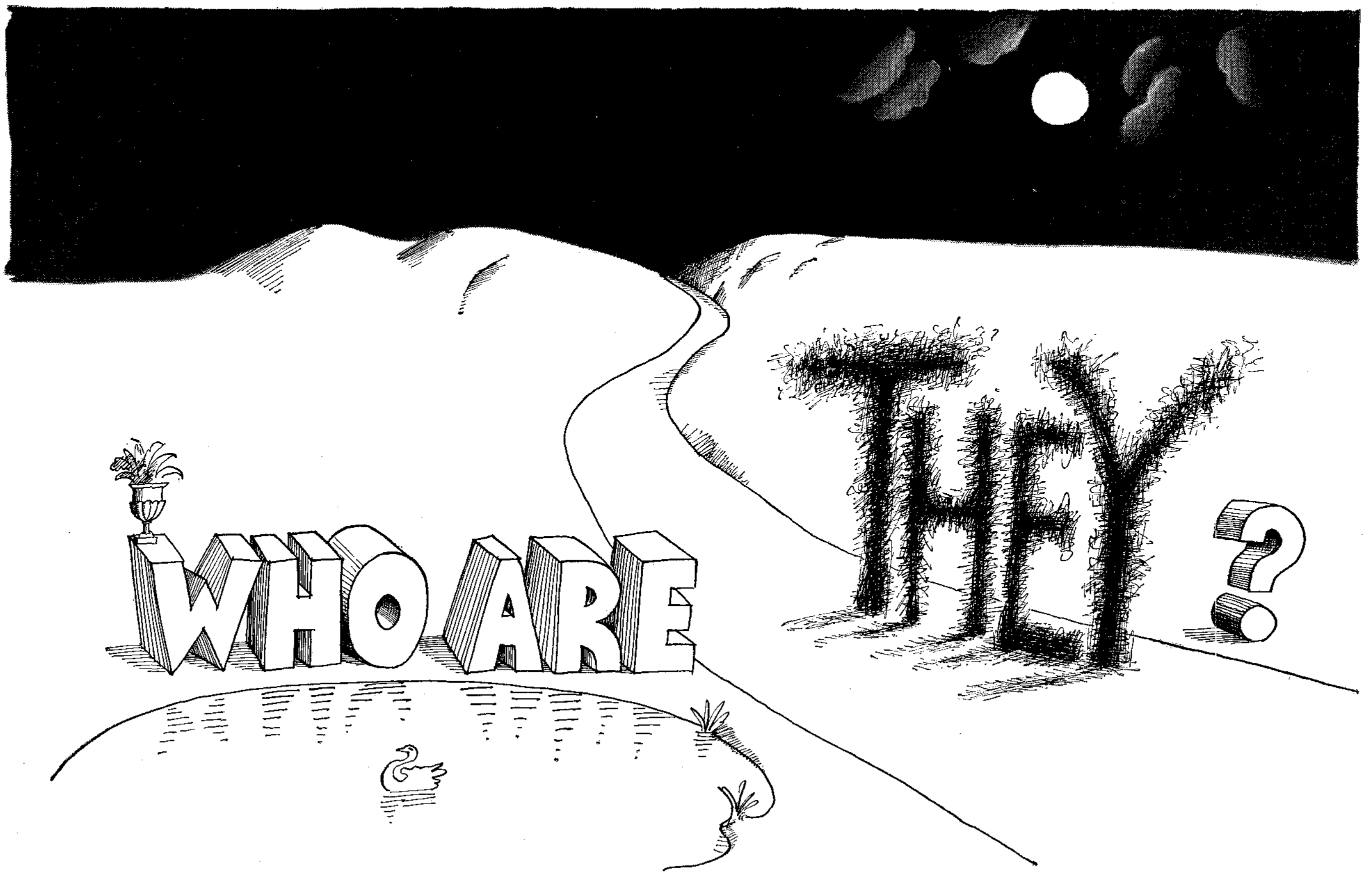

YES
BUT



WHO ARE
THEY
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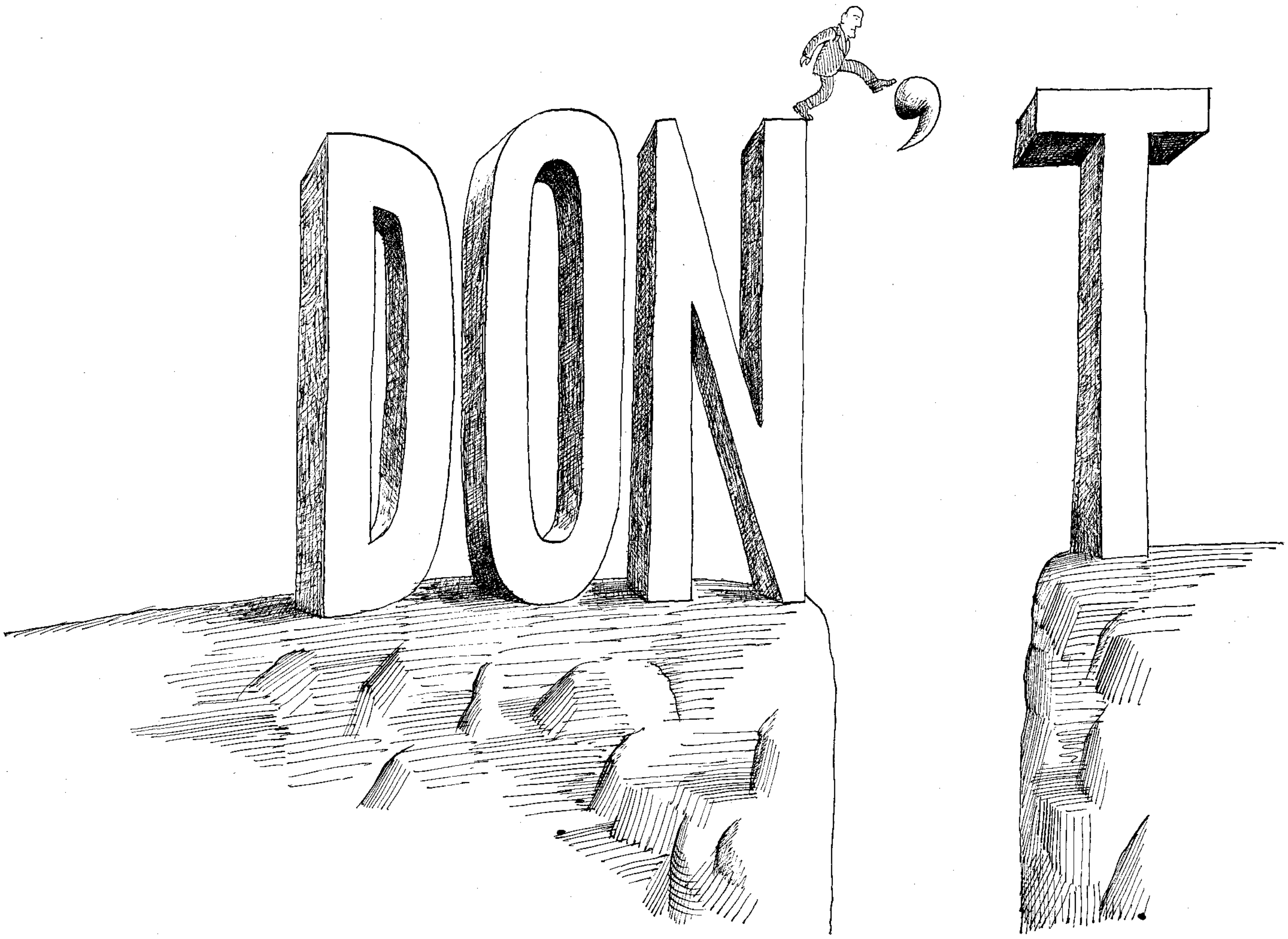

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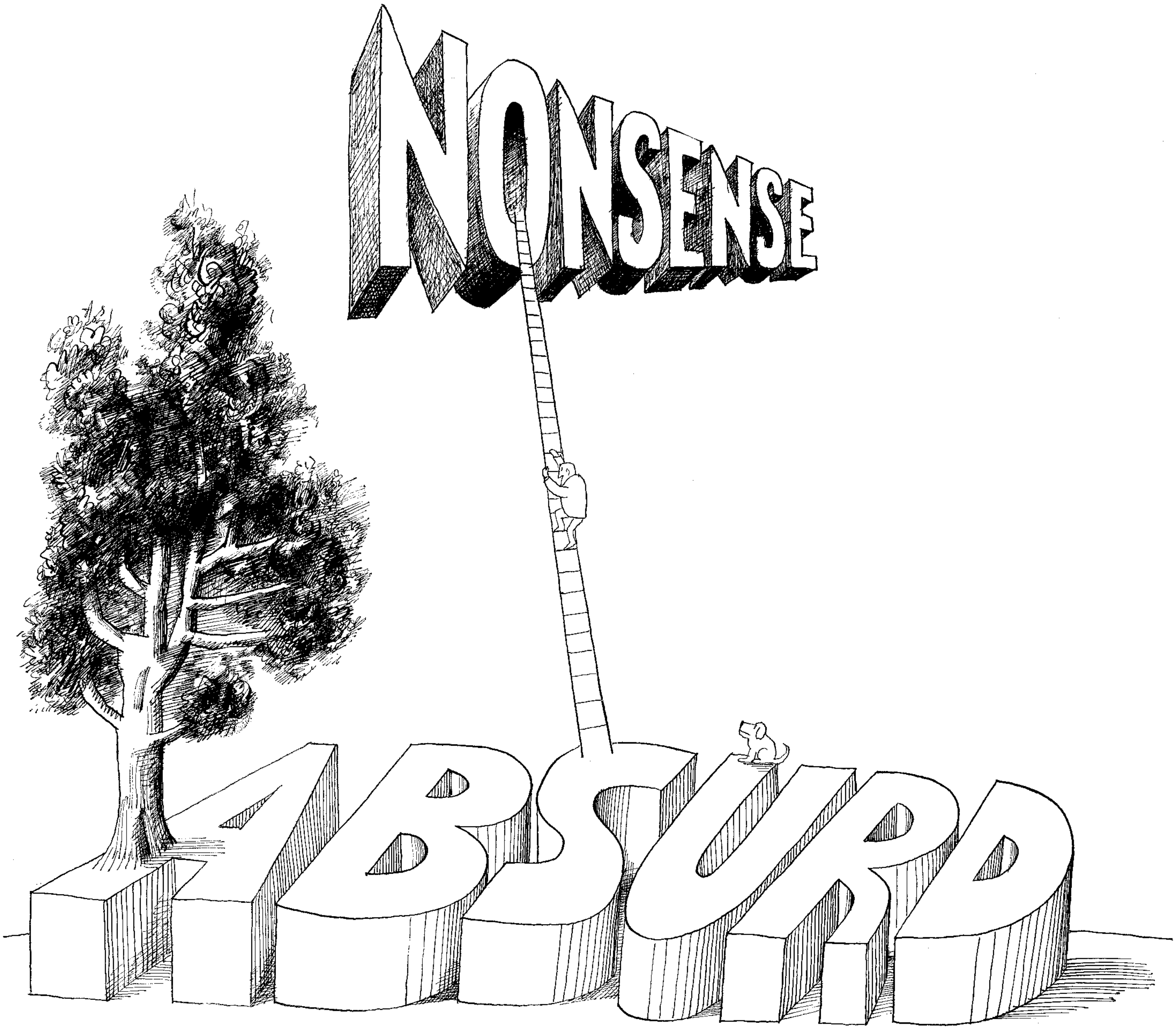
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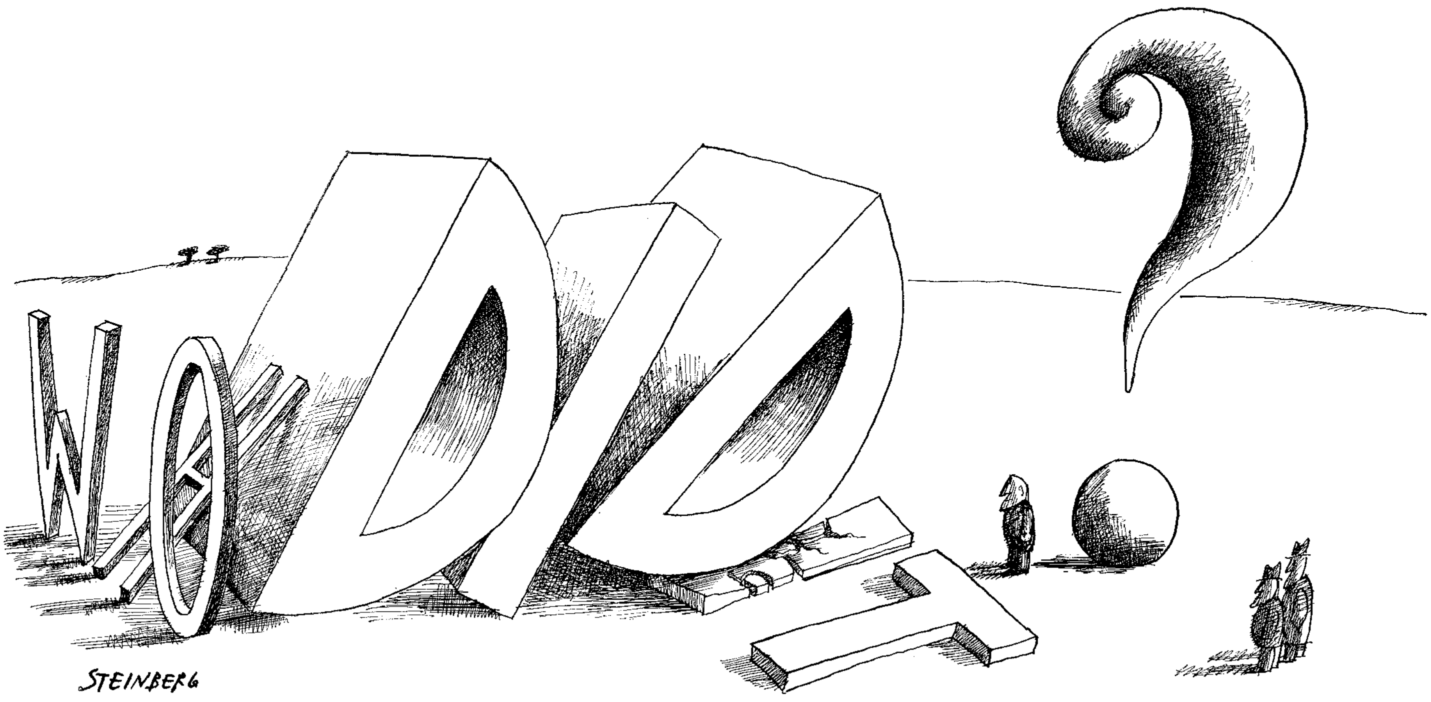
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STEINBERG

GIFT OF GRASS

"BUT what's so great about money—or marriages and houses, for that matter?" Strengthened perhaps by two recent cups of tea (rose hips, brewed with honey and a few grass seeds), Cathy had raised herself on one elbow and turned to face the doctor. "Couldn't there be other ways to live?" she asked, consciously childish and pleading.

"Have you thought of one?" Oppressed by weariness and annoyance, Dr. Fredericks was unaware that both these emotions sounded in his soft, controlled voice. Once, in a burst of confidence, Cathy had said to him accusingly, "You speak so softly just to make me listen." Now she said nothing. Believing himself to be in command, Dr. Fredericks also believed his patient to be overcome by what he saw as her transference. She saw her feelings toward him as simple dislike and a more complicated distrust.

She lay back down, giving up, and reconsidered the large space that served as both the doctor's office and his living room. It was coolly blue and green—olive walls and ceiling, royal-blue carpet, navy silk chair and sofa, pale-blue linen lampshades on green pottery lamps. Only the couch on which Cathy lay was neither green nor blue; it was upholstered with a worn Oriental rug, as though that might disguise its function. Like most children—she was sixteen—Cathy knew more than her elders thought she did. She knew that at one time her mother had been a patient of Dr. Fredericks', and she recognized her mother's touch in that room. Her mother, who was an interior decorator, had evidently "done" it. As payment for her hours of lying there? It would have been an expensive job; Cathy saw that, too. God knows how many hours it would have taken to pay for all that silk.

All her mother had ever said, in a tearful voice that was supposed to extract similar sincerity from Cathy, was "At one time when I was very troubled about my life a psychiatrist really helped me a great deal. In fact, you might say that he saved our marriage. Bill's and mine." Not wanting Cathy to sense a conspiracy, she had not told Cathy that she was sending her to her own psychiatrist. This was when, in August, Cathy had said she was not going back to school in the fall, and her mother and Bill—her stepfather for the past ten years—had told her that in that case she must go to Dr. Fredericks.

"But I'm not troubled," Cathy had lied. Then she had giggled in her unrelated, unnerving way. "Or married. I just don't want to go to school for a while," she had said.

"But I hope you will be married," her mother had said. She had sighed, frowned, and then smiled, attempting reassurance. "Dr. James helped me a great deal," she said. "He's one of the best doctors in San Francisco." She used the first name of Dr. Fredericks—Dr. James Fredericks—which Cathy did not think was a very smart disguise.

While the long pause after his question lasted, Dr. Fredericks struggled with his counter-transference. He stared down at Cathy's rather squat, short body in its jeans and black turtleneck sweater, at the long, limp brown hair that fell from the edge of the couch and the perfectly round, brown eyes in a pale, round face. He had to admit it. He couldn't stand the little girl. Injecting kindliness into his voice, he said, "Isn't there anything on your mind that you'd like to tell me about?"

At this, Cathy burst into tears. A quick, noisy storm of sobs shook her shoulders and her chest, then stopped, and she said, "You dumb fink."

He leaned back comfortably in his raw-silk chair that did not creak. Seductively, he said, "I suppose by your standards I am in some ways rather dumb." He did not say, "Such as they are."

"Such as they are," she said. "I'm not interested in standards, or school or earning money or getting married."

"I wish I knew what you were interested in," he said.

This seemed to Cathy his most heartfelt and least contrived remark of the hour, and she answered him. "Clouds," she said. "And foghorns. I wonder where they all are."

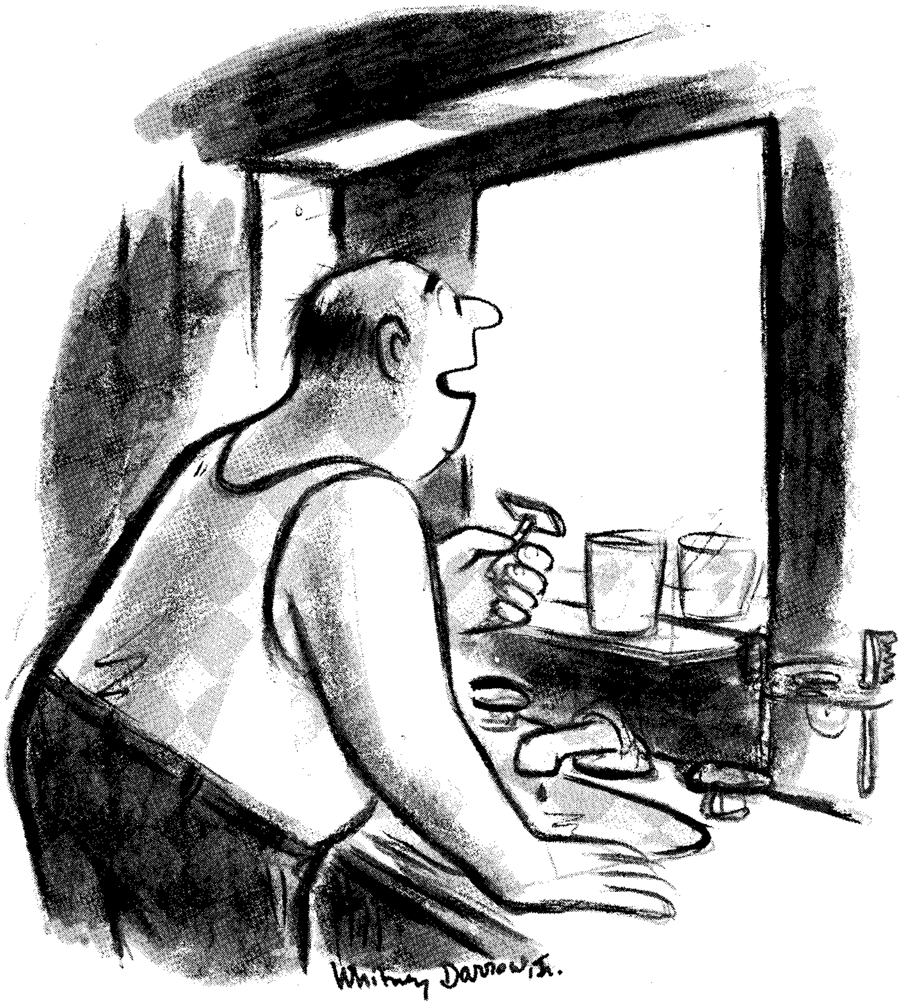
"If you really wonder, you could go to the library and get a book."

"I'd rather wonder." She giggled.

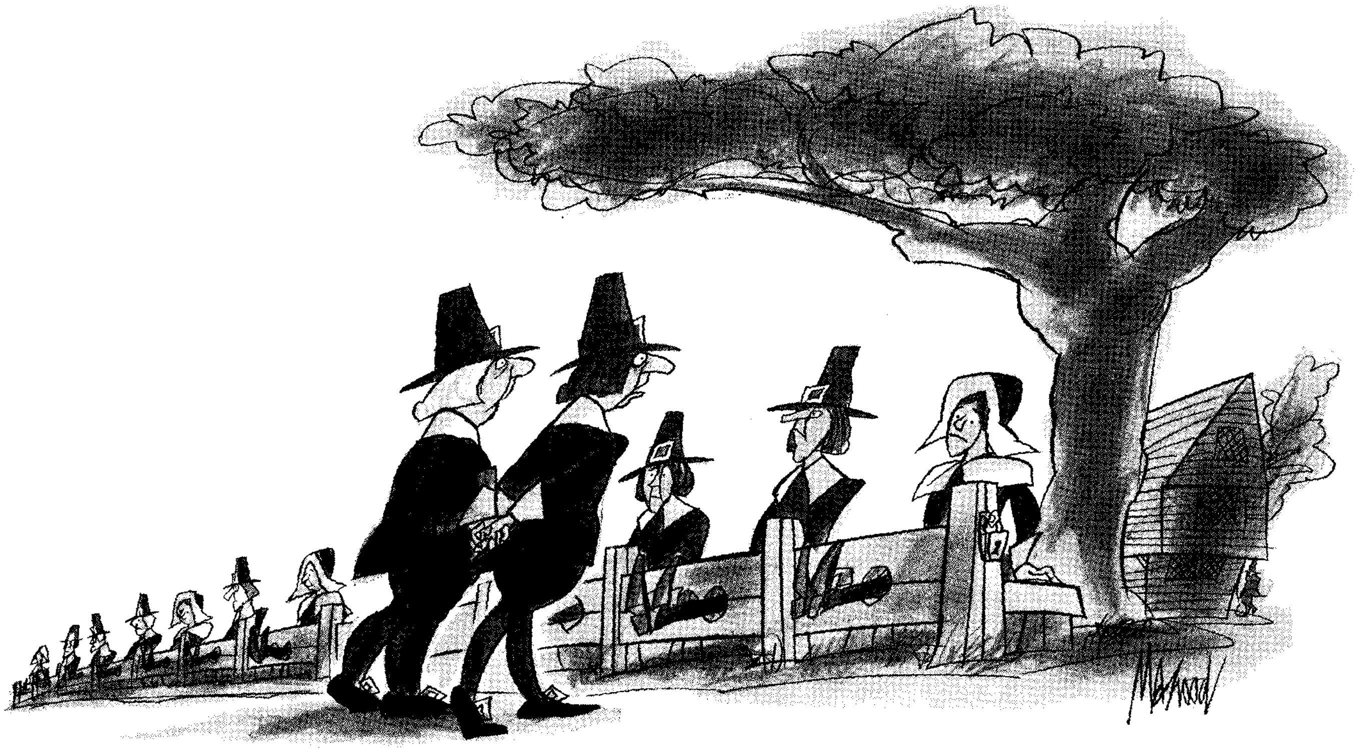
"The 'trip' is more important than the destination, is that what you mean?" Despite himself, he had underlined "trip."

"I don't drop acid, I've told you that," she said, deadpan. "I'm afraid to."

"Well," he said, warming to his task, "that's a reasonable enough fear.


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Oh, Mildred! I've lost my video!"



"We live in a degenerate age."

• •

But perhaps you have some other less reasonable fears."

"Deer-hunters. God, they have the worst faces I ever saw," she suddenly brought out, forgetting him and remembering the weekend just past. She and her mother and Bill had driven up to Lake Tahoe—a jaunt intended to prove that they were not really angry with Cathy, that they loved her nevertheless. By an unfortunate coincidence, this was also the first weekend of the deer season. On the other side of Sacramento, winding up past Auburn through beautiful mountain rocks and trees, Highway 80 had been lined with white camper trucks bearing hunters. The men wore ugly red caps and red plaid shirts. They had looked remarkably alike, at least to Cathy—as alike as their campers. Fathers and sons and friends, their faces had been coarse and unintelligent, excited, jovial, and greedy. Cathy shuddered. "God, I hope they all shoot each other," she said to Dr. Fredericks.

"Well," he said hopefully. "Let's see if we can find out what deer-hunters mean to you. I doubt somehow that it's sheer dislike of killing. For instance, you don't seem to be upset about the war in Vietnam."

"That's so bad I can't think about it at all," said Cathy with total candor.

"Well, let's see." Dr. Fredericks, almost alone among his colleagues, was more opposed to protesters than to the war, but bringing up Vietnam had been a ploy. He now thrust his real point home. "I do seem to remember that your stepfather is something of a hunter," he said.

Cathy heard the light note of triumph in his voice, to which she reacted with rage and despair and a prolonged silence. Why bother to tell him that Bill had only hunted ducks—and only with his father, before that awful old man had died? During the silence, she listened to the leisurely sounds of outlying San Francisco traffic and the faint, distant foghorns from the Bay. Concentrating on these, she was able to stop the echo of Dr. Fredericks' voice in her mind. Their voices were what she could stand least about adults: Dr. Fredericks' bored hostility; her teachers' voices, loud and smug; the alternately anxious and preening, knowing voice of her mother. The only thing that she could remember about her natural father, who had divorced her mother when Cathy was two, was his voice. It was high-pitched, almost a whine—nothing much to miss. Actually, Bill had a nice, warm, deep voice, until he drank too much and it blurred.

A heavy truck went by, creaking and lumbering as though weighted with old furniture or barrels of china and glass. Brakes screeched several blocks away. Then the traffic sounds continued as before. For a few minutes, there were no foghorns and then there they were again, discordant, with no rhythm.

Both Cathy and Dr. Fredericks glanced over at the clock on his desk. Five minutes to go. He sighed softly and pleasurably. He had recently stopped smoking and he enjoyed the air in his expanded chest. Although he was nearing sixty, he was well preserved. Squash and swimming at his club kept him in shape; he felt a certain snobbery toward many of his colleagues who were running to fat. He and his wife, who owned and ran an extremely successful chain of gift shops, spent vacations at health spas, playing tennis and dieting together. A blue-eyed Southerner, from West Virginia, Dr. Fredericks liked to view himself as a maverick among psychoanalysts—another breed, one might say.

Cathy swung her short legs off the couch and sat up. She clutched her knees and faced him. "Look," she said. "It's hopeless. You and mother think it's important to get married and save marriages and get money and save that, and I don't."

"We're trying to find out what you do think is important," he said. He did not bother to conceal his impatience.

Neither did she. "So am I."

"Next week?" They both stood up.

Out of context (he felt), she giggled. "Maybe."

Cathy's parents lived about ten blocks from Dr. Fredericks in the same expensive and fog-ridden San Francisco neighborhood, but instead of going home Cathy walked to the park she often went to, along the broad streets and down the hill leading toward the Bay. Here the sun was shining. She pulled a small box of raisins from her

ISIDORO ACEVEDO

The truth is that I know nothing about him
except for place names and dates—
frauds and failings of the word—
and so with a certain mixture of hesitation and compassion I have rescued his last day,
not the one that others saw but his own,
and I want to sidestep my own life now to write about his.

Inveterate cardplayer and habitué of Buenos Aires backrooms,
born on the right side of the Arroyo del Medio and a follower of Alsina,
inspector of native produce in the old Westside markets,
police inspector of the third district,
when his homeland called him up he fought
in the battles at Cepeda and Pavón and the Stockyard flats.

But my words should not take up his battles
when the vision he wrested from them was so much his own.
For in the same way that other men write verse
my grandfather elaborated a dream.

While a lung ailment ate away at him
and hallucinatory fevers distorted the face of the day,
he assembled the burning documents of his memory
for the forging of his dream.

This took place in a house on Serrano Street
during that burnt-out summer of 1905.

His dream was of two armies
entering the shadow of battle;
he enumerated the commands, the colors, the units.
"Now the officers are reviewing their battle plans," he said in a voice you could hear,
and in order to see them he tried sitting up.

He seized a stretch of the prairie,
scouting it for broken terrain, where the infantry could take positions,
and for open ground so that the cavalry charge could not be turned back.

He made a final levy,
rallying the thousands of faces that a man knows without really knowing at the end of his years:
bearded faces now growing dim in daguerreotypes,
faces that lived and died next to his own at the battles of Puente Alsina and Cepeda.

In the visionary defense of his country that his faith hungered for (and not that his fever imposed),
he plundered his days
and rounded up an army of Buenos Aires ghosts
so as to get himself killed in the fighting.

That was how, in a darkened bedroom that looked onto a garden,
he died, in the army, out of his devotion for his homeland.

It was in the metaphor of a journey that I was told of his death, and I did not believe it.
I was a boy, who knew nothing then of dying; I was immortal,
and afterward for days I searched the sunless rooms for him.

—Jorge Luis Borges

(*Translated, from the Spanish, by Norman Thomas di Giovanni.*)

• •

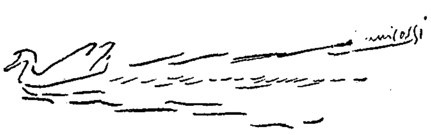
pocket and began to eat them as she walked.

The park was surrounded by rolling woods of pine and fir, cypress and eucalyptus, through which on clear days one could catch blue views of the Bay, red glimpses of the Golden Gate Bridge. Cathy walked past creaking swings and a slide crowded with small children. Out on a playing field, lounging about on the beaten grass, there were some kids her own age whom she thought she knew, so she hurried on toward the woods.

Off the path, she came to a place where there was a large sloping patch of sand. She sat down and reached into the back pocket of her jeans, where there was a very mashed joint, which she lit. She lay back, her left arm protecting her hair from the sand. She sucked in and waited for the melting of her despair.

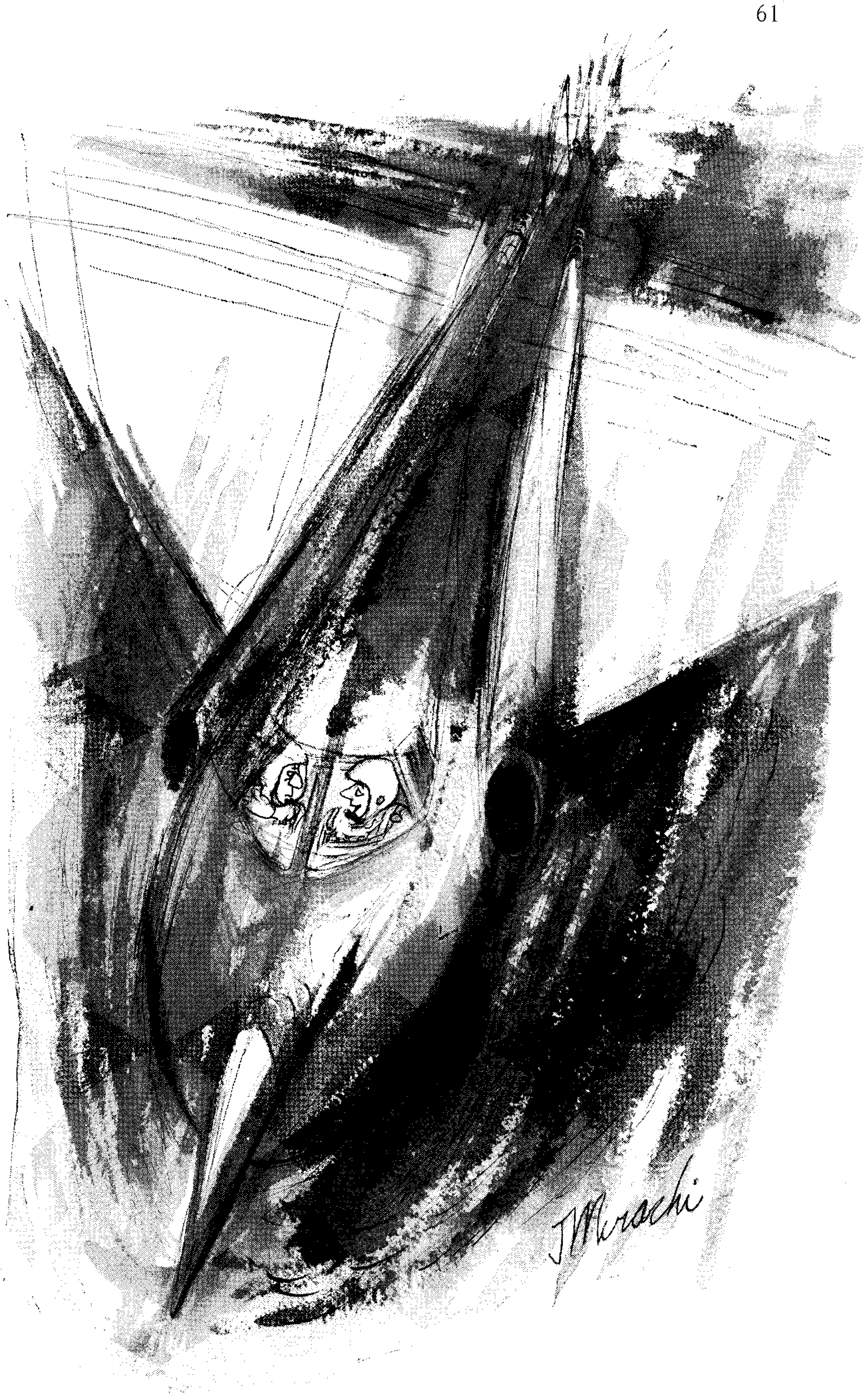
The air smelled alternately of the sea, of lemon-scented eucalyptus, of pine, and of the dank, dark earth. It was nearly a clear day, but the foghorns sounded more strongly to her from the water. Soon the fog would come in, gigantically billowing through the Golden Gate. Now, in the visible sky above the dark, thatched cypresses, there were only a few large clouds; they were as heavy and slow and lumbering as bulls, a slow-motion lumbering of bulls across the sky. Cathy concentrated on their changes, their slow and formal shifts in shape and pattern. Then, in the peace, in the warm silence, she fell asleep.

Bill, Cathy's stepfather, had at moments a few of the reactions to Cathy that she evoked in Dr. Fredericks. At worst, he despaired of reaching her. But he was exceptionally sensitive to the feelings of women. He could often feel what Cathy felt, and could bear it no better than she. It was his sensitivity, in fact, that had kept him from leaving Cathy's mother, Barbara, who was his second wife. The extent of Barbara's anxiety and despair when they first spoke of separation had got through to him. They had seen Dr. Fredericks, together and separately, for more than a year. But before their meetings with him began Bill had already decided not, after all, to leave Barbara for Ruth, his girl friend. (Ruth had been unhappy, too, but she was younger and more resilient; her despair hit Bill with lesser force.)



Perhaps to avoid a discussion of Ruth, Bill had talked about his inheritance from his father, and Dr. Fredericks had given Bill good advice about investing it. Bill gave him credit for that. Actually, investments were Fredericks' real but unacknowledged field of expertise. Bill was a commercial artist, and not a terribly successful one. The investment had brought his income well within range of his wife's, so it may have been Dr. Fredericks, after all, who saved the marriage.

It was nearly dinnertime when Cathy came home from the park, and Bill and her mother were sitting in the living room having drinks. Barbara had done their living room, like Dr. Fredericks', in cool blues and



"Boy! We are going lickety-split, aren't we?"

• •

greens, except for the brown leather sofa—a kind of tribute to Bill's masculine presence; ordinarily, she did not use leather. Bill almost never sat on it. He would sit instead, as he did now, on a small Victorian dark-blue silk chair that must have been intended for Cathy. Fortunately, he was light—a very thin, narrowly built man with delicate bones and sparse blondish hair. Barbara, wearing a smart gray wool dress, was sitting on the leather sofa, and Cathy joined her there. During the cocktail hour, they would sit that way, at opposite ends of the sofa, facing Bill rather than each other.

Mother and daughter appeared to Bill remarkably alike. Barbara's eyes, too, were round and often opaque; her body tended to be squat. Its shape was childlike, which at times Bill found quite touching. At other times, it turned him off, and on to voluptuous Ruth. In Cathy, naturally enough, the sexlessness was more marked. Bill sometimes wondered how he would have felt with a voluptuous daughter, a swinging chick. Would it have made him more uncomfortable?

"I told Dr. Fredericks how much I hated deer-hunters," proffered Cathy. Since Barbara, on principle, would never ask what went on during "her hour," Cathy would throw out indecipherable and tantalizing tidbits.

Feeling his second drink, Bill said, "God, I hate them, too. They all remind me of my father." Bill's father had been a mighty hunter, out of the great Northwest, with rather Bunyanesque notions of manhood, so that Bill had trouble from time to time believing in himself as a man, feeling that if those coarse, red-faced, hunting cretins were men he was not one. Indeed, he had been told by several women, including Barbara, that he played around only in order to prove his manhood to himself. At times, he thought that might be true. At other times, he thought it was simply because he very much liked women, lots of them.

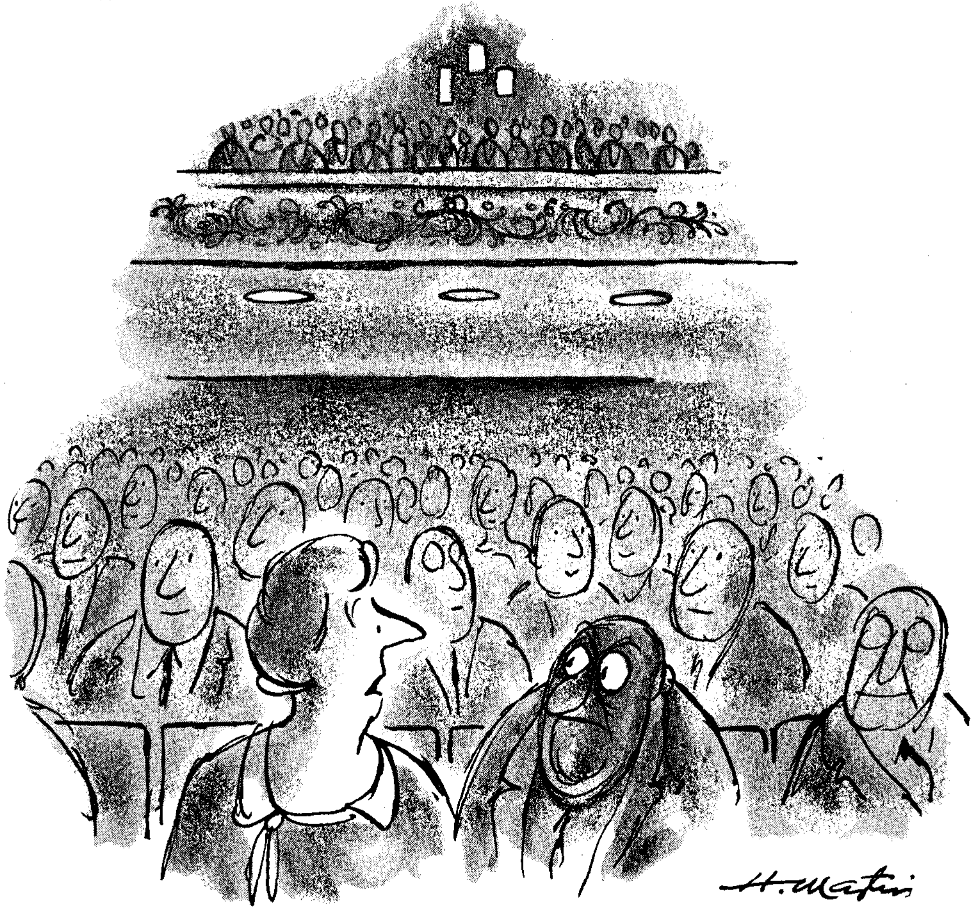
But he was not supposed to voice as strong an emotion as hatred in the presence of Cathy, and he sensed reproof in Barbara's slightly stiffened posture. She was an extremely nice woman who wanted things to be perfect—her house, her husband, her daughter, and especially herself. Now, instead of reproving Bill, she smiled at him, sighed, and said, "God, I'm tired. I really did have a day."

"You didn't like your father?" Cathy asked in a neutral voice that bore, for Bill, an unnerving resemblance to Dr. Fredericks' therapeutic blandness. But it was almost the first personal question that he could remember Cathy's ever asking him, and he found that his chest warmed and expanded with pleasure. "To tell you the truth," he said, "I was very much afraid of him. The way I find hunters frightening."

"Oh," said Cathy, and then for no reason she giggled.

"We're having a really wicked dinner," Barbara said. "Prawns with that sour-cream sauce. I absolutely couldn't resist them in the Grant Market, so big and pink and perfect. And, of course, rice."

"You are wicked," Bill responded, since this was how they talked to each other, but he was hearing them both with Cathy's ears, and he wondered how she could bear their middle-aged fatuity. She was staring at a small porcelain vase of tiny blue strawflowers as though she had never seen it be-



"Pardon me, sir, but what's a dirty old man like you doing in a G-rated movie?"

fore. Bill asked Barbara if she wanted another drink.

He made them strong, and by the end of dinner, during which he and Barbara drank wine and told Cathy illuminating vignettes from their own histories, stressing education and travel and friendship, reminding her that they had once been young—by the time all that was over, Bill was almost drunk and Barbara had a headache. But he was still aware of the troubled depths of tenderness in her round brown eyes as she said good night to them both—quite out of character, she had decided to give in to her headache and go to bed.

"Cathy and I will clear up," said Bill decisively.

The truth was that he liked to wash dishes, which his father had seen to it that he was not allowed to do. He liked all that warm, foamy water around his hands and the essential and marvellous simplicity of the task. He handed each hot, clean dish to Cathy, who dried it with a sparklingly clean white towel in the blue-and-white-tiled, Philippine-mahogany room.

For no real reason, a picture of Cathy the first time he had ever seen her came to Bill's mind—a small, square girl with chocolate cake and frosting all over her face and hands. It was during what he and Barbara ironically referred to as their courtship, a protracted and difficult period during which they had both been concerned with Bill's shedding his wife—and with the difficulty of seeing each other privately, what with Barbara's child and his wife. Barbara's first husband had moved to Dallas and had not seen Cathy since the divorce, but Barbara had felt that Bill and her daughter should not meet until Bill was actually free. So it was quite a while before Barbara could invite Bill for dinner. And on that occasion Cathy found the perfect, beautiful chocolate cake that Barbara had made and plunged her hands into its dark, moist depths, then smeared her face. Barbara had chosen to laugh rather than scold, and Bill had liked her for that. Now the remembered sight of small, smeared Cathy moved him. He wanted to tell her about it, but he knew she would not understand; nor could she know that simply watching someone grow can make you care for them. So instead of any of that he said, "As a matter of fact, I think James Fredericks is a jackass," and handed her a wet wineglass.

Carefully polishing, as she had been taught by her mother, Cathy asked, "Is he? I don't know."

"God, yes. All he can talk about is what he likes to call 'finances.' He can't say 'money.' Besides, you don't see his name on any anti-war petitions of doctors, do you? He probably owns stock in Dow Chemical."

Plunging his hands back into the sink, Bill realized that he had wanted to say this for a long time. He had forgotten that Cathy was not supposed to know that he and Barbara had gone to Fredericks, and he wanted to reassure her, to tell her that if she didn't dig Fredericks it was certainly O.K. with him. But then he felt her mind float off to some clouded private distance of her own, and suddenly he couldn't stand it, and he turned furiously to confront her. "Listen," he said loudly, "*you* think *you're* confused, and that the world is difficult. Christ, what do you think it's like to be forty-one? Christ, talk about confused and difficult. Do you think I like getting outside myself and seeing a fatuous drunk whose scalp is beginning to show through? Christ! And believe me, being married is a hell of a lot more difficult than not being married, let me tell you. Your mother has to diet or she'd be fat, and she can't stand fat. And it's very hard to live without a lot of money and booze. You give it a little thought—just try."

Cathy's round eyes did not blink and she went on polishing the second wineglass. Then she glanced quickly at Bill and said, "O.K." Then she said, "I think I'll go to bed now," and Bill was left alone to clean the sink and wipe off the unvarnished wooden chopping table.

After he had finished that, he went into the small room off the living room that was known as his study; his books were there, and some portfolios of old drawings, and a collection of dirty pipes that he would have smoked only in that room. Now as he entered he found placed squarely in the middle of his desk a white sheet of paper, and on it were what he recognized as two joints.

He sat down in the comfortable green wool upholstered chair that Barbara had provided him, presumably for meditation, and he meditated, seeking a variety of explanations for Cathy's present, or gesture—whatever it was. However, nothing rational came to his mind. Or, rather, reasonable explanations approached but then as quickly dissolved, like clouds or shadows. Instead, salty and unmasculine tears stung at his eyes, and then he fell asleep in his chair, having just decided not to think at all.

—ALICE ADAMS

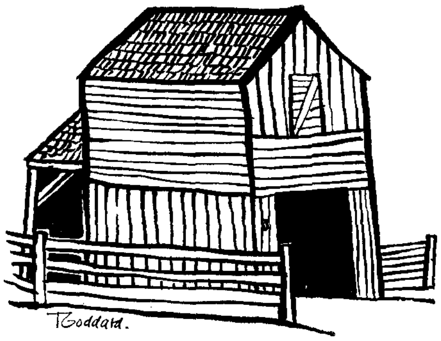
ANNALS OF POLITICS

JUSTICE

I—SOMETHING HAS GONE TERRIBLY WRONG IN AMERICA

AMERICAN democracy has survived largely because it is a patchwork system. If one patch fades or is cut or burned out, another can usually be put in its place without much difficulty, and although the new piece may not fit exactly or may not carry out the surrounding pattern fully, no one seems to notice for long, because the complexity of the over-all design conceals changes in it. This is never more apparent than when the greatest change of all occurs—during the transfer of power over the executive branch of the government from one party to another. That the United States has peaceably, even placidly, undergone such a change seventeen times since 1789 marks it as a nation that believes in the rule of law. And that the process has been conducted each time with decency and purpose, even if sometimes none too cordially, marks the society as one that trusts itself. But part of the explanation for what may appear to be an extraordinary kind of public adaptability is that, despite the bitterness of any contest for the Presidency and the expectations which always accompany the transfer of authority from one President to another, not many patches in the quilt are actually changed. When Richard M. Nixon was sworn in as the nation's thirty-seventh President, he at once took command of the immense federal establishment, with 2,705,009 civilian employees and 3,489,922 people in the military services. Of nearly three million civilian jobs, however, fewer than three thousand were subject to change at his order, and of these perhaps three hundred were of enough significance to constitute a change where it counts—in determining policy. Although a couple of hundred vigorous policymakers may sound like a lot, a couple of million bureaucrats, vigorous or not, is a lot more, for most of them instinctively and adamantly resist *any* change—up, down, or sideways. While discussing the problems that would face General Eisenhower when he took over the Presidency, Harry Truman remarked, "He'll sit there, and he'll say, 'Do this! Do that!' And nothing will happen. Poor Ike—it won't be a bit like the Army. He'll find it very frustrating." Nor is this sort of frustration confined to a military man taking civil command. At the end of President Kennedy's second year in office, he was asked what had been his greatest surprise during his Presidency, and he replied unhesitatingly that it had been the gaping difference between the ease in giving an order and the difficulty in getting it carried out.

Of course, the two major political parties do not spend upward of fifty million dollars every four years just for the fun of it. The party that's out of power is determined to change the country's direction, and if it wins it usually does, though in a far slower and more arduous manner than anticipated. Once the power has symbolically changed hands, the reality of that change gradually appears in the way that issues—particularly the issues aired during the campaign—are dealt with. During the last Presidential campaign, the two principal issues were the Vietnam war and law and order. The first was not really discussed, because it had already been discussed to the point of national exhaustion, and because once President Johnson announced a limitation on the bombing of North Vietnam and his retirement, negotiations began on a peace settlement, which permitted all the candidates to gratefully set the issue of the war to one side, on the ground that imprecise and ill-informed remarks could only harm the prospects for a final peace. Law and order, on the other hand, was discussed to a fare-thee-well. A precipitous rise in the crime rate and the accompanying fear of crime, which had become so infectious that President Johnson described it as "a public malady," provided a ready opportunity for demagoguery. It was not lost. George C. Wallace's entire campaign was based on the issue, and so was a large part of Richard M. Nixon's. By the time the election was over, the contention had created in some people more fear about the fear of crime than about crime itself, because they interpreted the fervent cry for law and order, without an equally fervent cry for justice, as heralding a move toward repression and tyranny. In their view, once the people were sufficiently aroused over the threat of being engulfed by criminality and public disorders, they might be persuaded to set aside their own Constitutional safeguards as the only way to preserve society, and thereby utterly destroy it.

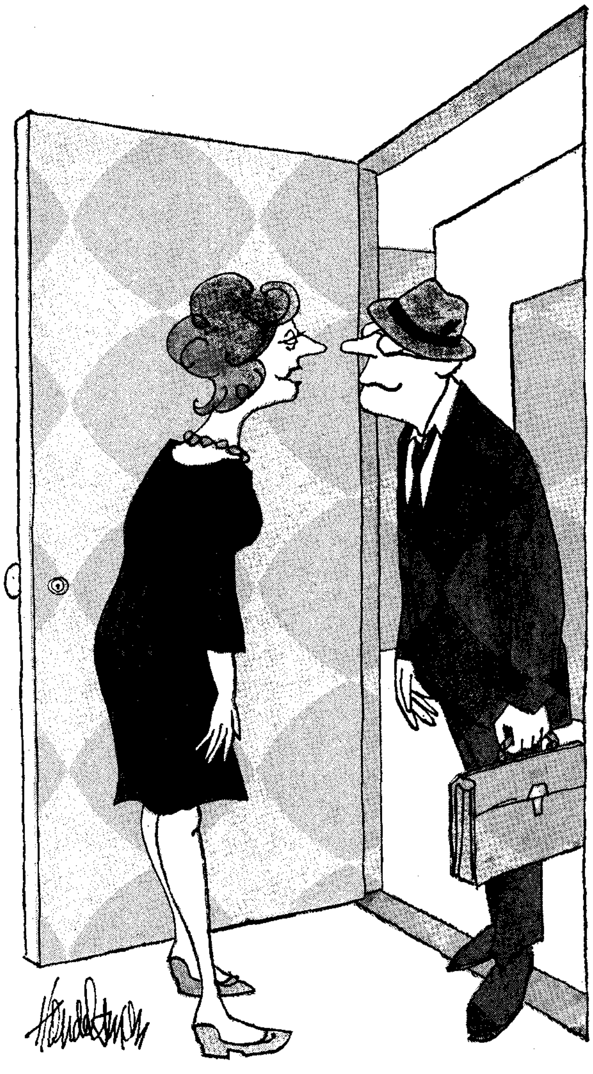


ON the night of August 8, 1968, Nixon rose before the delegates to the Republican National Convention, in Miami, and accepted their nomination to be the Party's candidate for President. His acceptance speech, which was heard by a radio-and-television audience estimated at better than sixty million people, was described beforehand by the nominee as "the most important speech of my life." When it was delivered, it seemed at first to be a rather uninspired example of the usual political fare, with the standard promises of peace with freedom, military strength to protect the nation's security, preservation of individual and local rights, and vigorous action to combat crime. But as the campaign unfolded, it became clear that the speech had contained one element that indeed made it the most important speech of his life, since it may well have won him the Presidency. Although the acceptance speeches of Presidential nominees not infrequently stretch the truth to meet political expediency, it is uncommon for them to contain outright lies, which can boomerang with disastrous consequences. Instead of lying to voters, it is far more effective to simply mislead them through inflammatory distortions that suggest how the problems they are most concerned about can be easily resolved. In this case, the problem was crime, and the candidate's solution was to say, "If we are to restore order and respect for law in this country, there's one place we're going to begin: We're going to have a new Attorney General of the United States of America." The promise was questionable on several grounds. First, the task of controlling crime, both Constitutionally and historically, is primarily the responsibility not of the federal government but of the states, which guard their police powers more jealously than any others. Second, it suggested that a single official, Attorney General Ramsey Clark, was to blame for the rising crime rate. Third, it implied that the candidate was displaying notable courage and wisdom by promising to replace Clark, whereas, of course, all members of the incumbent Cabinet were expected to be replaced if Nixon won. And, finally, it could have politically useful results only if the voters could be trusted to be ignorant of the foregoing facts and if they could be kept ignorant through Election Day. In any event, the promise brought a great roar of approval from the audience in Convention Hall, and in all likelihood it brought Nixon a good deal of approbation from many of the millions who were watching and listening at home. The approach had been tested during the Republican primaries the previous spring; it had drawn a surprising response there, and it seemed certain to be even more effective in the Presidential campaign against a Democratic opponent. To a large extent, the approach became the core of Republican strategy. As Mary McGrory observed in a column written shortly after the election, "At every rally, just before the balloons fell down and the candidate shot up his arms in his double-V sign, Nixon would assure his audience that respect for the law would begin at approximately the moment that the nation's chief law-enforcement officer quit the Department of Justice." And every audience, other reporters noted, clapped its hands, stomped its feet, whistled, and went hoarse shouting its delight.

Apparently, Nixon himself did not enjoy his attacks on the Attorney General. "Ramsey Clark is really a fine fellow," he said to his closest associates during the campaign. "And he's done a good job." In the view of one of the candidate's top advisers, the candidate had felt compelled to use this "simplistic approach" to stir up the voters. But in the view of a former official of the Eisenhower Administration that explanation did not go deep enough. "Whenever Dick finds himself in trouble, he always personalizes an issue," he explained. "In this case, crime was the issue and Clark was the person."

While Nixon was doing his utmost to personalize this issue, Clark, a man most of the electorate had scarcely heard of before the campaign, was doing his utmost to depersonalize it. Consistently throughout his term of office, he refused to popularize the causes he believed in by popularizing himself. As a result, most of his programs were generally unknown and he was generally misunderstood. "In the area of initiating new policies and carrying out his federal responsibility, Ramsey can't be faulted," Fred M. Vinson, Jr., who was Assistant Attorney General in charge of the Criminal Division under him, remarked shortly before the two men left office. "But in the area of getting his message across he has not been successful. That's been the problem for a long, long time." Clark himself once discussed the subject briefly on the "Today" show, and traced his problem back to the nature of his duties. "So many people want me to be only the chief law-enforcement officer in the United States," he explained. "They fail to recognize that, for instance, I head the Federal Bureau of Prisons. And if I don't speak for rehabilitation as the head of the Federal Bureau of Prisons, then who will? They fail to recognize that I have the responsibility for enforcement of the civil-rights laws—a responsibility, I might add, I cherish. I think it's essential to the future of this nation that we vigorously enforce those laws. And this creates animosity. In a sense, you might say that the job of the Attorney General isn't one where you're likely to make friends." Although there was much truth to Clark's explanation, some of his closest associates and admirers have pointed out that it didn't go far enough, since Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy was equally concerned about and devoted to the causes of criminal rehabilitation and civil rights and yet had managed to create a reputation as an exceedingly tough Attorney General. One official who worked under both Kennedy and Clark has said he feels that Clark was the strongest and most able Attorney General in history but that he failed to come across that way because, wholly unlike anyone in the post before him, he was so deeply convinced the Department of Justice should be above politics that he refused to engage in them, even to the extent of defending himself by publicizing his record.

Although it is impossible to determine exactly when Clark got pinned with the tag "soft on crime," several of his colleagues trace it back to a speech he delivered after the riots following the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., in which he demanded that the "loose talk of shooting looters . . . must stop." It may have been the first time in the history of the United States that a high government official publicly expressed the belief that one man's life was more important than another man's property. Clark's advisers unanimously urged him not to deliver the speech, or begged him to at least tone it down by stating that it was all right, say, to shoot someone



"Oh, there you are! I made us this big thing of Martinis, and I waited and waited, and got to thinking you might not really need your half, so I drank your half, and then I got to thinking it was silly not to drink my *half, so I drank that, too, you slob."*

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who was about to put a torch to a bedridden old woman's house but not all right to shoot a youngster who was stealing a pair of shoes from a store's window display. Clark refused. "When everyone high and low kept saying that looters should be shot on sight, as Mayor Daley urged, I felt that a voice from someone in a high position *had* to be raised on the opposite side—no matter what effect it might have on him—to speak out for human life," he explained later. The speech was delivered at the University of North Carolina, before a large and predictably unsympathetic assemblage of state trial judges—men whose experience with hoodlums and thieves, day in and day out, had tended to make them as hardboiled as the toughest cop. "The need is to train adequate numbers of police to prevent riots and looting altogether," the Attorney General told them at the outset. "Where prevention fails, looters must be arrested, not shot. The first need in a civil disorder is to restore order. To say that when the looting starts the shooting starts means either that shooting is preferable to arrest or that there are not enough police present to arrest. By definition, adequate police manpower, adequately deployed, could prevent looting on any large scale from ever occurring. This failing, it is the clear and unquestioned duty of police to arrest looters, like all other law violators; arrest them immediately and present them for a speedy trial." The argument seemed persuasive, and many in the audience listened intently as he went on, "A reverence for life is the sure way of reducing violent death. There are few acts more likely to cause guerrilla warfare in our cities and division and hatred among our people than to encourage police to shoot looters or other persons caught committing property crimes. How many dead twelve-year-old boys will it take for us to learn this simple lesson? Far from being effective, shooting looters divides, angers, embitters, drives to violence. It creates the very problems its advocates claim it their purpose to avoid."

While this speech—or, at least, the "Don't Shoot Looters" headlines it produced—angered many people who feared that *their* homes and property would be next, some observers have felt that in the long run it was not nearly as damaging to Clark's reputation as his work on behalf of civil rights. One person inclined to this view is Warren Christopher, the Deputy Attorney General under Clark. "Ramsey sees this country as having enormous responsibility to Negroes, to the poor, to

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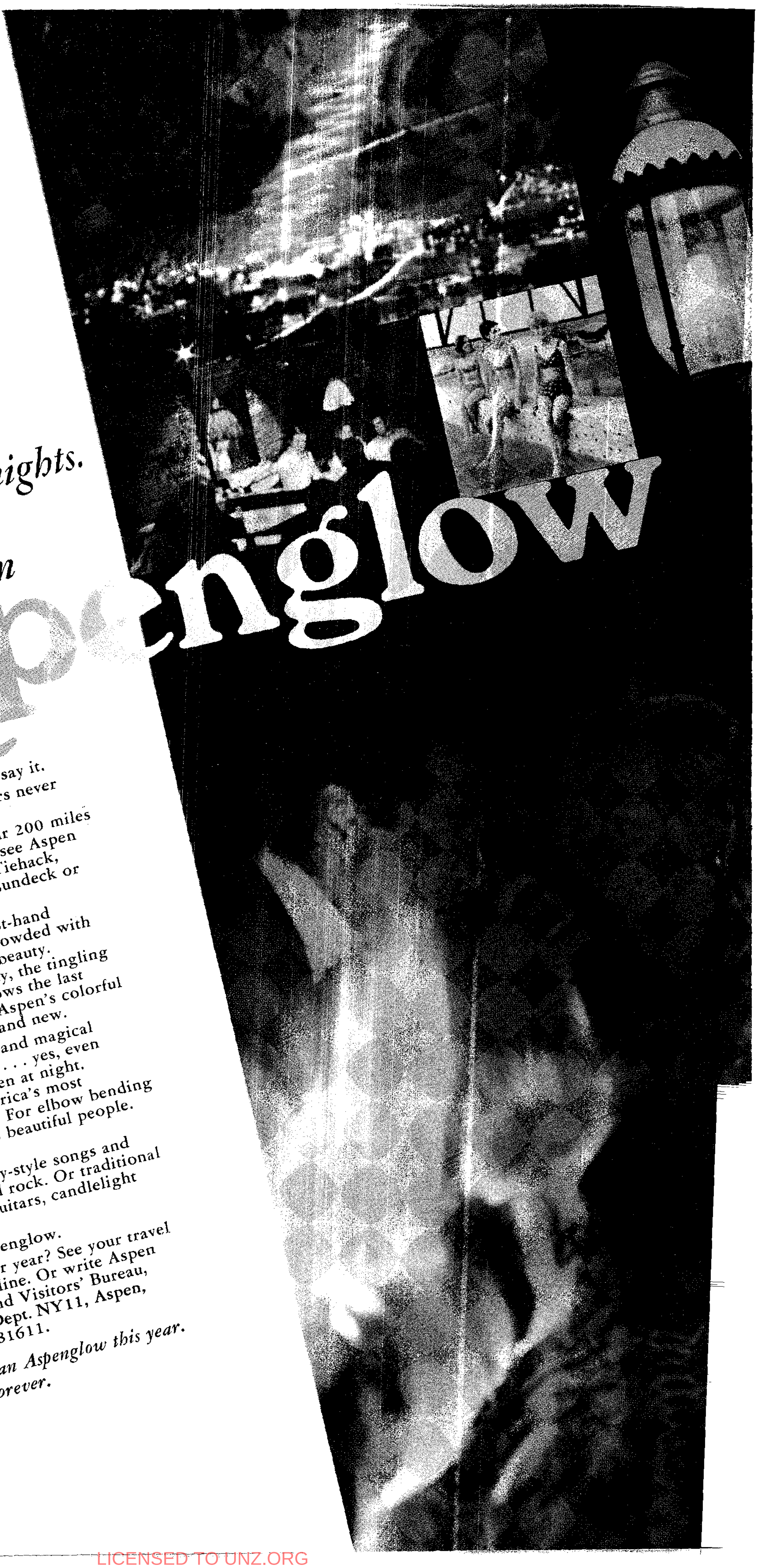

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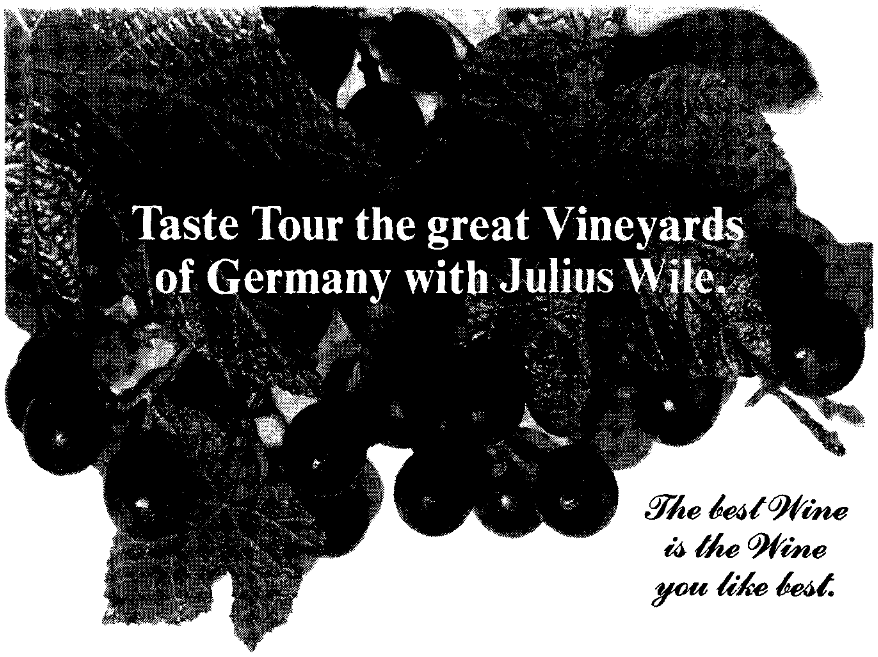
the young, and he sees an enormous need to extend to them sympathy, understanding, help," Christopher explained while he was still in office. "Of course, in the suburbs this at worst is anathema and at best is simply not shared." As it happened, Christopher added, suburbanites were the most responsive of all voters to political appeals for law and order, although they were also the least threatened by crime. Then he went on to describe an incident that he felt best demonstrated the effect of Clark's approach on the public mind. This one occurred in the spring of 1968, when a crowd of angry Negroes from Resurrection City (which had been put up in the capital as a result of Clark's personal intercession with the President) marched on the Department of Justice to demand a fairer share of society's benefits. Some Cabinet officers would have summoned the police to disperse such a crowd, and certainly few of them would ever have faced it in person. Clark did, however, and stood on the stage of the Great Hall, the Department's main auditorium, and heard them out. "Finally, one woman came up to him and started screaming and shaking a fist in his face, and Ramsey stood there and took it," Christopher said. "Of course, it took courage and decency to behave as he did, but the public watching the encounter on television that night got the impression that he didn't respond because he was afraid to. *They* wouldn't have taken it, and, after all, *he* was the Attorney General of the United States. If they had seen him as I have—resisting fantastic pressures from Congress, from the military, and from the White House, and still never losing that infinite calm of his even in the worst crises—they would have known that he was tougher than the toughest of them. But Ramsey never would play it to the galleries."

One important reason for Clark's low standing with the public lay in his refusal to cater to the press. Many government officials—both high and low, elected and appointed—spend a good part of their time cooking up situations that will create headlines and "news" stories about themselves and their work. According to one Assistant Attorney General who worked with Clark for several years, "The media people have been very, very bad, because his philosophy is so quiet. They would much rather report the violent attacks than the soft response." Shortly after Dr. King's death, Clark appeared on A.B.C.'s television program "Issues and Answers." There were two net-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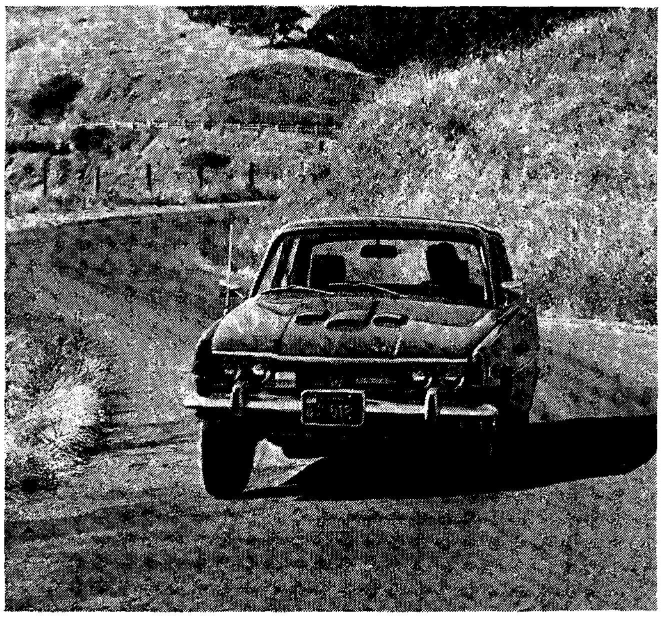

One engineering team, for example, responsible for developing the air conditioning system to American conditions, drove 16,000 miles in temperatures ranging from 90°F. to 113°F., from Death Valley to rush hour traffic in Phoenix. Another team spent winter days and nights in Canada to make certain the 3500S would start on the coldest of mornings. It did. Down to minus 44°F. (A typical log of one of the hot weather tests is shown below.)

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2. Standard equipment on the Rover 3500S is a three speed Borg Warner automatic transmission—easy to service in this country—and electric windows by Delco, also an American company. (The refined air conditioning system is optional, but only $478.)

3. The variable power steering, also standard equipment, automatically adjusts itself to the driver's need. That is, on the straight-away, it lets you "feel" the road. In the turns or when parking, the power increases with the degree of the turn. The tougher the spot, the more help you get.

ROVER V-8

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4. The car rides like a limousine but does not pay for its extraordinary smoothness on the straight-away with wallowing in the turns.

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This test car covered 7,677 miles through 24 states, this trip. The gas consumption was 17.7 miles per gallon. Temperature and altitude ranges were 113°F. to 32°F., –277 ft. to 14,110 ft., respectively.

August	*Miles*	*Average M.P.H.*	*M.P.G. (U.S.)*
22nd Left Teaneck for York via N.J. and Penna. turnpikes	239	60.8	17.9
23rd Visited York and travelled to Harrisonburg, Va. on Hwy. 81	201	57.4	18.3
24th Travelled to Birmingham on Hwys. 81, 75, 59 and Rt. 11	638	57.9	17.25
25th To New Orleans on Hwys. 59, 10 and Rt. 11	364	62.6	16.10
26th To Fort Worth, on Hwy. 20 and Rts. 61, 190 and 71	539	46.7	17.90
27th To El Paso on Hwys. 20, 10 and Rt. 80	611	(not noted)	17.65
28th To Tucson on Hwy. 10	352	(not noted)	19.90
29th To Los Angeles via Gila Bend and Yuma, Hwys. 10, 8, 5 and Rt. 80	551	56.0	18.60
30th Stayed in L.A.	14	(not noted)	(not noted)
31st To Las Vegas via Death Valley and Beatty, Hwy. 15, Rts. 127, 190, 58, 95	481	48.7	16.6

September	*Miles*	*Average M.P.H.*	*M.P.G. (U.S.)*
1st To Williams, Ariz. via Hoover Dam, Rts. 93 and 66	395	62.8	16.85
2nd To Raton, N.M. via Albuquerque, Rts. 66, 84, and 85	748	60.9	19.6
3rd To Colorado Springs, Col., Hwy. 25, Rts. 160 and 85	150	65.2	20.3
4th Climbed Pikes Peak twice and explored. 18.5 mile climb of Pikes Peak took 53 mins. from Toll gate to summit 14,110 ft., following traffic	129	(not noted)	20.3
5th Travelled to Des Moines, Hwys. 25 and 80	793	75.0	17.1
6th To Toledo via Rockford, Ill., Hwys. 80, 50, Rt. 51 and Toll road	705	66.3	17.1
7th To New York on the Turnpike	610	65.7	19.3
8th Travelled to Pound Ridge	129	(not noted)	(not noted)
9th Tests in New York City traffic, Garment District and out to Teaneck. Travelled 10 mi. in 2 hrs. 53 mins. during City Traffic Testing	28	(not noted)	(not noted)

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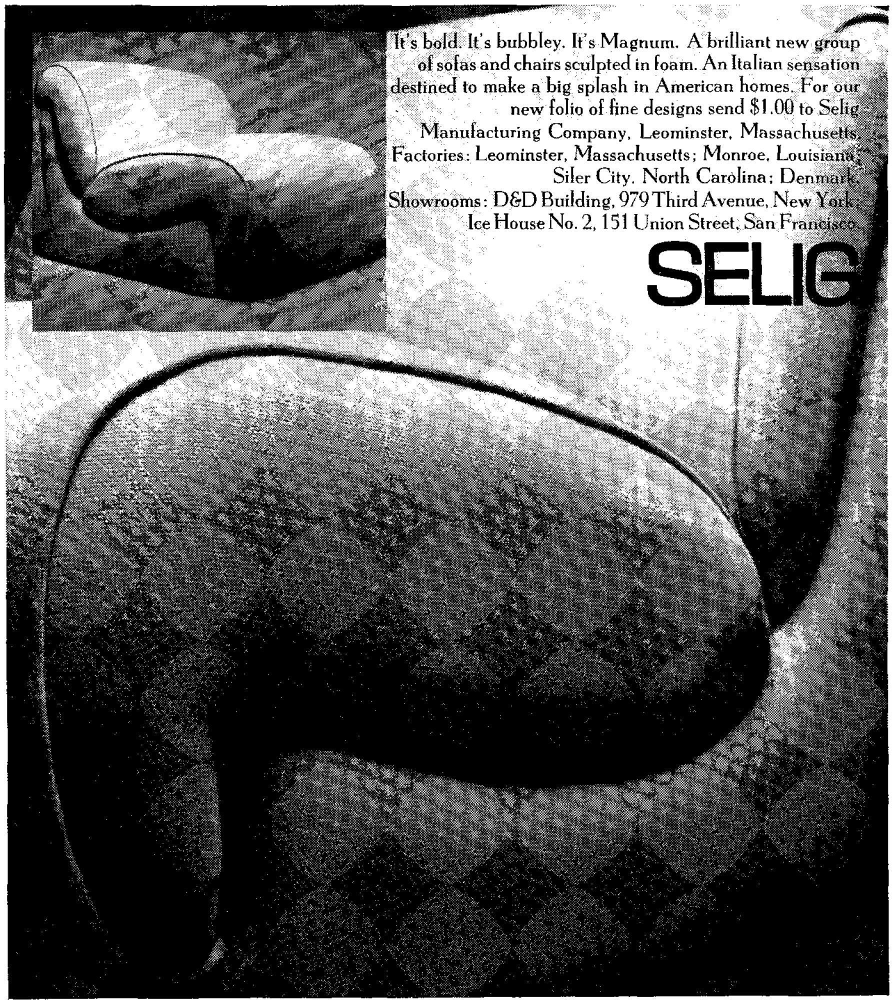
City__________ State________ Zip________ work correspondents on hand to interview him, and one of them, Bob Clark, started out the program by saying, "This is a rather jittery capital today, as I am sure you know, with the arrival of the first units of the Poor People's March," and went on to talk about the likelihood that violence would break out. Finally, the Attorney General said, "I really hate to talk so much about violence at the beginning of a very hopeful campaign. The poor people have an awfully important message for the country, and we have to hope that they will have a good opportunity to communicate it." That point was soon lost as the interviewer continued to talk about the threat of violence and tried to lead the Attorney General to say whether he "would respond with mass arrests" in order to "prevent any disruption of the government." The Attorney General would not be led. "It is an unhappy time to be talking about mass arrests, right at the beginning of a march that we can all be hopeful about," he said mildly. The first correspondent having failed, Irv Chapman, the second, took over and said that "some of the Negroes seem to be all ready to accept the fear that you are all preparing concentration camps for them, to arrest them en masse." That was too much for Clark. "There are no concentration camps in this country," he said firmly. "There are no plans to prepare any concentration camps in this country. No concentration camps are needed in this country." Having failed to get an inflammatory statement that would make a headline about the show for the next day's papers, Chapman yielded to his colleague, who asked whether there were plans to use "more tear gas or curfews or arrests." The Attorney General sat forward and, with a note of impatience in his voice, said, "To dwell now on the riot potential and on law-enforcement capabilities and on the use of gas and mass arrests is to miss the major point, and that is that we have problems in this country that must be resolved, that one of them is the immense, the difficult plight of the poor in America today—and that it has to be addressed, and addressed courageously, by all of our people. We hope we will get some communication out of this opportunity that presents itself now."

Even when matters seemed to merit publicity, Clark was often hesitant to provide it. On one occasion, he was in Los Angeles to deliver a speech and afterward an old friend, Edwin Guthman, who had been Attorney General Kennedy's press officer and was now



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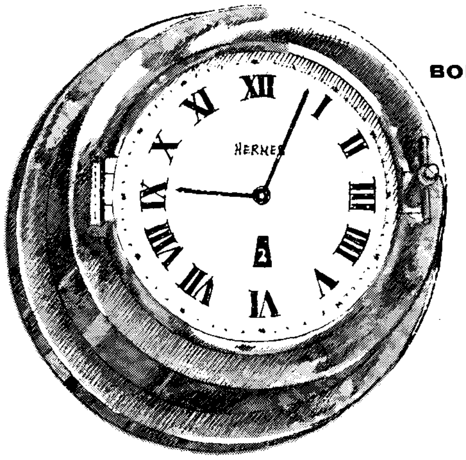

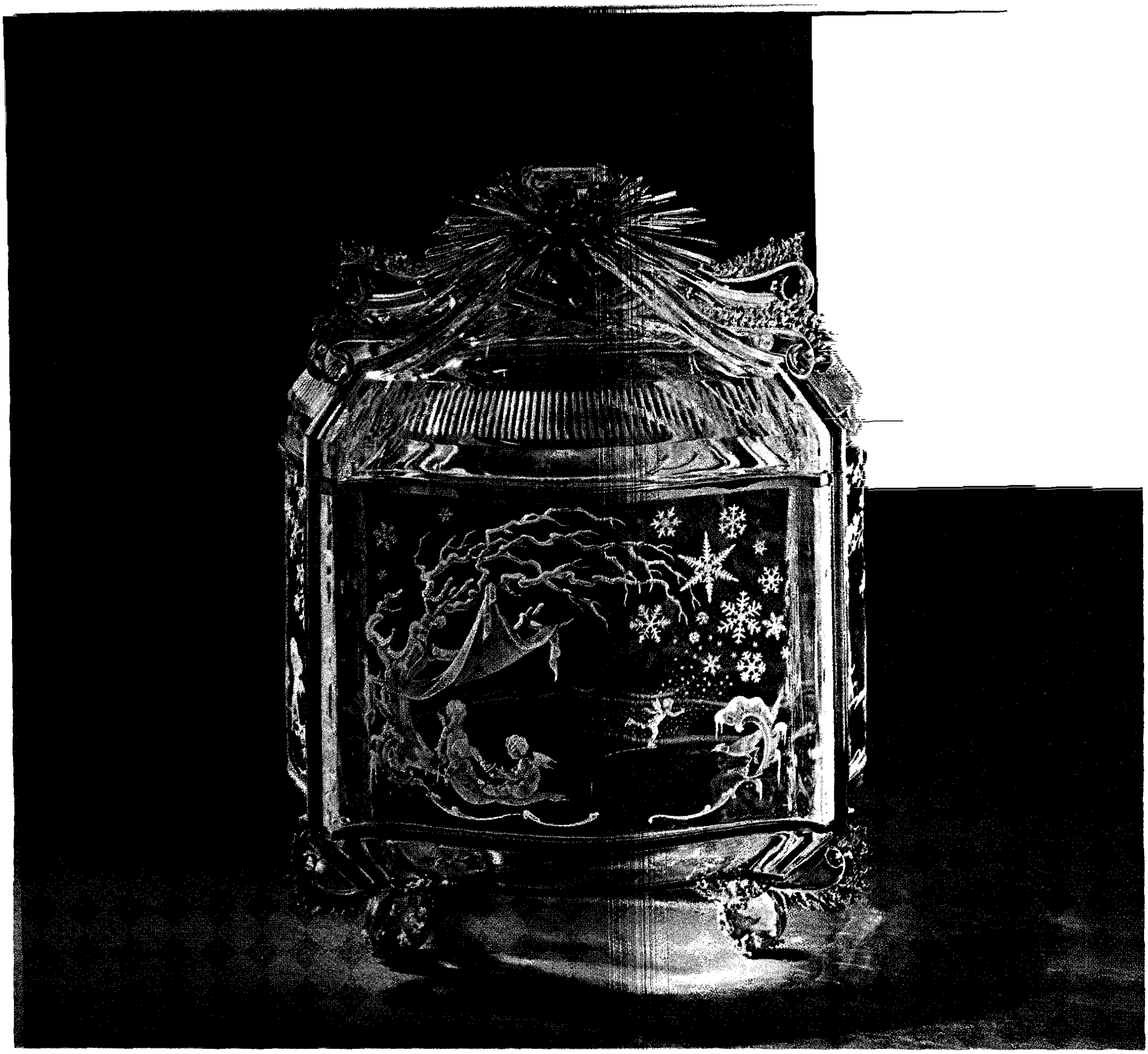

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national-affairs editor of the Los Angeles *Times*, did his best to get a strong statement out of Clark about his efforts to counter organized crime. Guthman knew that in this area Clark had been remarkably effective—far more in a couple of years, in fact, than all his predecessors over the previous decade. Guthman also knew Clark well enough to realize that he would have to get any substance for a story that would justify headlines by the most indirect means. He kept pressing, but Clark politely avoided making any direct response. The Attorney General later remarked to an aide who had been present that he was well aware of what Guthman had in mind—"Clark the crimebuster," he said with a smile—but felt that a story of that kind might be misleading. "Organized crime is only one part of the general crime problem, and by no means the biggest part," he explained. "If I concentrated on playing it up, the public might get to think that everything was well in hand. It wouldn't help to give them the chance to ignore the more important crime problems they have to face."

That was one of the few times a newspaperman went out of his way to try and do Clark a favor. Some newspapermen went to great lengths to do the opposite. Not long after Clark was confirmed as Attorney General, on March 2, 1967, he accepted an invitation to speak before a meeting of the N.A.A.C.P.'s Legal Defense and Educational Fund, Inc., in New York. Always a close man with a dollar, especially if it belonged to the government, Clark decided to cut down on expenses by not taking along his newly appointed press aide, Cliff Sessions, who had formerly been a reporter with United Press International. After the speech, Clark held a press conference, and after that his hosts brought a man up to him and said that he was a friend of theirs and would like to join Clark for the taxi ride to LaGuardia Airport. "Ramsey didn't know it, but the man happened to be Sidney E. Zion, of the *Times*, and he wanted an interview," one of Sessions' assistants said not long ago. "If Sessions had been along, he would have refused, because he wouldn't have allowed one reporter an exclusive interview right after a press conference. Anyway, during the ride Zion introduced himself and proceeded with an interview. He asked about the crime wave that was sweeping the country, and Ramsey answered that there was no crime wave as such, since a wave periodically recedes but crime didn't—it just kept increas-

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ing." The following day, May 19th, the *Times* ran an article by Zion under the headline "Clark Says Rise in Crime Is Small." The first paragraph read, "Attorney General Ramsey Clark said yesterday that he did not believe there was a crime wave in the nation. 'The level of crime has risen a little bit,' Mr. Clark said, 'but there is no wave of crime in the country.' " A couple of days later, the Washington *Evening Star* published a lead editorial entitled "Crime—What's That?," quoting the Zion story and charging that "our Attorney General, in all deference, is talking through his hat." Sessions had tried to persuade Clark to respond to the *Times* piece the day it appeared, without success, and now he tried to persuade him to respond to the *Star's* attack, again without success. The *Star* repeated its attack several times and ran a particularly vicious cartoon about the Attorney General, and then the issue was raised in Congress. At that point, Clark agreed to respond, but in a typically quiet way—by replying to a letter from Congressman Emanuel Celler, the chairman of the House Judiciary Committee and a good friend, who had written asking for clarification of his views on the subject. Clark wrote back and described what he had said to Zion in the taxi, and added, "Considerably more than half my time, indeed more than half the resources of this entire Department, are devoted to crime reduction. I deeply regret that the public might be led to believe that I do not think crime is a problem. It is a grave national problem." Of course, few people read the *Congressional Record*, where the letter was printed, but several million people read subsequent attacks, in the *Star* and elsewhere, that continued to misquote him.

One duty that falls to any Attorney General is to describe the problems that confront the Department of Justice and what it is doing to solve them before groups of people who have law-enforcement responsibilities or interests—policemen, district attorneys, judges, corrections officers, bar associations, and a large variety of private organizations. Clark found the duty distasteful, because he did not care for even this dim sort of limelight. But he also realized the value of getting his message across, so he accepted the more important invitations that could be fitted into his schedule, which usually involved working twelve to fourteen hours a day six days a week. Giving such speeches was especially burdensome for Clark since he insisted on writing them himself if he had any

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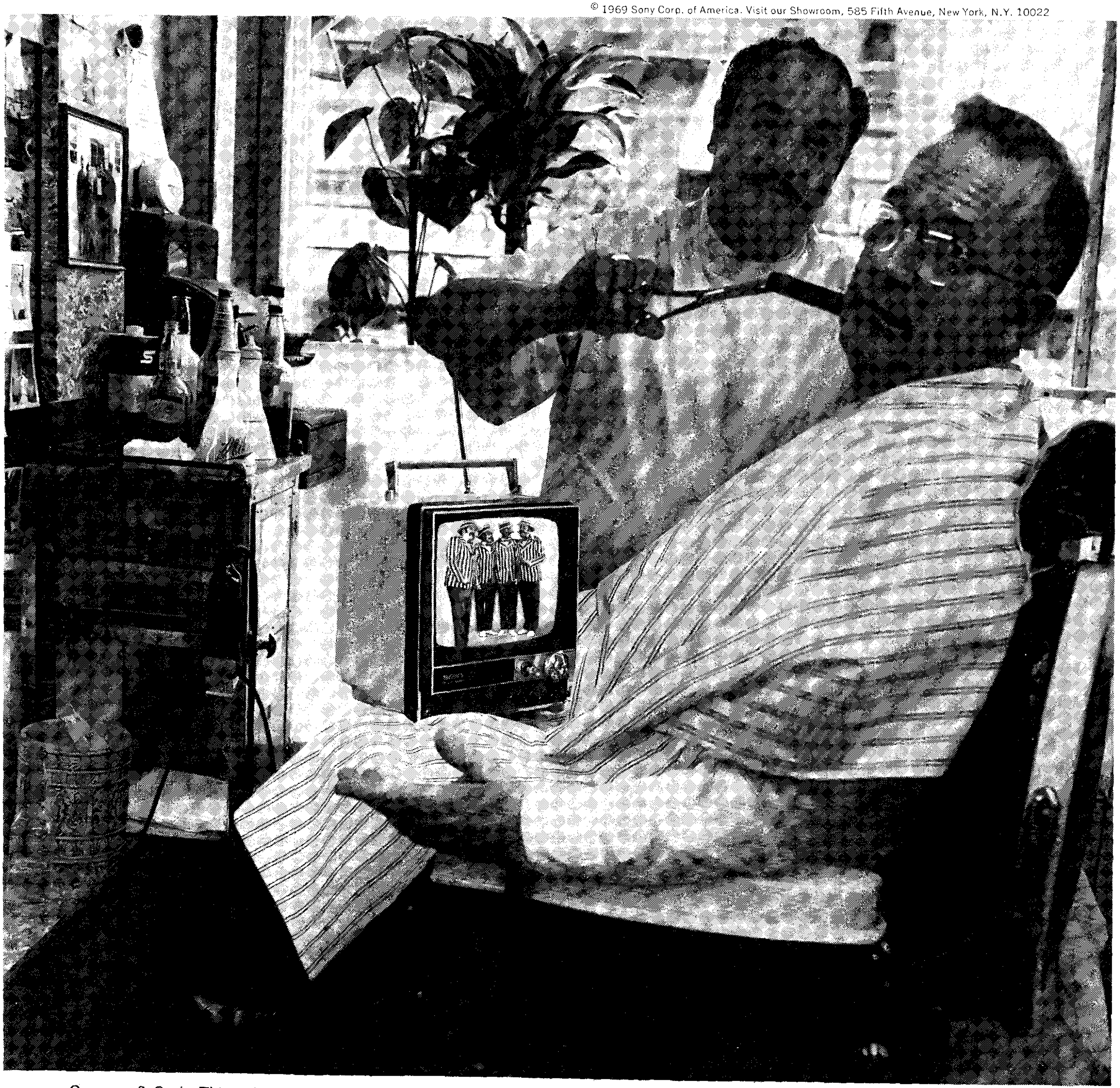

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time available. More often than not, the only time available was the time spent in an airplane, away from telephones and secretaries, en route to an engagement. As a result, he rarely had a prepared text to give reporters, let alone that meat for the journalistic grinder, the press release. "One of the best speeches Ramsey ever gave was to a group of police chiefs in St. Louis in early 1968," one aide has recalled. "The audience was deeply impressed by it, but, as usual, he had no mimeographed text and no release. A lot of reporters were on hand at the start, but when they learned that, they simply walked out, to a man."

All of Clark's closest associates were frustrated and some were embittered by what they saw as his failure to put himself—and thereby the programs that he and all of them were working to make effective—across to the public. But it probably was not so much a failure as it was a personal resolution of one of the most difficult problems facing men in public life—how far one should go in playing politics to accomplish one's ends. Clark resolved it by deciding that in his job the best way to serve what he called "the mission of justice" was by not playing politics at all. It was not because he didn't know the game. Having been raised in a political family, he had heard little else during his youth as his father, Tom Clark, rose through Texas politics, the dirtiest and toughest kind of politics north of the Rio Grande, to serve as Attorney General in the Truman Administration and finally as a Justice of the Supreme Court. That background offered young Clark a rare opportunity to learn the rules of political life, from the lowest gut-fighting to the loftiest pursuit of justice. Nor was there any doubt about his ability to absorb the lessons. After his discharge from the Marine Corps in 1946, at the age of nineteen, he managed to get a B.A. in less than two years, from the University of Texas, and both an M.A. in history and a law degree in another year and a half, from the University of Chicago—a total of something under three and a half years for the lot. "Everyone around here—and there are people in the Department who have brilliant scholastic and work backgrounds—stands in awe of Ramsey's ability to take a law case or a legal problem and sort it out," a colleague and friend observed while they were both still in office. "All in all, I think the most important thing that happened to Ramsey is that he got out of Texas early enough to get a fair perspective on the

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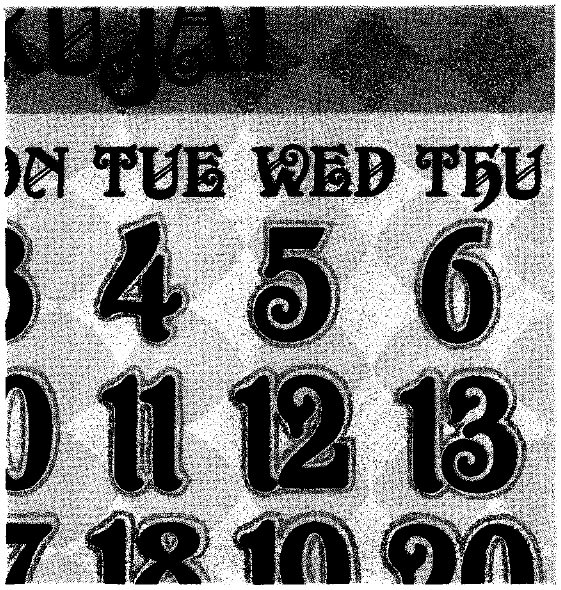

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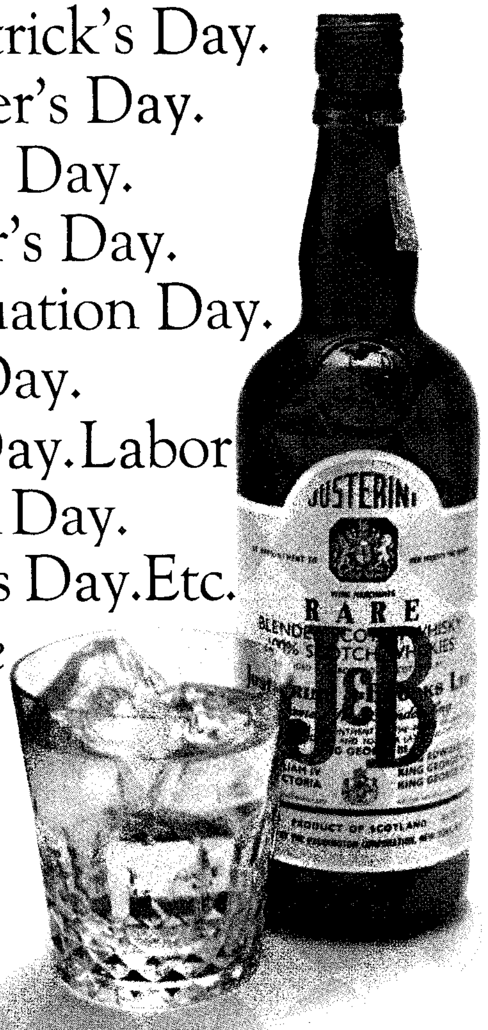

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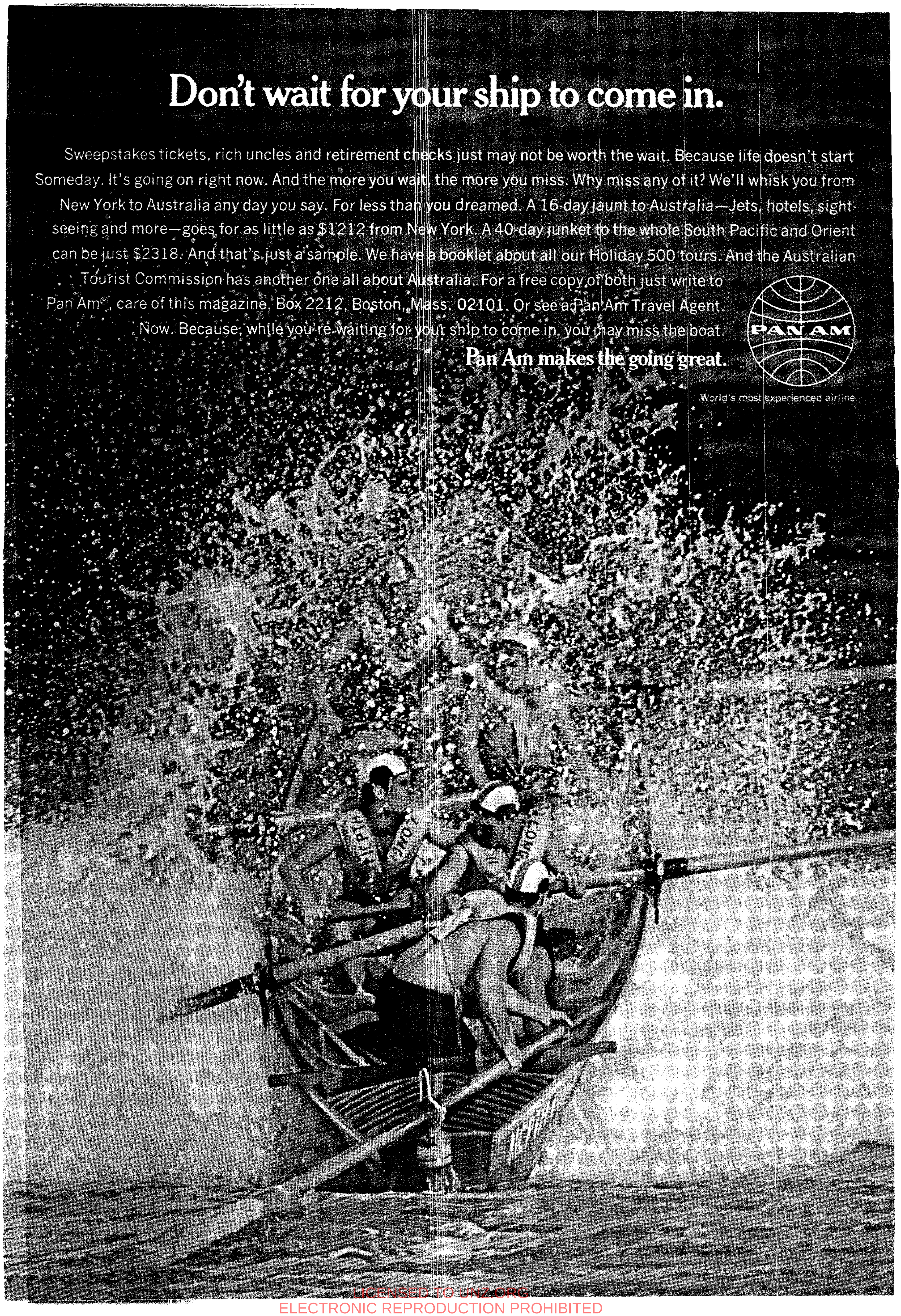

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world. The second most important thing is that he took his law degree and his Master's in history at the same time, which gave him an unusual chance to balance the often harsh needs of the law with the long-range needs of man. Ramsey's sense of where history should lead him was worked out long ago, and that's why the attacks on him now don't seem to bother him. I've never seen him upset by even the most vicious attacks."

To this man and others who knew Clark well, his background and experience made him uniquely qualified to be Attorney General. Besides what he learned from his father (who has called him "a block off the old chip"), Clark learned a good deal by spending half a dozen years in the Department of Justice before he reached the top. Early in 1961, Attorney General Kennedy took him out of a prosperous private law practice in Dallas and made him one of his Assistant Attorneys General—the one in charge of the Lands Division. Before then, few people had considered that post a heady opportunity, but Clark applied himself to it diligently and acquired a reputation for efficiency, organizational grasp, and economy. The upshot was that in 1962 he was sent out to head the federal civilian forces that were present during the riots attending the integration of the University of Mississippi when James Meredith was enrolled there as a student; in 1963 Clark was sent to Birmingham and other parts of the South to oversee the desegregation of public schools and colleges; and in 1965 he was put in command of the federal forces at Selma and at Watts. At the beginning of 1965, he had been promoted to Deputy Attorney General, the second-ranking post in the Department and one of greater influence and responsibility than the similar post in most of the other departments. In October, 1966, he became Acting Attorney General when Nicholas deB. Katzenbach left the Attorney Generalship, and the following March President Johnson appointed him Attorney General.

Standing six feet three inches tall and weighing a hundred and seventy pounds, Clark made a rather frail-looking chief law-enforcement officer of the country. A retiring man, with a soft drawl and a mild manner that was made to seem even milder by the deceptively innocent look in his wide-set eyes under dark sandy hair, he often appeared even younger than he was—forty-one when he left office—and far from being a man used to com-

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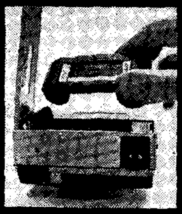

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mand. "There's simply no side to Ramsey," a close friend remarked not long ago. "If you didn't know who he was and saw him in a roomful of people, you'd never ask, 'Who is *that*?' " Indeed, Clark often seemed to go out of his way not to impress anyone. While in office, he insisted on travelling tourist class—ostensibly to save the government money but perhaps also to preserve his anonymity. His insistence on this point often caused some inconvenience. "We'd be on our way to or from the West Coast, with ten hours' work to do in five, and there we'd be, crammed in with some fat guy who would snore half the way and talk the other half," Sessions recalled not long ago. "Still, Ramsey absolutely refused to use the prerogatives of his office. He was almost never recognized—at least, not before the Republicans began roasting him. But one day we arrived at O'Hare Airport, in Chicago, to pick up our tickets before a flight and the clerk recognized his name. He insisted on putting us aboard before the other passengers. Ramsey didn't want to take any advantage, but the clerk forced it. Then when we were airborne, one of the stewardesses came up to Ramsey and asked who he was. She said he must be a movie star or somebody. He fumbled around and finally said that he was Attorney General. She said, 'Oh,' and went off. Half an hour later, she came back and asked what he was Attorney General of. He fumbled around some more and then told her of the United States. She said, 'Oh,' and went off again. When she came back, she said, 'You know, I checked with the pilot and the co-pilot and the other stewardesses, and none of them had ever heard of you.' I believe Ramsey was actually pleased."

ON September 29, 1968, Nixon delivered his first major campaign speech on crime—a half-hour radio address over a national hookup. Although the speech seemed to ramble at times, it was actually adroitly fashioned to convey a single impression: that crime control was the job of the federal government. "Some have said that we are a sick society," Nixon told his radio audience. "We're sick, all right, but not in the way they mean. We are *sick* of what has been allowed to go on in this nation for too long. Under the stewardship of the present Administration, crime and violence . . . have increased ten times faster than population." He went on to list, category by category, the rise in the crime rate under the Democrats—an over-

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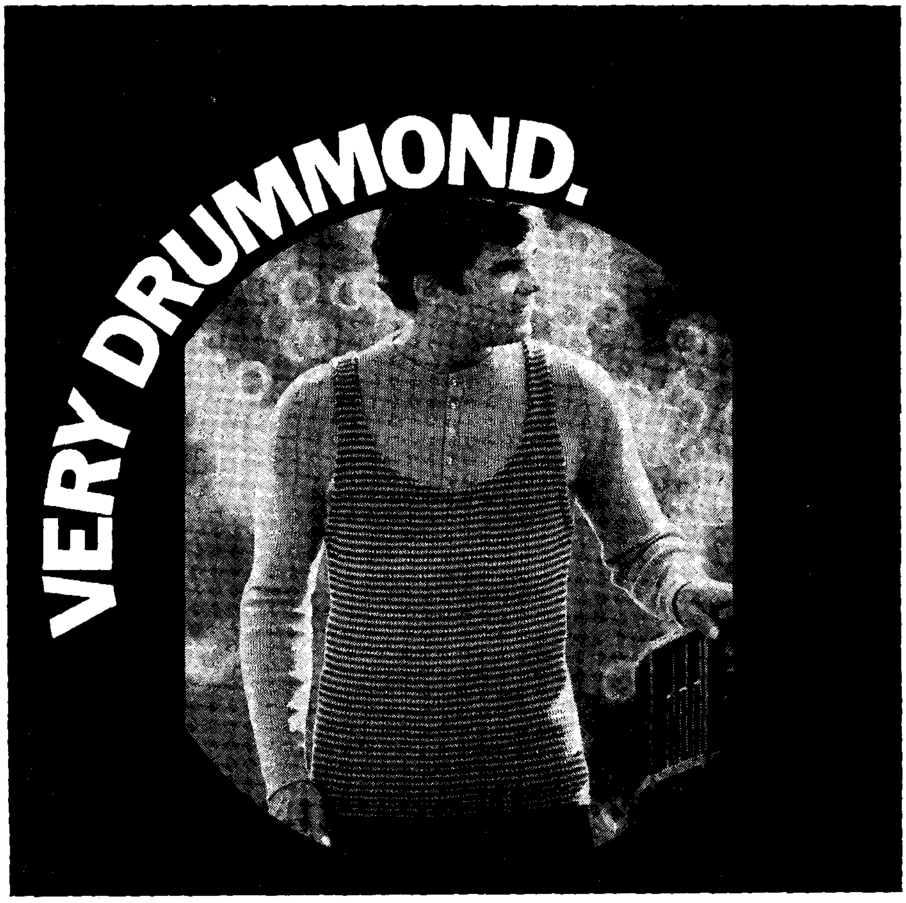
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all rise of eighty-eight per cent. He did not mention that in the nineteen-fifties, during most of which the Eisenhower-Nixon Administration was in power, the rise had been ninety-eight per cent. "Now, by way of excuse, the present Administration places the blame on poverty," he continued. "But poverty is only one contributing factor. . . . The truth is that we will reduce crime and violence when we enforce our laws—when we make it less profitable, and a lot more risky, to break our laws. One lesson has not been lost on the criminal community. Today only one in every eight crimes results in conviction and punishment. Today an arrest is made in only one in every five burglaries. Today an arrest is made in less than a third of reported robberies. Today it is comparatively safe to break the law. Today all across the land guilty men walk free from hundreds of courtrooms. Something has gone terribly wrong in America." Of course, the main thing that had gone wrong was that many local police forces were too inept, untrained, undermanned, or corrupt to do their job. Despite these drawbacks, Nixon neglected to say, the police were able to solve a large majority of the kinds of crimes that people were most worried about—eighty-eight per cent of all murders, sixty-nine per cent of all serious assaults, and sixty-one per cent of all rapes.

Although many criminologists and statisticians accept the figures Nixon cited as being reasonably sound, some of them believe that the F.B.I.'s reports of a rise in the nation's over-all crime rate are wholly unreliable. To support this contention, they point out that although nearly four million serious crimes were reported last year, probably an equal or greater number were committed but not reported. Since no one has the essential figures to base computations on—that is, the total number of crimes committed, unreported as well as reported, in past years—no one can say with certainty whether there has actually been an increase, let alone what it amounts to. In addition, they say, part of the apparent rise may well be the result of an increase in victims' willingness to report crimes that until recently were rarely brought to the attention of the police—particularly crimes committed in high-crime areas like slums, where the residents feared and mistrusted the police and preferred to accept criminal depredations as merely another unfortunate fact of life. And there has also been an increased willingness on the part of law-enforcement officials to keep more complete records. In the past, they were often reluctant to, because they feared that full disclosure might call attention to the kind of job they were doing; now, however, they are free to tell the worst, since the public has become convinced that the nation is in the grip of criminal forces that are beyond any normal police control. It has been suggested that some of our law-enforcement agencies' current preoccupation with statistics may be politically motivated, for the more crimes that are reported the more alarmed the public becomes, and the more alarmed the public becomes the more money legislatures are likely to vote for police departments.

Still, the widespread conviction that crime in this country is soaring uncontrollably has brought many people to the point where they live in terror. During the Presidential campaign, crime statistics were used by Nixon to frighten people into voting for him. And they were used by Wallace and others on the far right to create the kind of public mood in which a crackdown on *all* disruptive elements at home might someday be acceptable. But an analysis of the most reliable crime data demonstrates that much of the fear Nixon played on had no basis in reality. For example, of the four million serious crimes reported in 1968 only twelve per cent, or less than five hundred thousand of them, were the kind of crimes that the average citizen feared most—that is, violent or potentially violent crimes. In other words, one-quarter of one per cent of the two hundred million people in the country could expect to be the victims of such crimes in any given year. Although half a million crimes of this nature are too many, they are not enough to scare an entire nation out of its wits. By far the greatest number of all crimes reported were committed by slum-dwellers upon slum-dwellers. For a resident of the black slums of Chicago, for instance, the chance of being physically assaulted, on the basis of reported crimes, was one in seventy-seven, whereas for the white resident of a nearby suburb the chance was one in ten thousand. Nixon did not campaign

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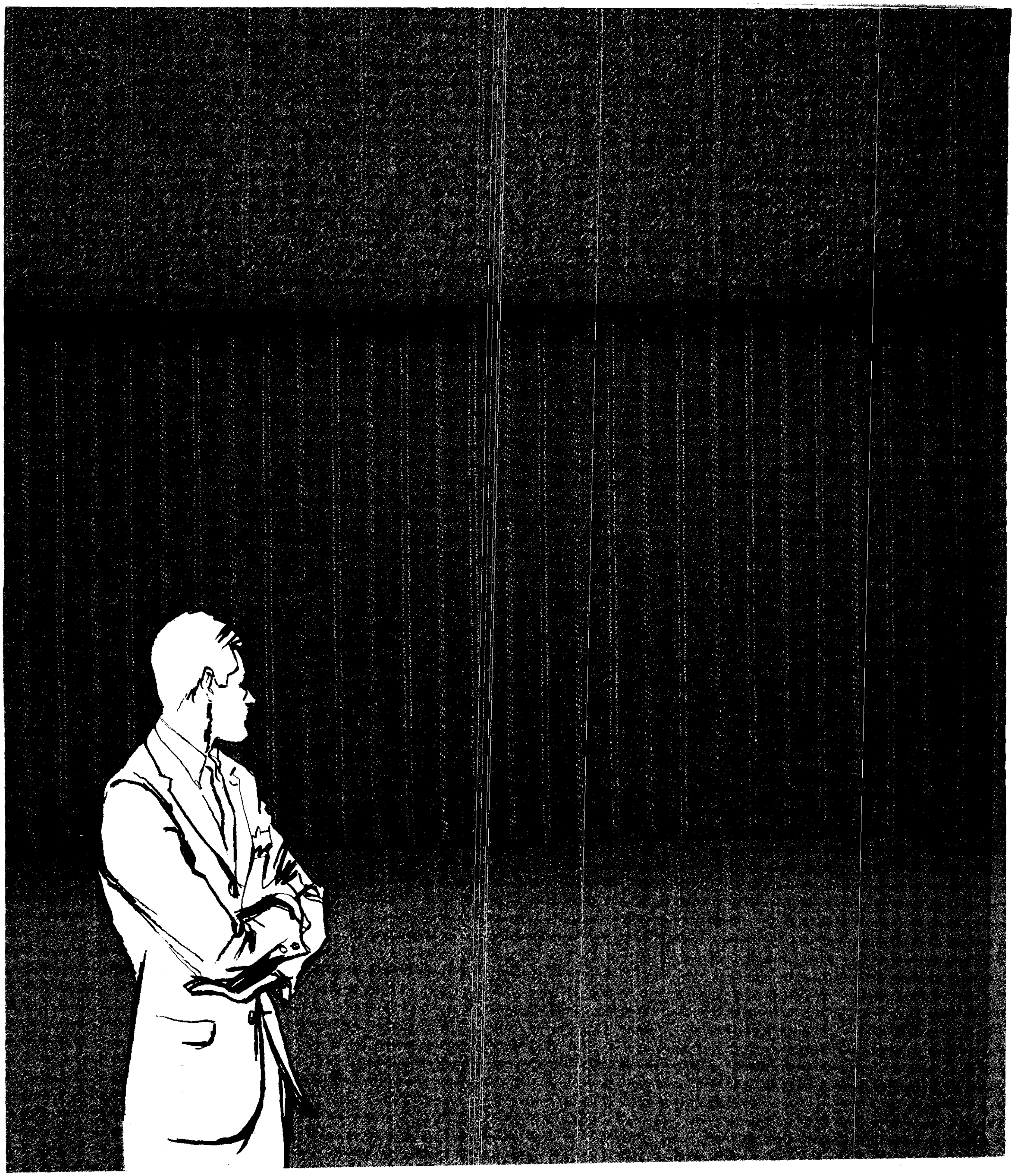

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in the slums, but he campaigned intensively in the suburbs, where he repeatedly cited figures about the crime rate to suggest that audiences there were most threatened by it, rather than to ask them to help provide some measure of security for those who had none. This omission led Clark to say, "The most ironic and profound tragedy threatened by the prevailing fear of violent crime is that those who suffer least would deprive those who suffer most of the very programs that would attack the underlying causes of crime. Thus it is with fear, which crushes hope and opportunity."

Toward the end of Nixon's radio speech on crime, he got to his main point. "Now, what is the responsibility of the Administration of which Hubert Humphrey is a part?" he asked. "Well, it's time for an accounting. Its responsibility is large. It has failed. It has failed in energy, failed in will, failed in purpose. The Attorney General, Mr. Ramsey Clark, has the primary responsibility in this area. Just listen to him. 'The level of crime,' he said last year, 'has risen a little bit, but there is no wave of crime in this country.'. . . Is it any wonder that criminals in America are not losing much sleep over the efforts of the Department of Justice? Is it any wonder that the old saying 'Crime does not pay' is being laughed at by criminals?"

Clark felt compelled to respond, not because he was stung by these and earlier charges and hoped to refute them by placing his record before the public but because he believed that anyone who played upon the voters' deepest fears when, above all, they needed realistic evaluation should not be President. The only way to demonstrate this, as Clark saw it, was to point out the candidate's misrepresentations and to show what they meant and what they could lead to. In other words, he had to become political at last. The opportunity arose a couple of weeks later, when he delivered the main address before a meeting of the Women's National Press Club, in the capital. "Politicians can lead or follow," he told his audience, which contained many of the leading journalists, male as well as female, in the Washington press corps. "They can appeal to the best in people or to the worst. They can divide, brutalize, and mislead, or they can unite, humanize, and give confidence. The great need of this moment is for unity, humanity, and truth." Moving on to the main issue of the campaign, he asked, "What of crime? How is it controlled and reduced?" and an-

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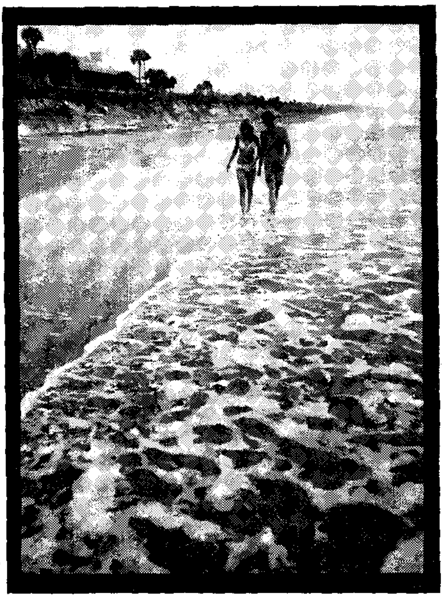

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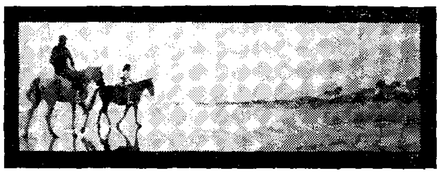

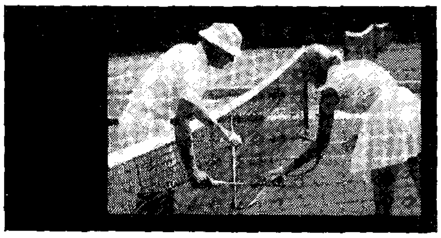

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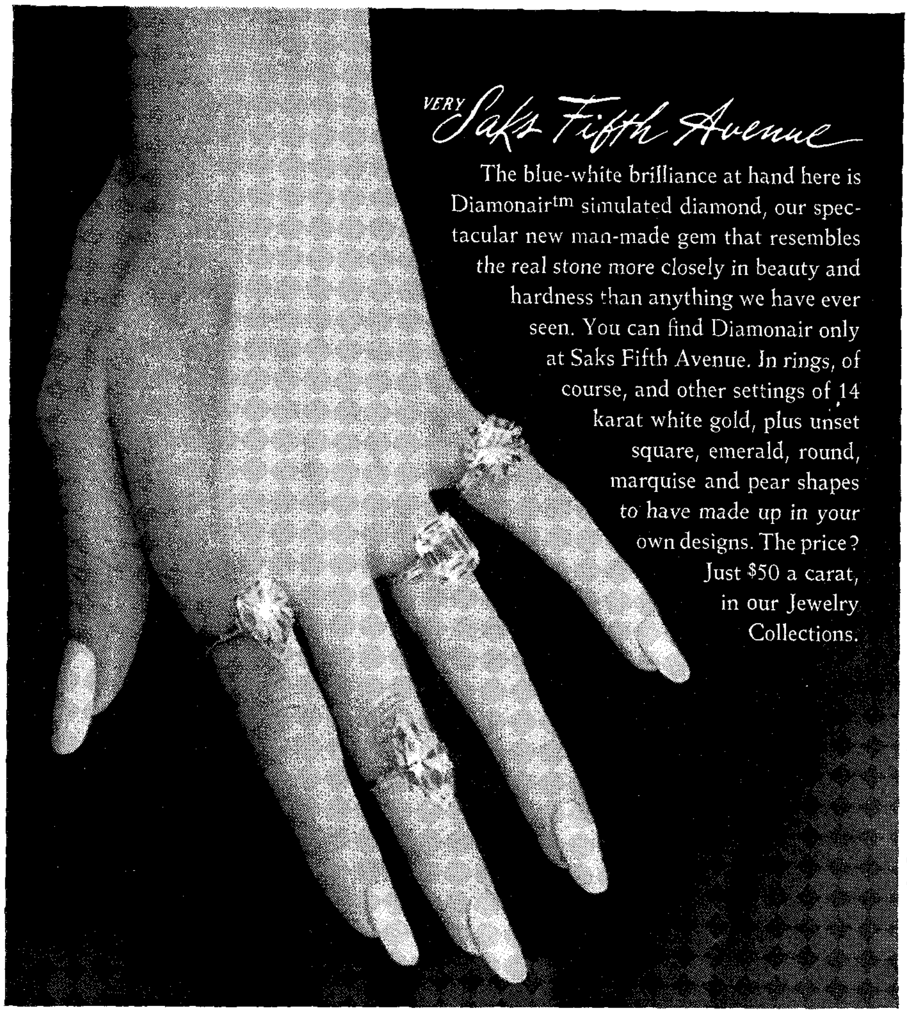
swered, "Not by exhortations to 'law and order,' which may mean many things but to most today signify force, order as an end in itself, repressiveness. It nurtures fear by conjuring terrible crimes. It fires anger by implying authoritarian power. It divides black from white, young from old, rich from poor, educated from ignorant. It speaks of the horror of the criminal act, overlooking the greater tragedy: the innate capability of our people to commit crime. It somehow calls for force to prevent the act of crime while ignoring the heart prepared to commit it. Besides dividing, the demagogic phrase misleads or leads not at all. . . . It states an end with the implication that it should be reached by any means." Having addressed himself to the campaign issue, the Attorney General turned to the campaigner who had raised it. "If Mr. Nixon wants to serve the public interest, he will state his views on crime control rather than misstate mine," he said. Then he continued, "One reason Mr. Nixon resorts to trigger words and misstatements on the crime issue is that he doesn't know enough about the subject, for all his coaching, to talk at length on the merits. Another is that he finds it his style of politics to appeal to fear and hatred and emotionalism—the worst in us—rather than to build constructively with confidence, good will, and reason. We are *all* concerned about crime. Differences on the issues are the nutriment of the political process. It is on these differences the public should judge. We must state positions on the issues clearly, not fabricate false issues. But the public never sees the issues when Mr. Nixon speaks. Can a man who deliberately misleads be trusted to lead?"

Clark reminded his listeners that the Republican candidate had charged the Administration with not having "much of a sense of urgency about the narcotics problem," and proceeded to say that the amount of opium and its derivatives seized by federal authorities in 1968 was a hundred and fifty per cent greater than the amount seized in 1967, and was an all-time high; that the amount of marijuana seized in 1968 was a hundred and sixty per cent greater than the amount seized in 1967, and was another all-time high; that new methods of treating addicts were being experimented with under the Narcotics Addiction Rehabilitation Act of 1966, which the Johnson Administration had drafted and sponsored; and that the new Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs, which was set



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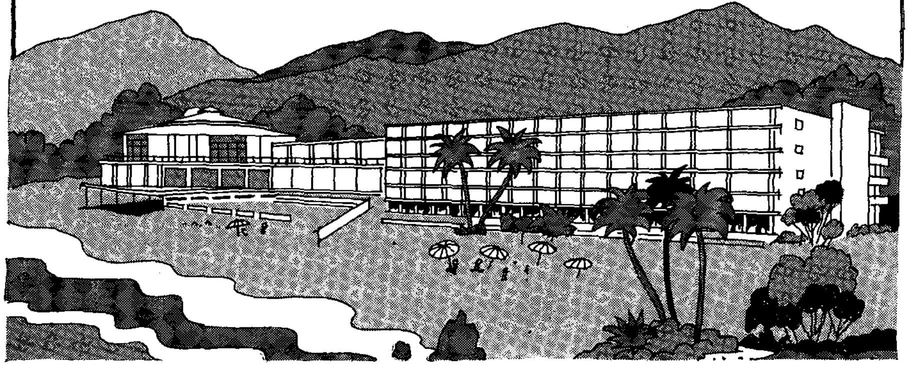

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up early in 1968 on Clark's personal initiative, had doubled the government's enforcement power, educational efforts, and research capacity in the field. In refuting Nixon's charge that the Johnson Administration had done little to stem "a prodigious growth in organized crime," Clark said that in 1960—the last year of the Administration that Nixon served as Vice-President—nineteen members of criminal syndicates had been indicted by the Justice Department's Organized Crime and Racketeering Section, compared to a record high of eleven hundred and sixty-six in 1968. Nixon, he went on, had said nothing about the Department's Strike Forces (a combination of key federal agencies coöperating with local law-enforcement divisions to concentrate on organized-crime operations in specific localities, an innovation that Clark had put into effect a couple of years earlier with extraordinary success); nor had he mentioned that half of all the known members of La Cosa Nostra who had been convicted in federal prosecutions since 1955 had been convicted under Clark's direction—that is, eleven years equalled in two. "Was his voice heard when I pleaded time and again with the Congress for seventy-five additional specialists to increase our Strike Force capability and *got none?*" Clark asked. "While the Department of Justice fought through the years for gun control, did Mr. Nixon speak out? Guns are the principal weapon of the criminal. They are used in sixty-three per cent of all murders, twenty-five per cent of all violent crimes. When a major effort was made to secure meaningful controls following the assassinations of Dr. King and Senator Kennedy and the matter hung in the balance before the United States Senate—who was silent? Who was asked to help and gave none? Richard Nixon."

THIS time, Clark's speech was widely reported. By failing to fill in the record as the attacks on Clark were made and remade, the press itself had finally forced him to respond, thereby creating a story that was sensational enough to be reported. In this case, the failure of the press cannot be ascribed to the popular conception of harried reporters rushing to meet deadlines. Only at times of extreme crisis—during the riots following the assassination of Dr. King, for instance—was there any kind of "Front Page" activity in the Department of Justice press room. More often, that room was occupied by a few idle figures lolling

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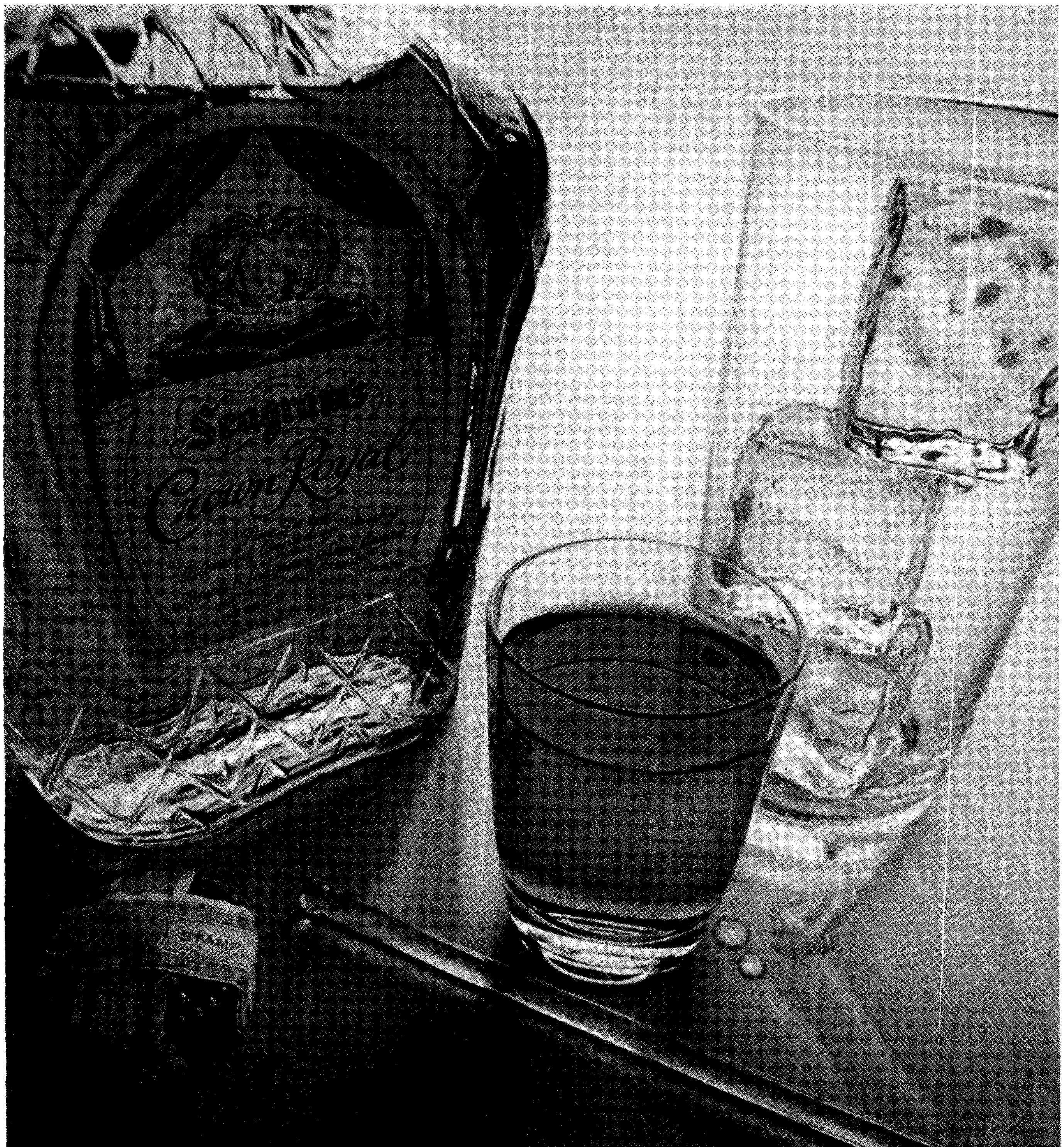

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about with their feet on the desks. About the only event that galvanized them into anything resembling action was the arrival of a release from the Public Information Office next door. Most of the reporters assigned to the Department seemed to consider that their task was not to look into the facts around and behind such releases but merely to rewrite parts of them, always being careful to cut out any of the implicit praise that publicity-minded press aides included in their handouts. The public thus informed and protected, the reporters considered their job done. Of course, there were also some diligent and capable members of the press corps at work there from time to time, but in the end few newspaper readers had any notion of what the Department of Justice's responsibilities were or how its staff and the Attorney General went about meeting them.

The Department of Justice, whose administration became a major issue in the last Presidential campaign, is one of the smallest of the twelve Cabinet-level departments in the federal government, with about thirty-five thousand employees (nearly half of whom are in the Federal Bureau of Investigation) and a budget of five hundred and fifty-five million dollars (about two-fifths of which goes to the F.B.I.). While Health, Education, and Welfare has three times the staff and fifty times the money, the Justice Department's responsibilities today are staggering in their importance, variety, number, and complexity. A decade or so ago, the Department was known mainly as the agency that prosecuted violations of the Internal Revenue Code, instituted occasional anti-trust suits, kept an eye on subversives, and tracked down Public Enemies No. 1 through No. 10. Since then, it has been given, or has taken on, a number of duties that have put it at the center of domestic controversy—the handling of racial discord, mass protests, riots, and draft resistance, along with an ever-increasing involvement in the problems of crime. To deal with these concerns and a dizzying array of more routine matters, the Department is divided into two hundred and eight separate units. There are five major offices (the Offices of the Attorney General, the Deputy Attorney General, and the Solicitor General, along with the Office of Legal Counsel and the Office of Public Information); eight divisions (the Criminal Division, the Civil Rights Division, the Antitrust Division, the Civil Division, the Tax Division, the Land and Natural Resources Division, the In-

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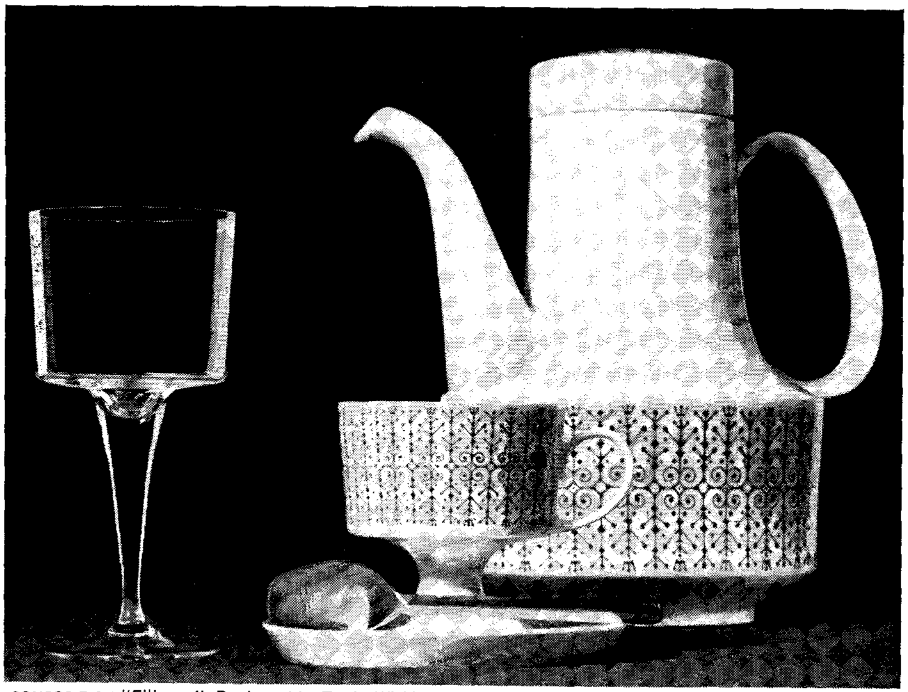

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ternal Security Division, and the Administrative Division); three bureaus (the Federal Bureau of Investigation, the Bureau of Prisons, and the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs); two services (the Immigration and Naturalization Service and the Community Relations Service); two boards (the Board of Parole and the Board of Immigration Appeals); the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration; the office of the Pardon Attorney; ninety-three offices of United States Attorneys; and ninety-three offices of United States Marshals. The Department is often referred to as "the biggest law firm in the world," and although most of its thirty-five thousand employees spend their time administering rather than practicing law, about two thousand lawyers are on duty at any given time, eleven hundred of whom work in Washington and the remainder in United States Attorneys' offices around the country.

As head of the Department, the Attorney General is, first of all, the government's chief legal officer. In that capacity, he is responsible for representing the United States in federal courts, providing both the government's criminal prosecution and its civil counsel. Second, he is responsible for the investigation of violations of federal law, ranging from income-tax evasion and draft dodging to the misdeeds of criminal syndicates and trespasses on citizens' civil rights. Third, he is responsible for the custody of those who are accused of federal crimes and of those who are convicted of them. Fourth, he is responsible for the procedure that aliens have to go through to become citizens. Fifth, he is responsible for the domestic security of the country when it is endangered by foreign subversion or internal dissension. Sixth, he is responsible for easing tension in the country's cities by preventing, or controlling, the kind of outbursts that have overcome many of them in recent years. Seventh, he is responsible for eliminating the booming business in narcotics and for supervising the less booming business of curing those who are the victims of it. Eighth, he is responsible for helping state and local governments beef up their police agencies, courts, and correctional systems through federal aid. Ninth, he is responsible for screening hundreds of candidates for appointment to the federal courts each year. Tenth, he is responsible for giving legal advice to other Cabinet members and the President. Eleventh, he is responsible for drafting legislation to create a safer

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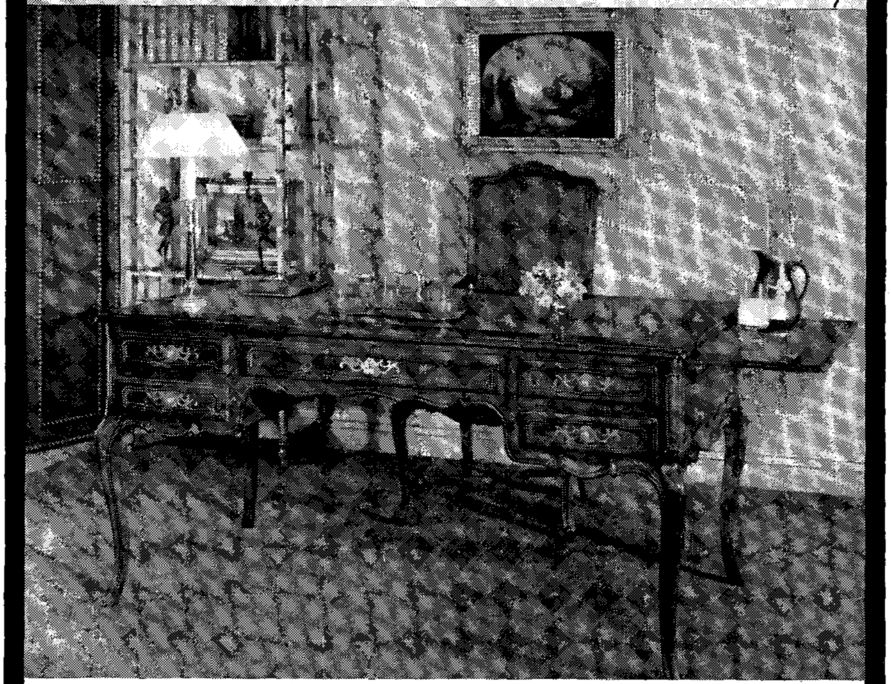

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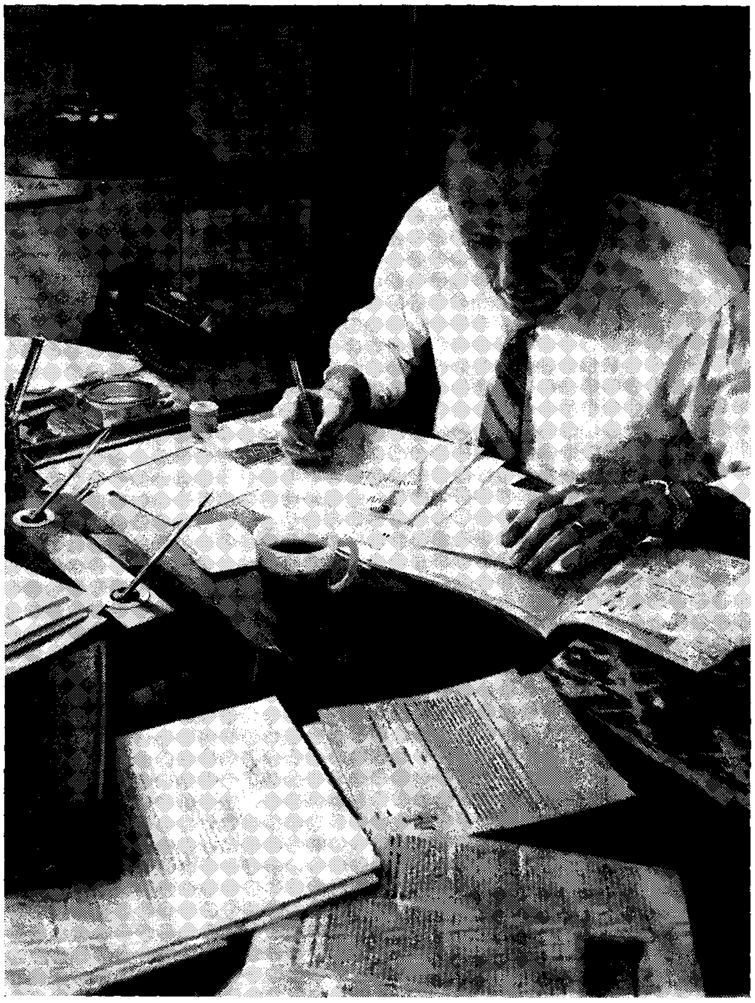

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The Department's specific responsibility for securing law and order—or, to put it in the sequence intended by those who used it most frequently during the Presidential campaign, order and law—is a limited one. It is limited primarily because the Constitution reserves the police power to the states, which, of course, are most directly afflicted by violations of their laws and most able to respond quickly, and secondarily because the federal government has only a small fraction of the manpower that is required to combat crime nationally. For instance, there are more local policemen in Los Angeles County than there are F.B.I. agents in the entire country. There are almost seven times as many deputy sheriffs in that county as there are Deputy United States Marshals in the country. And there are twice as many probation officers in that county as there are federal probation officers in the country. Taking California as a whole, half again as many convicts are in custody there as are held in all federal prisons. Limited as the federal role is, however, it can be critically significant. For one thing, it provides a model for every lesser jurisdiction, and the federal government's over-all approach to the violence and discord of the time will probably determine whether or not the nation's traditional freedoms are preserved.

The task of enforcing federal laws is divided among various parts of the Department of Justice. The most active of them, of course, is the Criminal Division, which supervises the enforcement of all federal criminal statutes except a few that are assigned by law to other agencies. More than sixty-five thousand federal crimes were reported last year, roughly half of which the division prosecuted in federal courts. The cases ranged from bank robbery and kidnapping to violations of the White Slave Traffic Act and of the Migratory Bird Treaty Act. Except for the investigations conducted by the Strike Forces and trial work resulting from these, which the Criminal Division itself directs, much of the division's work load—more than thirty thousand court cases a year—is handled by United States Attorneys in the field, with supervision, advice, and, when needed, manpower from the Washington office. Not only are the ninety-three field offices closer to the crimes committed but they also are better

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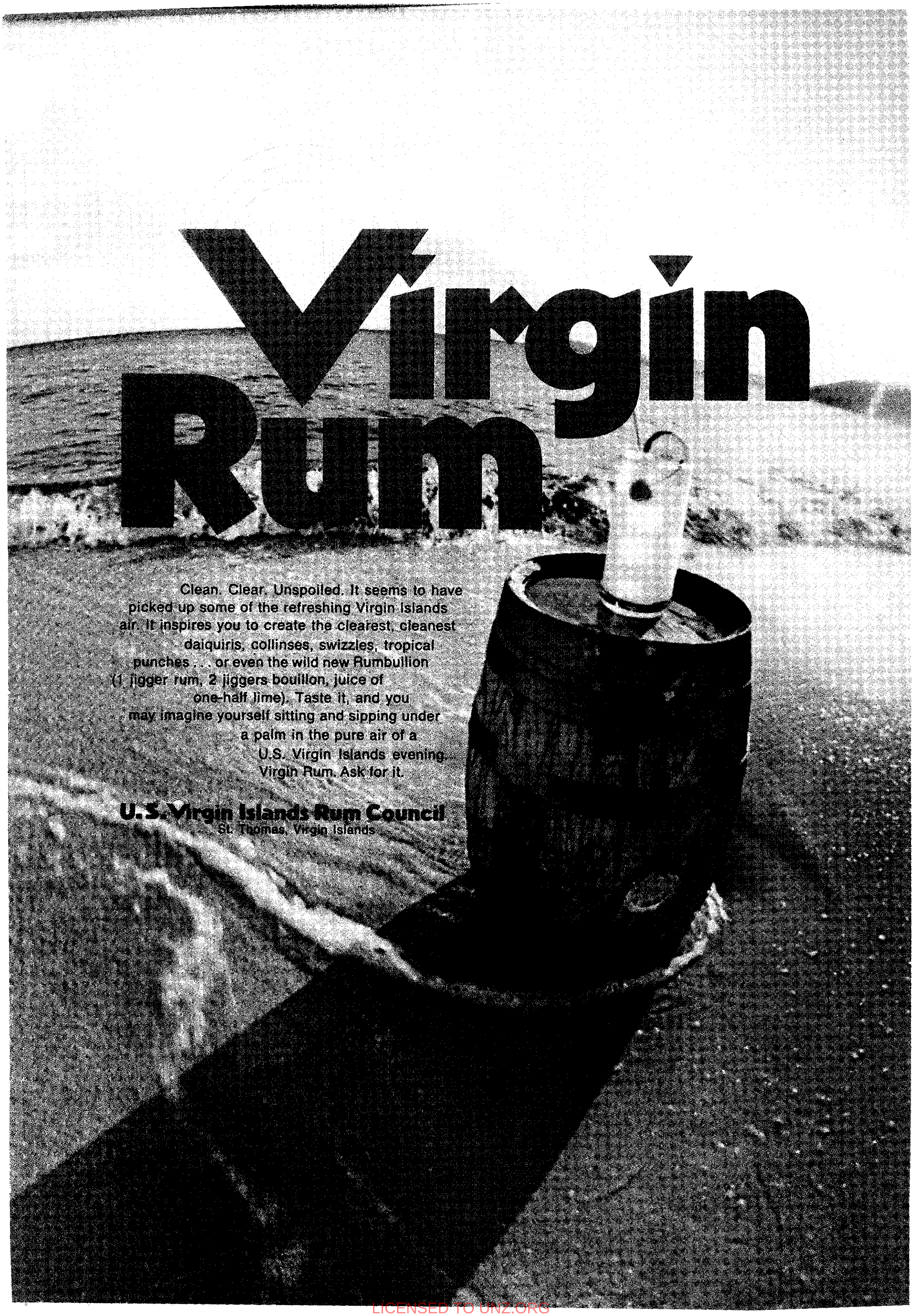

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staffed, with nearly nine hundred attorneys in all. Even so, considering the case load and special duties of the Criminal Division, its task is prodigious. To perform it, the division, under Assistant Attorney General Vinson, had a staff of two hundred and ninety-three, a hundred and seventy-six of whom were lawyers, and a budget, for 1968, of $3,907,000. Clark had asked for $4,725,000, which was approved by the Bureau of the Budget, the President's watchdog over all government expenditures, but Congress reduced it by $818,000. Representative John Rooney, a Democrat from Brooklyn and chairman of the House appropriations subcommittee that determines the Department of Justice's annual budget, had long scoffed at what the Department claimed it needed to fight crime, and demanded that the appropriation be cut by that amount. (At the same time, he was happy to grant all of the F.B.I.'s request for $219,670,000 as well as the Internal Security Division's request for $2,518,000, even though the latter had so little to do that Clark and Katzenbach wanted to disband it, but couldn't because of political resistance on the Hill.) The Senate restored half the cut in the Criminal Division's budget, but Rooney got the addition thrown out in conference. Because of salary increases required by statute, the reduction meant that the division's resources were held at what they had been the year before, which compelled Clark to do without seventy-five additional men he had planned to add to the Strike Forces. According to a member of the division, "Nothing makes Rooney scream louder than the depredations wrought by criminals, unless it is our attempt to do something about them."

Of all the Criminal Division's operations, the Strike Forces have been the most successful. In January, 1967, Clark dispatched the first Strike Force, which consisted of a team of attorneys and investigators from key federal agencies moving in a closely coördinated manner with state and local agents to investigate, carry out raids, provide evidence for a grand jury, and conduct the prosecution of organized-crime operations in a single area—in this case, Buffalo. The purpose was to superimpose federal action on local law enforcement in order to find and prosecute members of crime rings and then to leave local authorities in control. The program worked so well in Buffalo that by the end of Clark's term in office other Strike Forces had been sent into Detroit, Brooklyn, Philadel-

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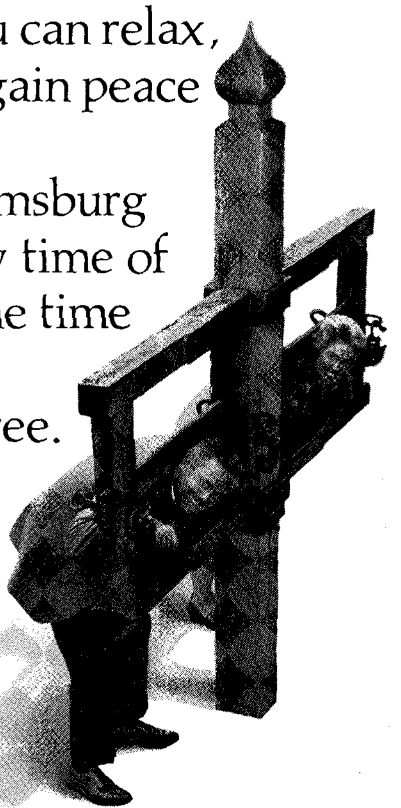

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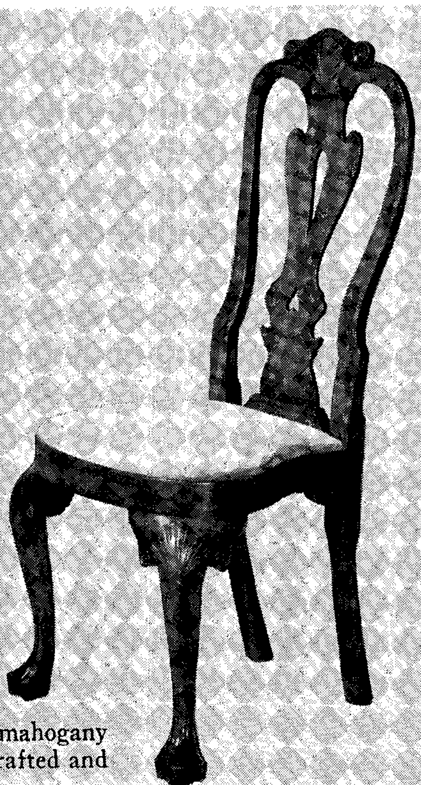

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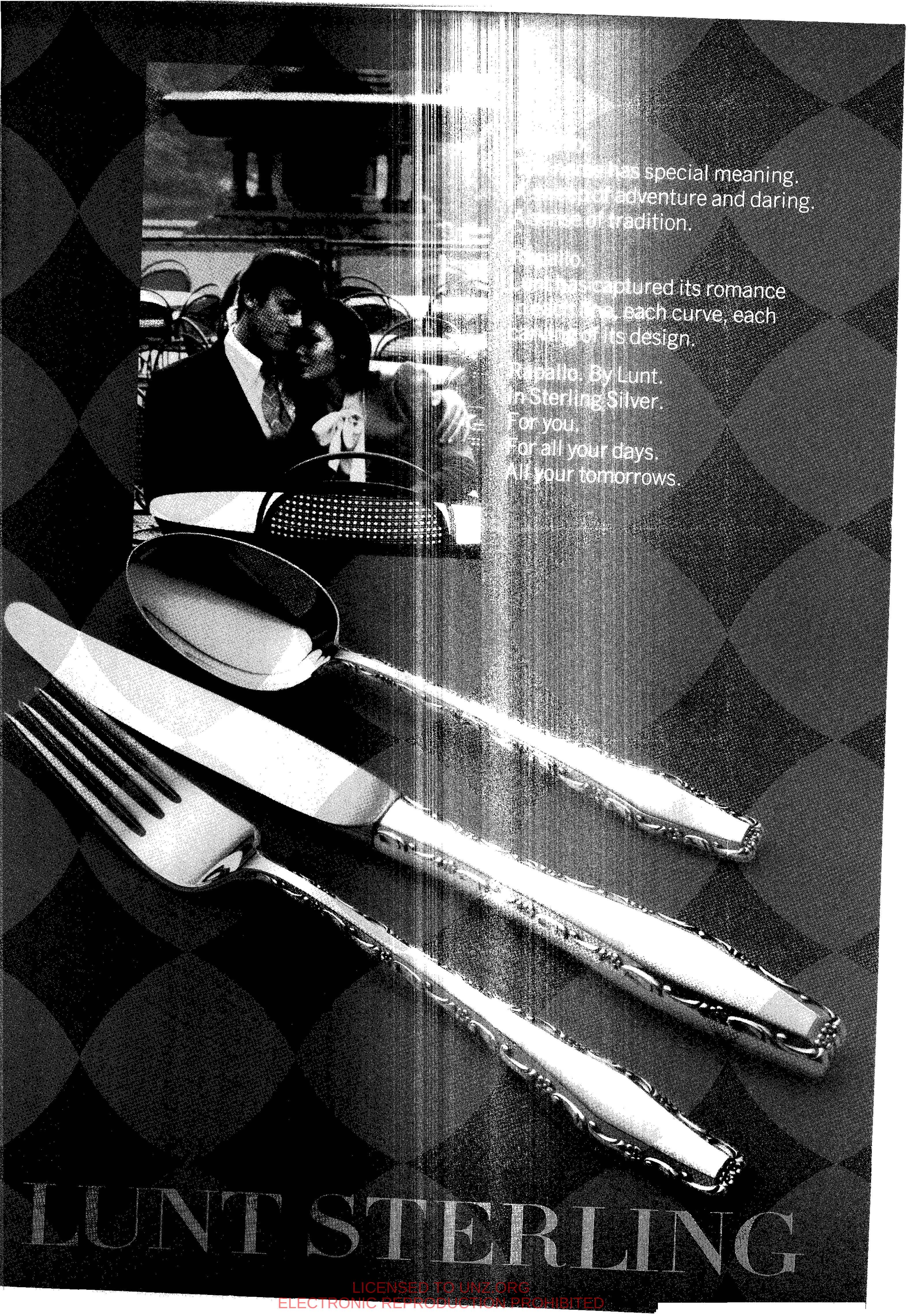
phia, Chicago, Miami, and Newark, and ultimately resulted in indictments of close to two hundred racketeers, including some top members of La Cosa Nostra. "The Strike Forces were Ramsey's idea, but he rarely gets credit for them," Vinson remarked toward the end of 1968. "His fight against organized crime has been extremely effective. His approach has been investigation, indictments, and prosecution—not press hoopla. But, unfortunately, the absence of hoopla has made it more difficult to do the job. Congress is happy to give us new duties, but it doesn't want to pay for them." When asked how he felt about Nixon's charge that Clark had been remiss in the fight against organized crime, Vinson smiled. "Of course, that couldn't be further from the truth," he said. "Ramsey has been the most effective organized-crime buster in history. But the attack could have a beneficial effect. By generating all that publicity about organized crime, the Nixon Administration may pry more money out of Congress for the Department than we did."

IN Nixon's campaign radio speech on crime, he asserted that "Congress has passed carefully considered and carefully drawn legislation authorizing wiretapping, with full Constitutional safeguards, for the investigation of serious crimes," that "three previous U.S. Attorneys General not only outlined the need but also sponsored legislation to authorize wiretapping," and that "*still* the present Attorney General opposes it." It was true that Clark, with the full support of the President, refused to enforce the wiretapping-and-bugging measure that had been enacted the previous summer as part of the Omnibus Crime Control and Safe Streets Act of 1968—on the grounds that it was probably un-Constitutional, that it was certainly an invasion of privacy, and that no one had ever proved it would be effective. It was also true that his three predecessors had advocated the use of electrical and electronic surveillance. But it was not true that the law contained "full Constitutional safeguards," and it was extremely doubtful whether the earlier Attorneys General would have publicly supported any measure that lacked them. Moreover, it was unlikely that any of them would have backed the use of wiretapping and bugging against just about anyone in the country, as permitted by the current law. Robert Kennedy was away from the Senate, campaigning for the Presidency, when the wiretapping section of the Crime Bill came up for



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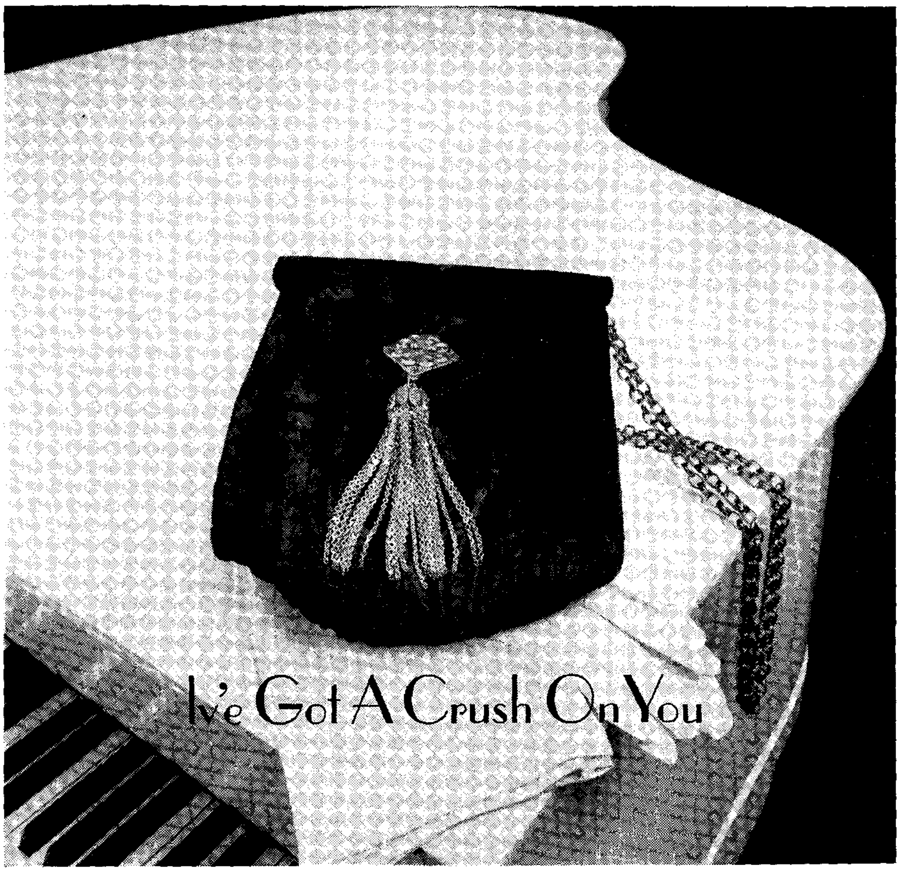

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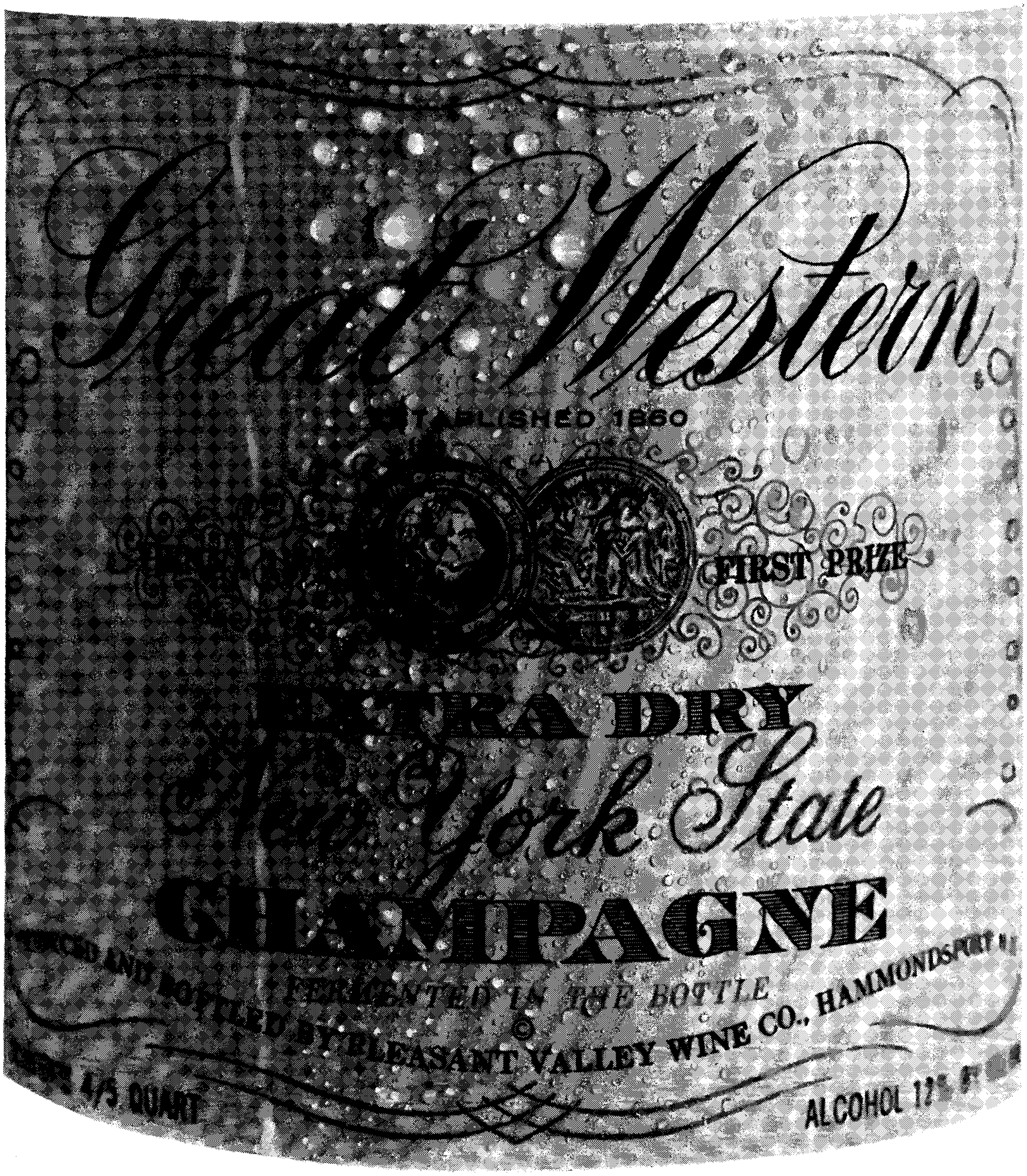
a vote, but he announced that had he been present he would have voted to strike that section entirely. His reason, like the reason given by other opponents of the measure, was that it was anything but carefully considered and carefully drawn. For instance, it permitted the President, on his own initiative and without any safeguards whatever, to order secret surveillance of any person or group that in his opinion posed a threat to "the structure or existence of the government"—a phrase that could be interpreted to include war protesters, civil-rights demonstrators, participants in a national labor dispute, and members of right-wing and left-wing movements. The law also permitted the Attorney General, United States Attorneys, Assistant United States Attorneys, state attorneys general, and local district attorneys to tap or bug anyone who had committed, was committing, or was about to commit a crime punishable by a year or more in jail, as long as a judge in their jurisdiction approved the request. And the law further permitted all the foregoing public officials to tap or bug for forty-eight hours without a judge's permission if they decided that an "emergency" existed; the definition of the word was left up to them. The principal authors of the legislation—Senator John L. McClellan, an arch-conservative Democrat from Arkansas, and Senator Roman L. Hruska, an arch-conservative Republican from Nebraska—contended that it would provide an invaluable weapon in the war against crime, particularly organized crime. Most of their support came from policemen and prosecutors, who are invariably eager to have any new method to help them perform their duties. The opponents of the law—mainly leaders of bar associations, law professors, civil-libertarians, and members of Congress who feared that the new law constituted a long step toward a police state—contended that the crimes people were most concerned about were street crimes, and that muggers, rapists, and holdup men were unlikely to discuss their intentions beforehand or their accomplishments afterward over the telephone. As for use of the law against organized criminals, it was pointed out that the first time it proved effective gangsters would devise other means of communicating with each other. That would leave the police and prosecutors with a lot of equipment and no one to listen in on—except perhaps their political enemies, likely subjects for blackmail, or anyone whose activities promised an earful. Fi-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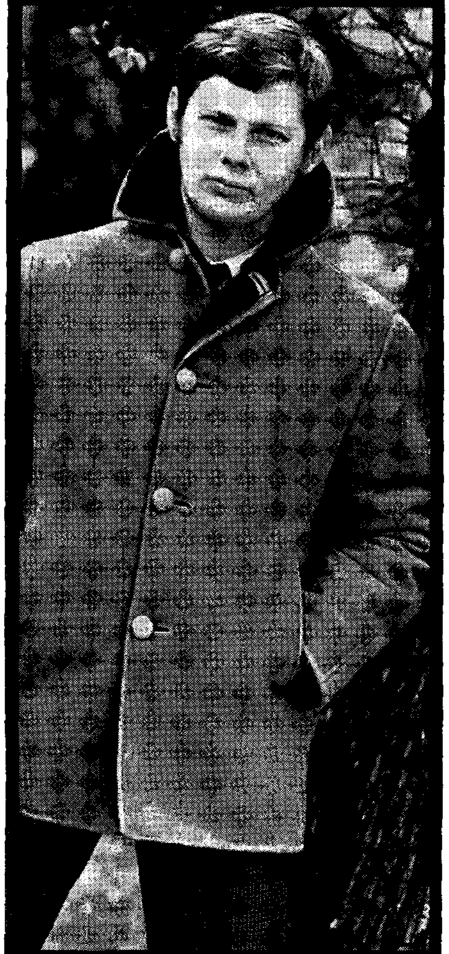

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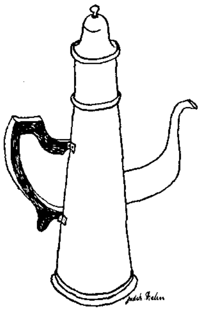
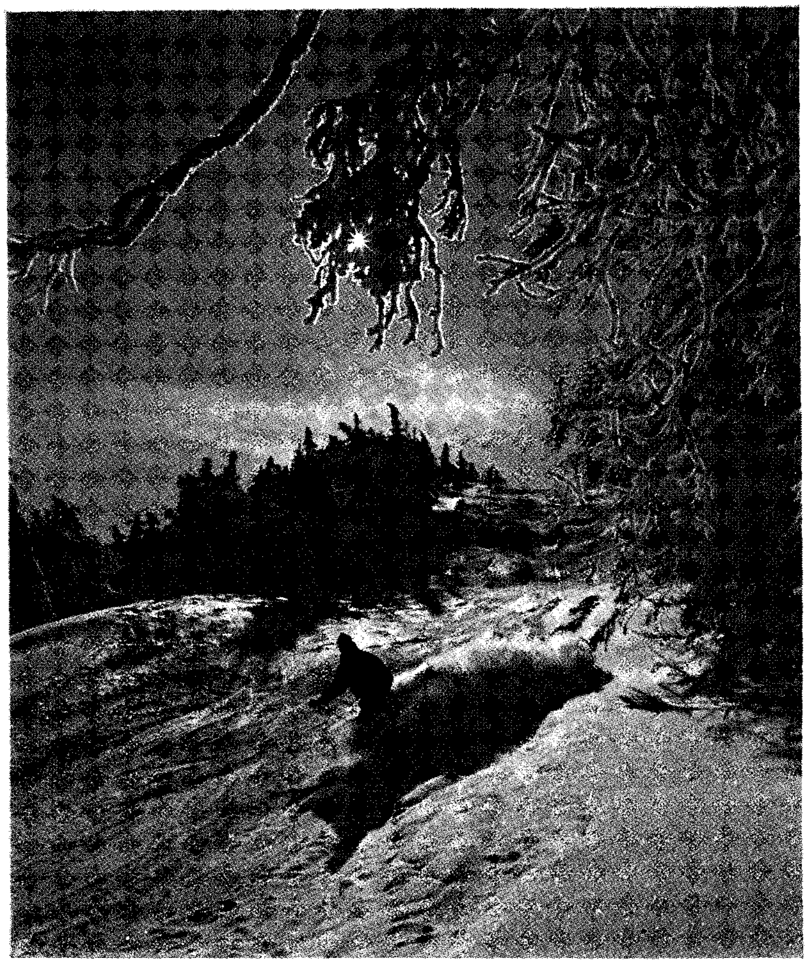
nally, the opposition said, although the federal government might be expected to employ such devices with some restraint, there was no assurance that state and local authorities would be at all circumspect; in fact, an unscrupulous district attorney and an unscrupulous judge could certainly harass, and possibly even control, an entire town or city through secret surveillance.

In the State of the Union Message of 1967, President Johnson told a joint session of Congress, "We should protect what Justice Brandeis called the 'right most valued by civilized men'—the right to privacy. We should outlaw all wiretapping—public and private—wherever and whenever it occurs, except when the security of this nation itself is at stake, and only then with the strictest governmental safeguards." Attorney General Clark accepted even that use reluctantly. "Nothing so mocks privacy as the wiretap and electronic surveillance," he testified before a congressional committee that was considering the passage of such a measure. "They are incompatible with a free society." If he was the only Attorney General to oppose wiretapping except in matters of national security, he was also the only one to take strict precautions to see that it was not abused in the name of preserving the Union. Attorney General Kennedy, for example, accepted F.B.I. requests for permission to use taps and bugs in national-security cases without question. "The assistant director of the bureau would come in and hand Bob a slip of paper asking for such permission, and usually he'd sign it without even looking at the name of the person to be tapped or bugged," one of Kennedy's associates in the Justice Department said not long ago. "Half the time, we didn't even have a record of it on file, so we had no idea of who was under surveillance for what." Clark, on the other hand, insisted that the F.B.I. provide him with a description of each person to be tapped or bugged, a detailed explanation of the reasons for suspicion, and information about what the bureau expected to find out. He was the only Attorney General known to have turned down the bureau, as he did whenever he found its explanations too flimsy or the safeguards against involving innocent people too loose.



Clark was deeply suspicious about both the usefulness of this kind of snooping and the motives of the people who wanted to use it. "It's rather ironic that the very men who insist upon our using wiretapping have refused to give us the manpower that we've requested for two years—seventy-five specialists to supplement our Strike Forces in the organized-crime field," he said. "If we had those seventy-five specialists, we could have three to four more Strike Forces going constantly over the United States. And they could secure more indictments and more successful prosecutions than by devoting the same manpower to tap or bug. It takes two to six men to man a single wiretap or bug." For this reason, Clark believed that such surveillance was wastefully inefficient as a law-enforcement device, and that none of its advocates had ever made the kind of case for its use that would "meet the heavy burden of proof our values require" before such widespread intrusions of privacy were allowed. Asked if he also felt that the supporters of a law like this had a taste for sneakiness, he replied, "I do indeed." Above all, though, he was most concerned about the creation of what he called "a tradition of surreptitiousness by law enforcement." In discussing the possibility or, he feared, the likelihood of this coming about, he explained, "If we create today traditions of spying on people, the time may not be far distant when a person can hardly speak his mind to any other person without being afraid that the police or someone else will hear what he says and therefore know what he thinks. Because of the size of our numbers and the denseness of our urban society, it will be difficult enough in the future for us to secure some little sense of privacy and individual integrity. We can trap ourselves, we can become the captives of our technology, and we can change the meaning of man as an individual."

MANY observers believe that by far the greatest contribution the Department of Justice can make in the endless struggle to control crime in this country is through the assistance and advice it provides to local law-enforcement agencies, which must deal with about ninety-five per cent of all the crime that is committed. One of the ironies of Clark's career as Attorney General was that although his reputation as a crime-fighter was very low with the man in the street, it was very high with the man in police headquarters. For example, Quinn Tamm, head of the International Association of



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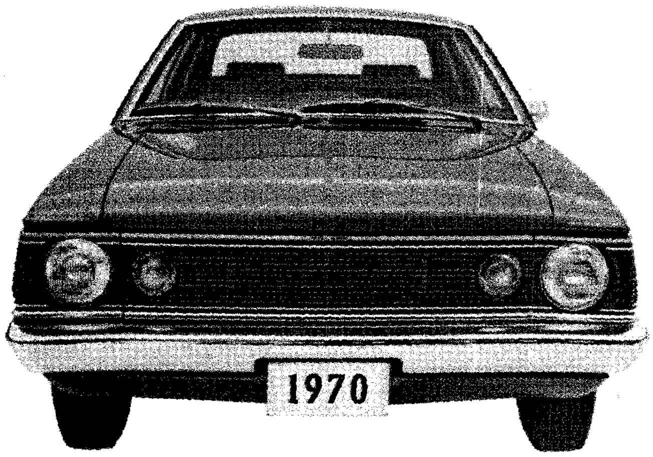
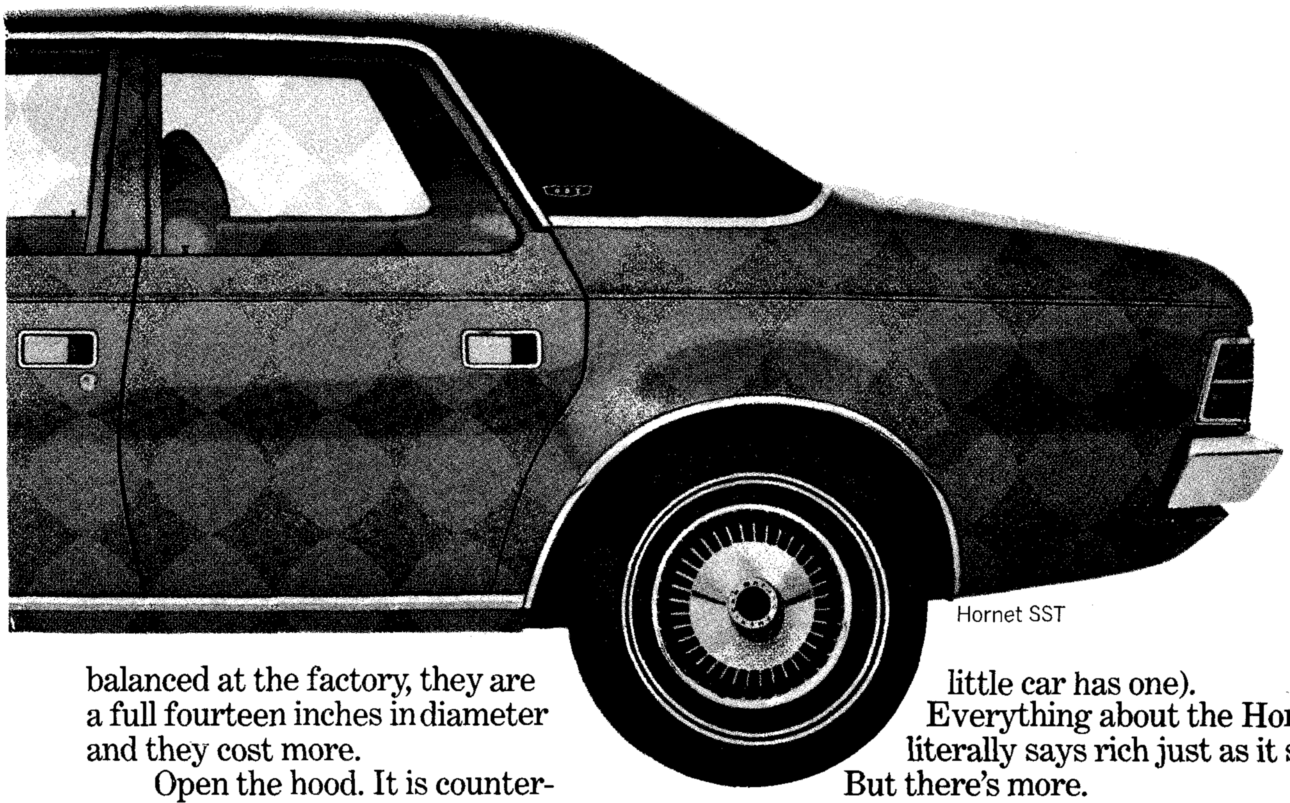


rich car.



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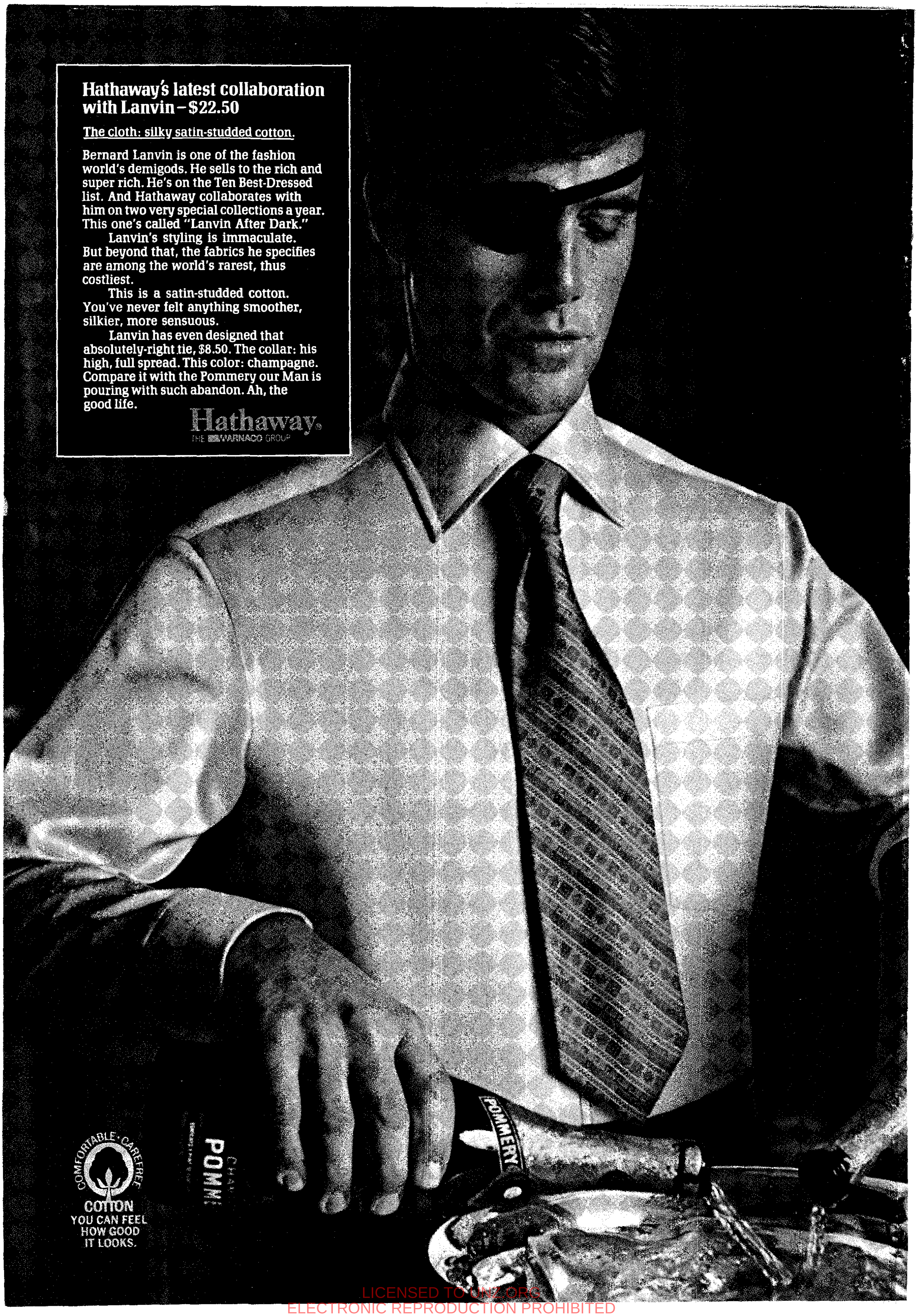

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Chiefs of Police, said that Clark had "done more to help local law enforcement than any other Attorney General." Many local law-enforcement officials agreed. Donald D. Pomerleau, the police commissioner of Baltimore, stated that Clark had provided more "enlightened leadership" and greater "sensitivity to the problems of law enforcement" than any of his predecessors. Bernard L. Garmire, the chief of police in Tucson, said that Clark had contributed more to "improving the calibre of police officers than any other Attorney General in history." One reason for his standing with heads of police departments was that he got to know more than a hundred of them around the country on a first-name basis, and in the process he also got to know their problems at first hand. When he went out on the road to make a speech or attend a meeting, he usually stopped by to see the local police chief. Herbert Jenkins, the chief of police in Atlanta, has recalled being astonished to get a telephone call from Washington one day late in 1967 informing him that Attorney General Clark was to be in Atlanta in a couple of days and would like to meet with him. "I'd been chief here for twenty years, and in that time every Attorney General had been here at one time or another, but none of them had ever talked to me," he said later. "Ramsey came over to the police department and spent several hours asking my opinion of this and that. He talked to my staff, to men on the beat, to people working in the slums. It had a big effect on us. And by listening to us he got us to listen to him."

When men like Jenkins listened, they discovered that Clark was keenly aware of their problems, and, of course, they were gratified when he told them, as he often did, that the policeman was "the man in the middle" and that because of his place in a society torn by social upheaval he was "the most important man in America today." And they were obviously pleased by his constant appeals for higher salaries and greater prestige for all law-enforcement personnel. To attract and keep the best men available, Clark recommended that the average salary currently paid—in cities of half a million population or more, it ran from sixty-six hundred dollars for rookie patrolmen to a top of seventy-six hundred dollars, whatever the length of service—should be increased to a degree that no one else had ever dared suggest. He proposed that patrolmen in similar-sized cities start out at ten thou-

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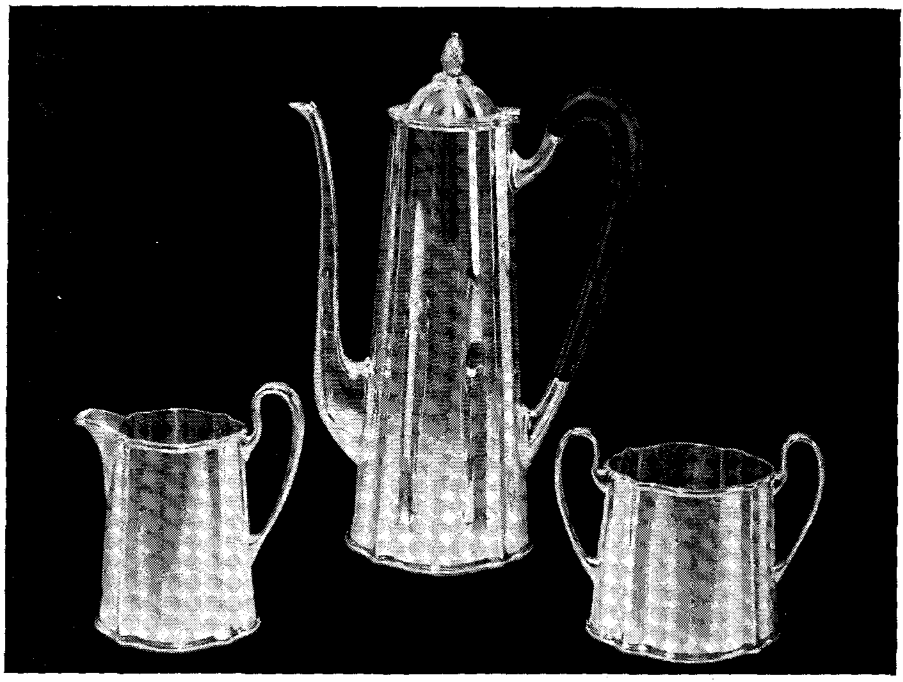
sand dollars a year and go up to a top of fifteen thousand dollars. Noncommissioned officers, he went on, should be paid from fifteen thousand to twenty thousand dollars, officers and division heads from twenty thousand to thirty thousand dollars, and chiefs and administrative directors from thirty thousand to fifty thousand dollars. Although the pay scale undoubtedly seemed wildly inflated even to many of the policemen who heard him propose it, Clark argued that the money would be well spent on men who were properly qualified for their jobs. "We must recognize how important professionalization of police is," he told a meeting of police chiefs late in 1968, and went on to define professionalization as meaning college-trained patrolmen, college-trained officers who had proved their proficiency on the job, and specialists with advanced degrees in criminology, police science, public administration, law, medicine, psychology, and sociology. "Americans pay less than twelve dollars and fifty cents [per capita a year], on the average, for all police services," he told his audience. "Surely we are willing, even anxious, to pay more."

A few months earlier, the federal government had shown that it was prepared to pay more for improved services when Congress passed a bill setting up a Law Enforcement Assistance Administration, which was empowered to help local police departments, courts, and correctional systems upgrade themselves. The bill, which grew out of a project devised by Attorney General Katzenbach and implemented by Attorney General Clark, provided that the L.E.A.A., under the supervision of the Department of Justice, could spend a hundred million dollars in fiscal 1969 and three hundred million dollars a year in fiscal 1970, 1971, and 1972 in grants to states that set up approved programs for recruiting, training, and paying policemen; for modernizing their equipment and reorganizing their departments; for developing advanced rehabilitation techniques and other means of easing the return of convicts to society; for bringing their court systems up to date; for setting up crime-prevention programs in schools, colleges, and welfare agencies; for making loans to policemen who wanted to start or complete college studies; and for conducting research in all areas of law enforcement. Although the L.E.A.A.'s approach to the problem of crime in the United States was generally considered the most enlightened and most promising one ever devel-



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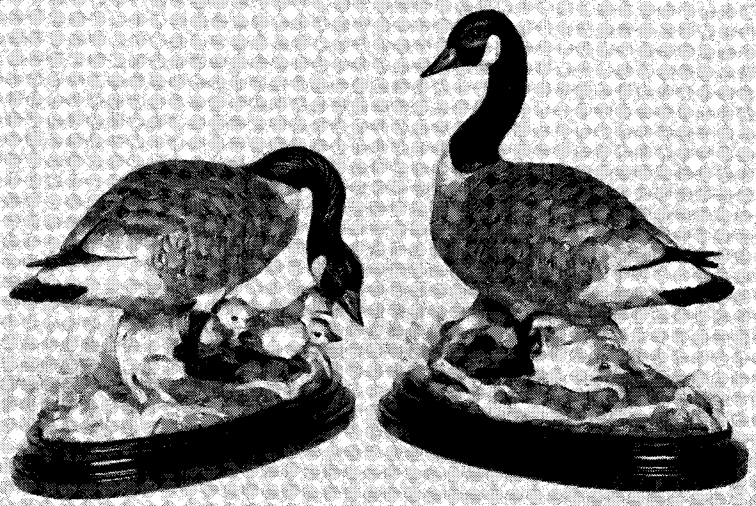

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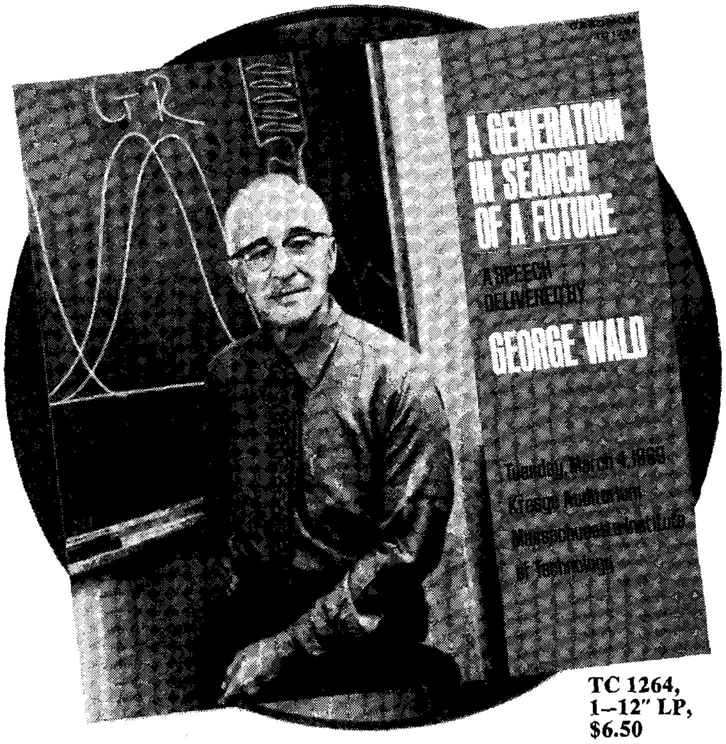
*Editor Charles L. Whipple, *The Boston Globe*



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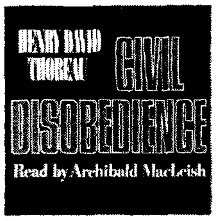

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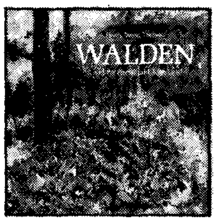

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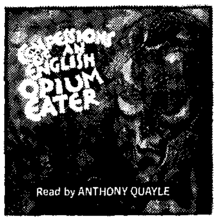

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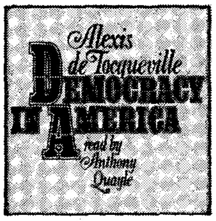

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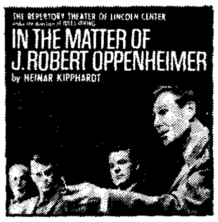

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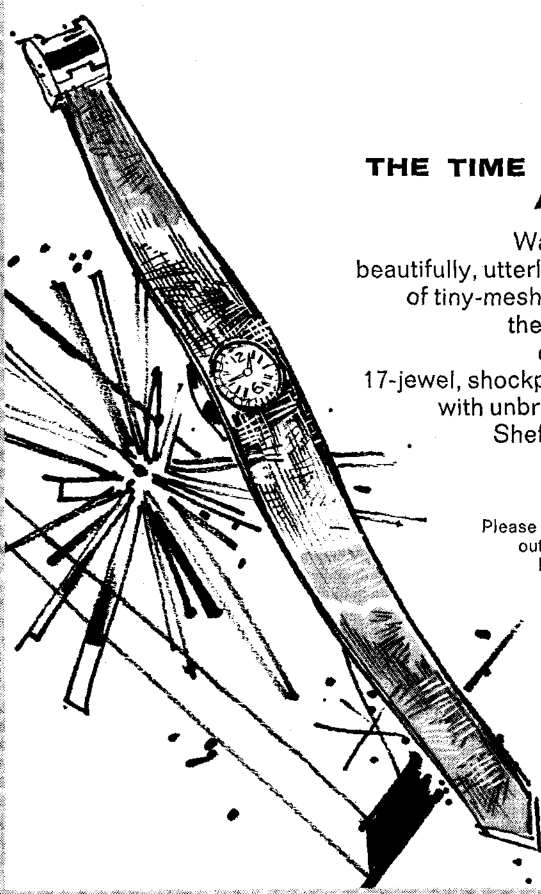

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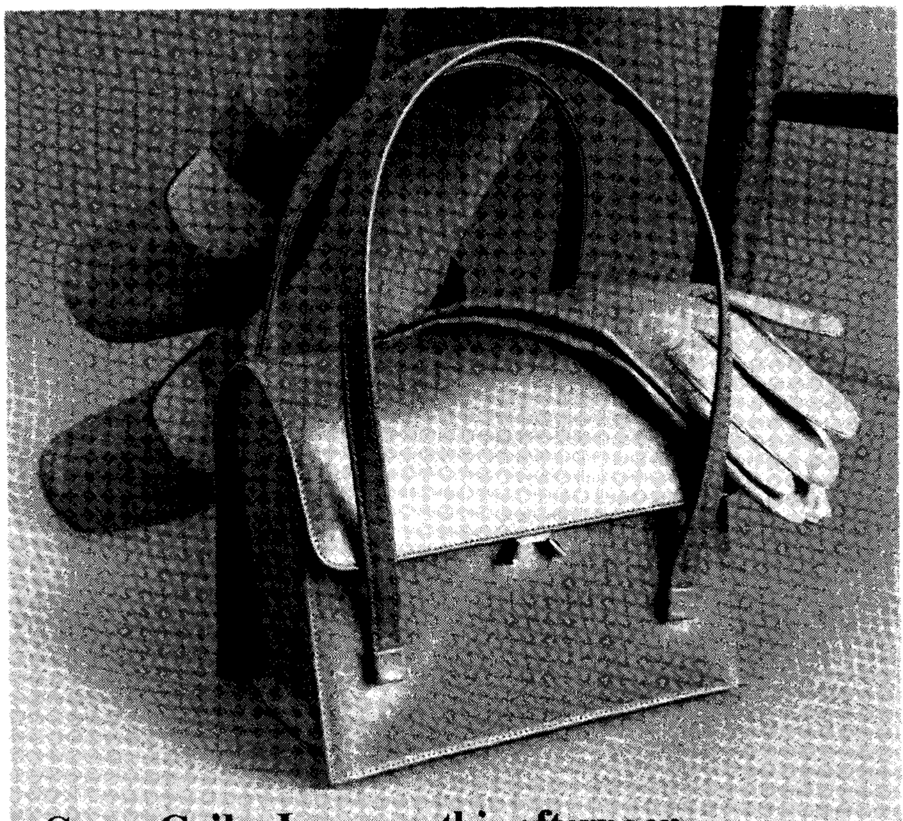

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oped, some participants in the struggle to enact it were deeply concerned about a couple of changes that were made in the Administration's original proposal as it passed through Congress. One was that the fifty million dollars originally requested by the White House for the first year was doubled, with most of the addition being earmarked not for upgrading law-enforcement agencies but for increasing their ability to control riots and organized crime. This led critics to suspect that money vitally needed for modernizing the country's antiquated law-enforcement machinery would instead be used to buy tear gas, Mace, armaments, and wiretapping equipment. Even worse, they held, was a successful move led by Republican members of Congress, with the active support of former Vice-President Nixon, who was then campaigning in the primary contests, to require that all federal grants be given directly to states that developed generally approved programs, rather than, as the original measure stipulated, to localities with specifically approved programs. This amendment—known as the block-grant amendment—created a precedent that threatened to ultimately deny the federal government the right to say how its money was to be spent. Further, since state legislatures were still controlled by rural interests, despite the Supreme Court's redistricting orders, a large part of the government's money, it was charged, would be likely to end up not in the crime-ridden cities it had been intended for but in relatively placid towns and villages, and not for the purposes originally set down but for whatever local authorities felt would most enhance their law-enforcement practices. Many small-town police officers, it was suggested, might be somewhat less interested in going to college to study criminology or in boning up on the latest technological developments in police science than in getting pay raises, purchasing new prowl cars and fancy uniforms, and laying in supplies of the latest weaponry. In Clark's view, the last eventuality was the most dangerous if it occurred before the police were professionalized. "The law could be a disaster," he said, and went on to explain, "The way it's written, even funds that aren't specifically set aside for riot control could end up being spent to stockpile arms for use during riots or demonstrations. It's another potential, and an enormous one, for repression. If the police have all that elaborate armament and are as untrained and undisciplined as many of our policemen are today, they may be inclined to use it in riot situations. After all, that's what they will be given it for. And if they do, this country will be in the gravest danger. There will be a bloodbath, and that can only lead to repression and more bloodshed and more repression." Clark's fear of this outcome was far deeper than he ever expressed publicly. "The worst way to preserve peace is by cracking down, but that's exactly what a lot of people want done," he has said in private. "Take the situation down at South Carolina State College, in Orangeburg. In February, 1968, students there demonstrated against a segregated bowling alley. They were just kids, and there was no need for the use of maximum force. In fact, there probably wasn't any need for force at all. Before we could move in and take action against the bowling alley for violating the civil-rights laws, the cops—a bunch of big, burly state troopers who far outweighed and outnumbered the youngsters—waded in and began shooting. When it was all over, three kids were dead and nearly thirty more were wounded. The black people down there are so embittered that it will be years before they get over it, if they ever do. Next time, they'll probably come armed." Asked whether he thought events of this nature could produce a revolution if there were enough of them, he thought for a minute, then answered, "I never used to believe that this country could become so divided. But I do now."

OF all the forms of crime that are on the increase in the United States, one of the most alarming is the illegal use of narcotics. There are around sixty-three thousand known addicts in the country (half of them in New York City) and possibly an equal number who are unknown. Whatever their number, they contribute a disproportionate amount to the crime rate. In fact, some experts attribute three-fourths of all the serious crimes committed in New York and Washington to addicts—a figure that, many believe, may also apply to other large cities. The illegal use of narcotics in this country fell off gradually from 1900, when the number of addicts was estimated to be two hundred and fifty thousand in a total population of only seventy-six million, until 1960, but then it rose sharply. Between 1960 and 1968, arrests for all crimes rose by a little under eleven per cent, but arrests for violations of the drug-and-narcotic laws rose by nearly a hundred and sixty-five per cent. The increase

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was not, as many people have imagined, confined to the dispirited inhabitant of the black slum. While narcotics violations were limited almost entirely to that class ten years ago, drug use has more and more afflicted middle-class suburban residents, until today the ratio is half and half between blacks and whites. Most of today's addicts are young. The rise among the young in all categories of crime between 1960 and 1968 was sixty-four per cent, but their arrests for possessing and selling narcotics went up by a staggering seven hundred and seventy-four per cent. Among all age groups, close to ninety per cent of those arrested for violating the laws on addictive drugs had criminal records, and seventeen per cent of them were armed, presumably to enable them to commit other crimes to support their habit. It is an exceedingly expensive one. A heroin addict—the principal user involved—needs between fifty and sixty dollars a day to keep himself supplied. Since an addict is rarely able to hold down an ordinary job, let alone a job paying that kind of money, he must steal money or else merchandise that can easily be converted into money. As a rule, stolen goods bring about ten per cent of their value in cash, so, theoretically, the country's sixty-three thousand known addicts must steal three and a half million dollars a day in cash or thirty-five million dollars a day in merchandise, or a combination of the two, in order to survive. In trying to raise funds, the addict most often relies on muggings, holdups, or burglaries, and in the course of committing them he not infrequently assaults or murders his victims. Since crimes of this kind—the kind that frightens the ordinary citizen most—constitute only twelve per cent of all crimes reported in the country, and since many, perhaps most, of them are the work of addicts, it is clear that control of the illegal use of narcotics and the rehabilitation of those addicted to them would greatly reduce the crime rate on this level and also immeasurably alleviate the public anxiety.

Although the narcotics addict, like any other offender, must finally be dealt with by changing the conditions that drive him to such a desperate course, right now the problem is so acute that it can be met only by getting him off the street. In the past, that was often difficult to do because the federal authority to take that step was legally fragmented. Until last year, the federal government divided responsibility in this field between the Bureau of Narcotics, a part of the

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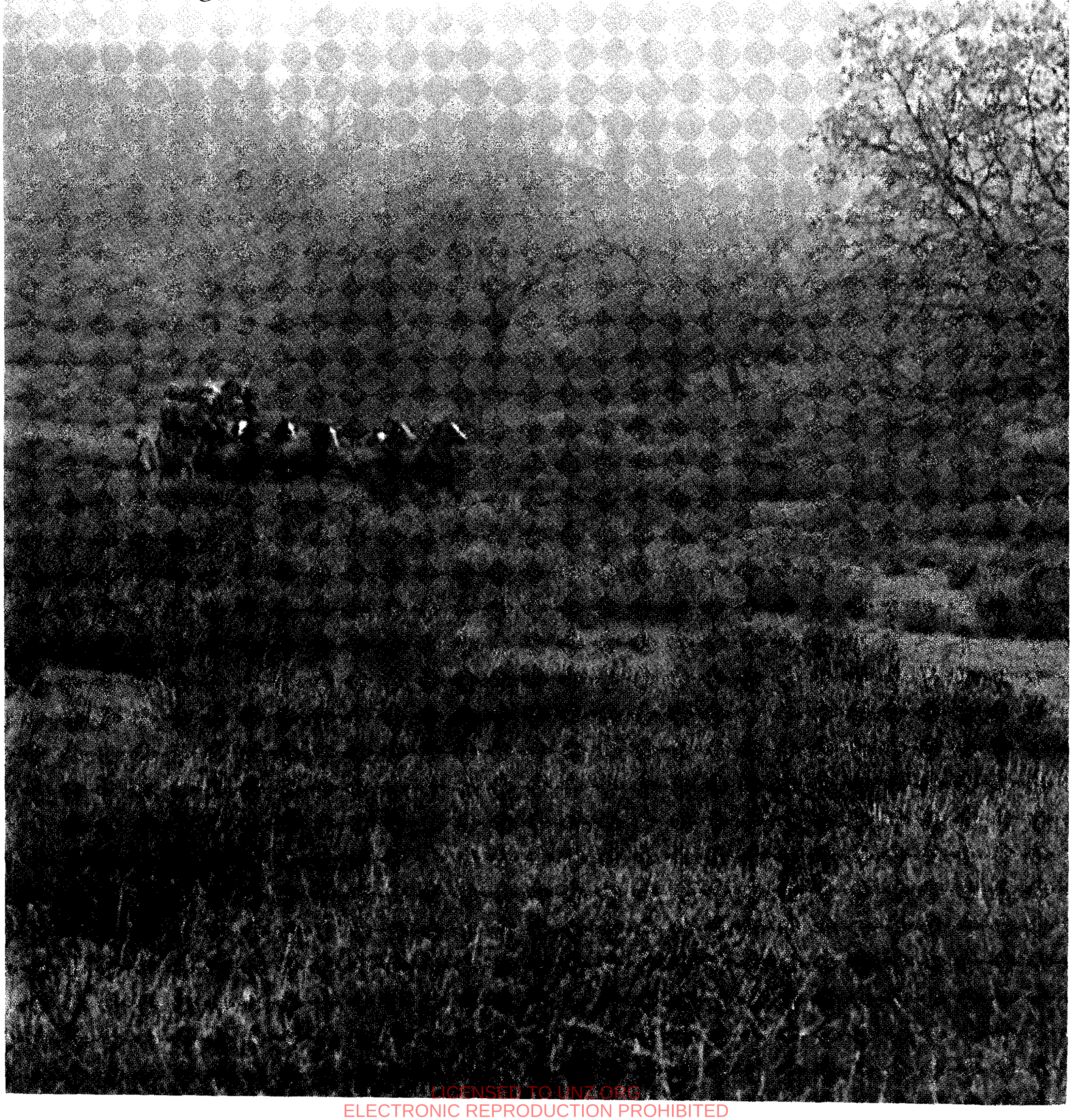

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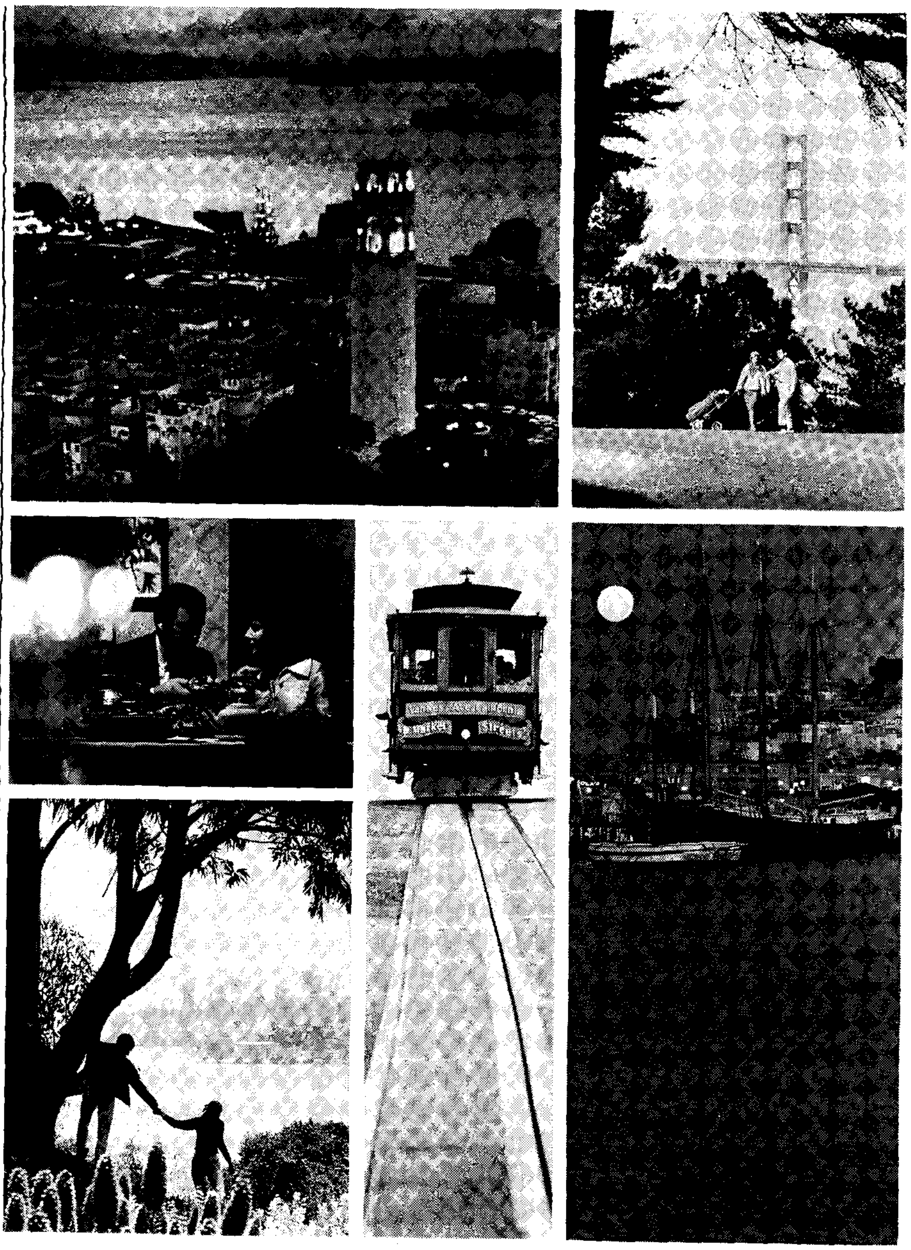
Treasury Department, and the Bureau of Drug Abuse Control, a part of Health, Education, and Welfare. For a long time, it was believed that most users of LSD were otherwise law-abiding youngsters out for a hallucinatory thrill, but it was finally learned that some forty per cent of them had also been committing other crimes. And it was found by federal agents from the Bureau of Drug Abuse Control, which had jurisdiction over LSD, that nine out of ten of its possessors also possessed marijuana, but *that* drug came under the jurisdiction of the Bureau of Narcotics. Absurd as this conflict was, and critical as the need for effective government action to control drug abuse had become, no one did much about it until Clark recommended that the two agencies be combined in a single Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs, with a staff expanded by fifty per cent, and that the new agency be set up not in Treasury or H.E.W. but in the Department of Justice, where it obviously belonged. Few changes in government are easier than creating a new agency, and few changes in government are harder than disbanding an old one. Although the staffs and the programs of the two bureaus were expected to be largely retained under Clark's proposal, it met with the kind of fierce opposition that comes from entrenched bureaucrats who know the rules and dearly love them as they are. Nor are members of Congress, who cling to *their* rules with some devotion, much more open to change. In this case, though, the need for amalgamation was so overwhelmingly clear that even a Congress as deliberately sluggish as the Ninetieth was forced to accept it. "It was one of the most important changes ever made in the Department," Vinson said after the new bureau was set up. "It will have an immense impact. But, of course, hardly anyone knew it was all Ramsey's doing, so somebody else will get all the credit for its success."

"THERE are few better measures of the concern a society has for its individual members and its own well-being than the way it handles criminals," Attorney General Clark told a conference of the American Correctional Association in the summer of 1967. "No element is less deserving, easier to forget, and more difficult to work with. The history of penology is one of the saddest chapters in the story of man. Here, self-inflicted, is an incredible amount of human misery." Misery, he added, was the lot not only



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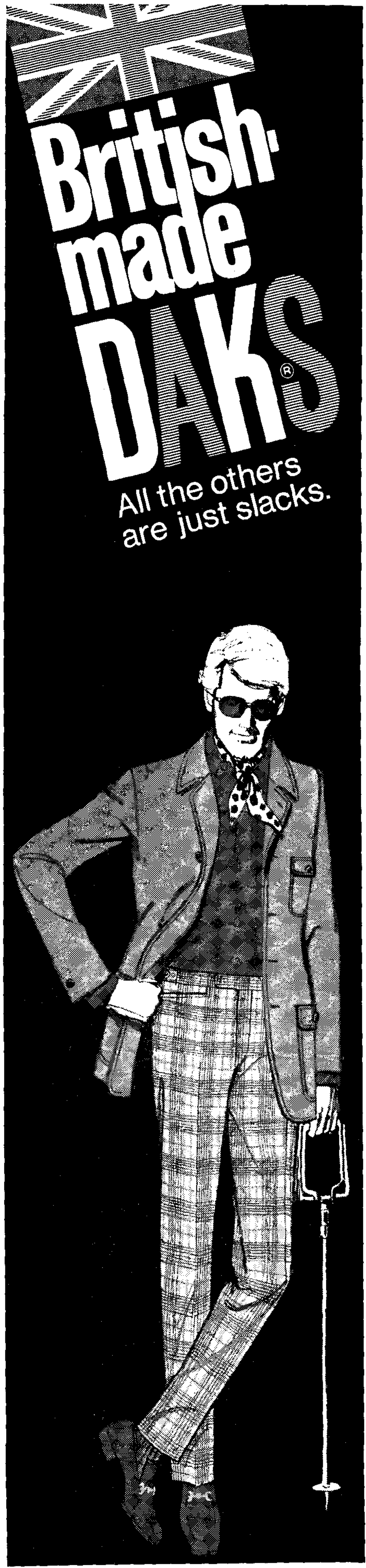

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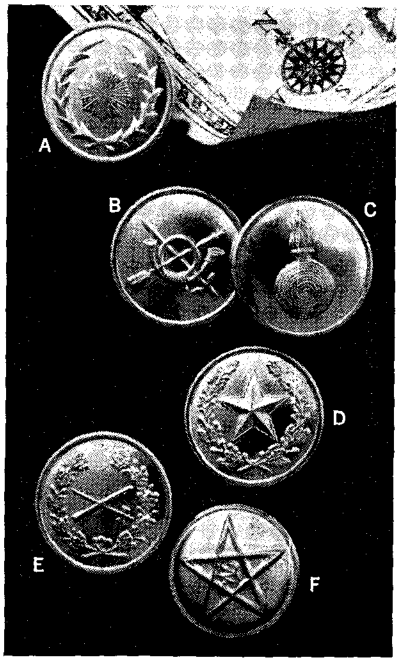
of the prisoners themselves but of the victims of the crimes that had sent them to prison, the victims of the crimes they would commit when they got out, and finally society as a whole. "Intelligence and self-interest tell us today that we must work diligently and effectively with those who commit crime," Clark went on. "We must rehabilitate as many as have the capacity for rehabilitation. The question is not whether to be tough or tolerant. The question is what is effective." He pointed out that the tough, eye-for-an-eye solution might work if people who committed crimes were sent to prison and kept there for good. But since ninety-five per cent of them were returned sooner or later to society, that method was bound to be tougher on it than on them. And the tougher a prison system was the tougher would be the convicts who emerged from it, many of whom went there as first offenders—confused youngsters without criminal natures, or those with no more than a mild grudge against society. The first were almost certain to fall in with hardened criminals, the teachers in these giant crime schools, and to come out educated and confirmed in the ways of the criminal life. And the second were almost certain to emerge with an implacable hatred toward the society that had sent them there. As Clark put it, "Many prisoners, finally overcome by man's inhumanity to man, put aside forever all compassion, to rely ever after on cunning."

Whether the threat of imprisonment is a deterrent to crime has long been debated, but there can be no debate about whether the fact of imprisonment serves that purpose, for it clearly does the opposite. Three-fourths of all prisoners convicted of committing felonies were previously convicted of committing misdemeanors, usually in their youth. Half of them will go on to commit other felonies when they leave prison, and, in fact, will be responsible for four out of five serious crimes that are reported. These statistics have led Clark to conclude, "Corrections is a key, a very major part of our total opportunity to reduce crime. If we cut the rate of recidivism in half—and science tells us we can—a major part of our crime will be eliminated." Not much of it had been eliminated up to that time, he added, because until Congress passed the act setting up the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration there had been "no major national investment in corrections research." The little that had been carried out, however, had demonstrated that recidivism



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was clearly one element in the crime rate that could be controlled, particularly among the young.

Each year, two million people pass through the nation's two hundred and fifty major prisons and reformatories (only twenty-eight of which are federal establishments), a third of a million of them being in residence at any given time. Although only a twentieth of the total number of prisoners remain prisoners for life or die behind bars, until recently almost nothing was done to prepare the rest of them for their return to the outside world. Before the L.E.A.A. was established, the United States spent one and a tenth billion dollars on all its prisons—or about one-tenth of one per cent of the gross national product. Moreover, of that billion plus, ninety-five per cent went to pay for custody and only five per cent for reforming—or, as some call it, "coddling"—criminals. Shortly after Clark became Acting Attorney General in 1966, he reported that thirty state prisons for adults had no vocational training whatever; that only five states had halfway houses (small centers that aim, and have been highly successful, at serving as decompression chambers for prisoners who are reentering society); that twelve states had no probation services for adults who committed misdemeanors (usually the first kind of crime anyone commits), seven states had only the barest form of probation services, and the rest were almost universally understaffed by unqualified workers. Nearly half of all state probation and parole officers took care of a hundred cases at a time, or twice the recommended maximum. As for the nation's thirty-one hundred local jails, through which an unrecorded number of people pass each year, they were, and are, far worse. "These jails have extremely limited, if any, diagnostic and treatment programs," Myrl Alexander, director of the Federal Bureau of Prisons, said not long ago. "Personnel are untrained, and most jails serve only as human warehouses and crime factories—places where impressionable younger offenders may learn the ways of crime. And no significant improvements in local jails have taken place in nearly a century." Still, if jails have no work or study programs, no recreation, no separation of prisoners by age or criminal history, at least their inmates do not ordinarily stay in them for long. Prisons, on the other hand, constitute home for criminals for many months or years, and even the boy or man who enters one of them with some measure

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of hope and determination and courage usually is forced by conditions to give up. Once he has, he is inclined to forget what the outside world is like. And when he returns to it, he is almost always utterly unprepared psychologically, socially, and financially to cope with freedom. “Traditionally, inmates are still returned to society on the day of release with little more than a suit of clothes, a bus ticket, and a few dollars,” Alexander pointed out. “The majority have no families to whom they can turn for assistance and no job or job prospect.” Indeed, it is surprising that only half of them soon commit other crimes.

Society’s self-destructive way of treating those who have offended it remained the rule until Robert Kennedy took office as Attorney General. “Within thirty days, there was a crescendo of interest in this bureau that we’d never seen before,” Alexander said while serving under Clark. “Before two months were out, we had got four halfway houses that we’d been begging for fruitlessly for years. Kennedy got us a hundred thousand dollars for each of those and another hundred thousand for research on the best way to run them. Research was, and still is, one of our primary needs, because we know shamefully little about offenders individually, what group they should be put in with for maximum results, and what are the best techniques for each group. In fact, we know very little that is useful about whole specialized groups of offenders.” When Katzenbach took over the Department, it turned out that he was as concerned about rehabilitation as Kennedy, especially study-and-work programs during imprisonment. Katzenbach had been a prisoner of war for two and a half years in Germany, and he had studied so assiduously during that period that when the war ended and he returned to Princeton, where he had spent two years before entering the service, he was able to pass his final exams almost at once. “Then Ramsey took over, and things really got moving,” Alexander went on. “He can’t think of crime without thinking of corrections, especially youth and young-adult corrections. He wants to move the system out of its medieval ways and get rid of all the crippling old myths, the shibboleths, the public’s indifference, and the urge toward puritanical revenge. Because of his approach, some of the old attitudes are dying out. In fact, it’s downright amazing how things have changed in less than a decade. Many of us on the lower levels—the professionals, that is—have wanted to make these changes for many years, but the impetus had to come from the top. It finally did.”

The over-all change in emphasis from punishment to rehabilitation has taken a number of forms in the most advanced federal institutions. One of the most important departures—at least judged by its effect in cutting down the rate at which ex-convicts become convicts again—is that from hopeless drudgery on a rock-pile or ditch-digging squad to specialized schooling and job training suited to current labor-market needs. Belief in the new approach has become so strong among penal officials in federal prisons that all inmates except those who are physically disabled are required to put in a full day at either a work or a work-study project. In the past, about the best vocational training a prison inmate could hope for was learning to make mailbags or license plates. Since the only manufacturers of mailbags and license plates happened to be prisons, the experience did not go a long way toward preparing anyone for a job outside. Today, however, prisoners are taught such skills as linotype and printing-press operations, electronic-cable assembling, aircraft welding, and computer programming. They are also taught everything from how to read and write to advanced college subjects. Once they are released after this intensive training, they can have reasonable expectations of getting jobs that pay from five hundred to seven hundred dollars a month, compared to perhaps half that much as unskilled laborers, which was the most they could hope to earn, honestly, before.

Under the Federal Rehabilitation Act of 1965, which was drafted by the Department of Justice, prison officials were given far wider latitude than ever before in devising new methods for preparing inmates to reënter the outside world. Most notably, prison officials were given the power to commit or transfer adult prisoners to “residential community treatment centers,” or halfway houses; to grant prisoners unescorted leave for up to thirty days for such purposes as visiting seriously

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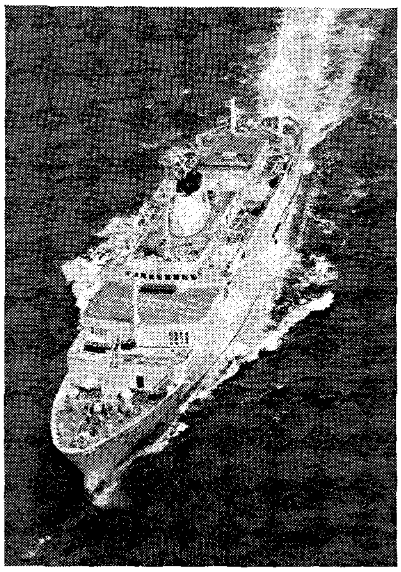

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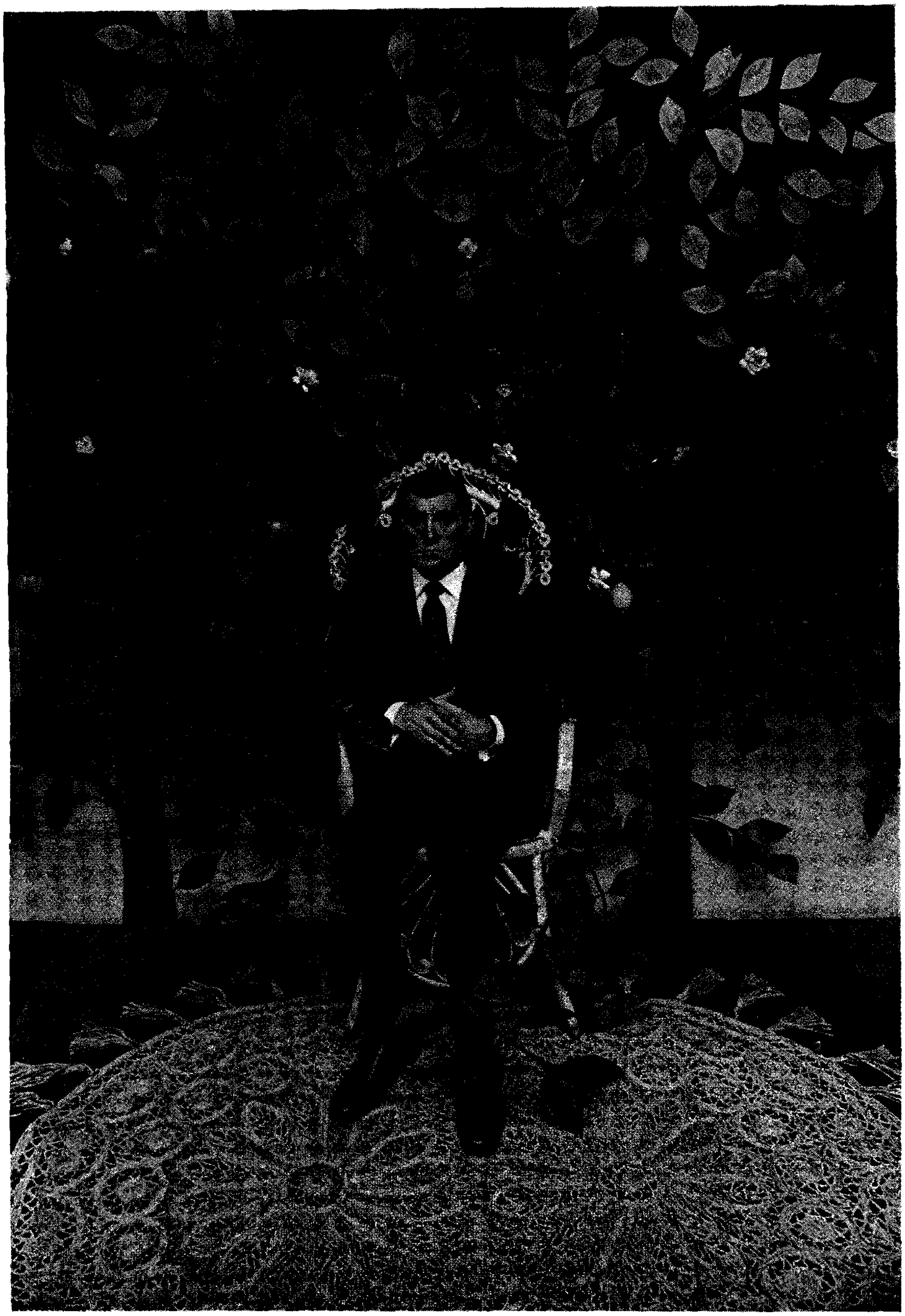

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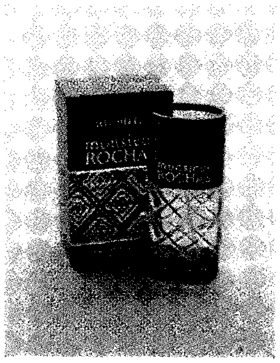

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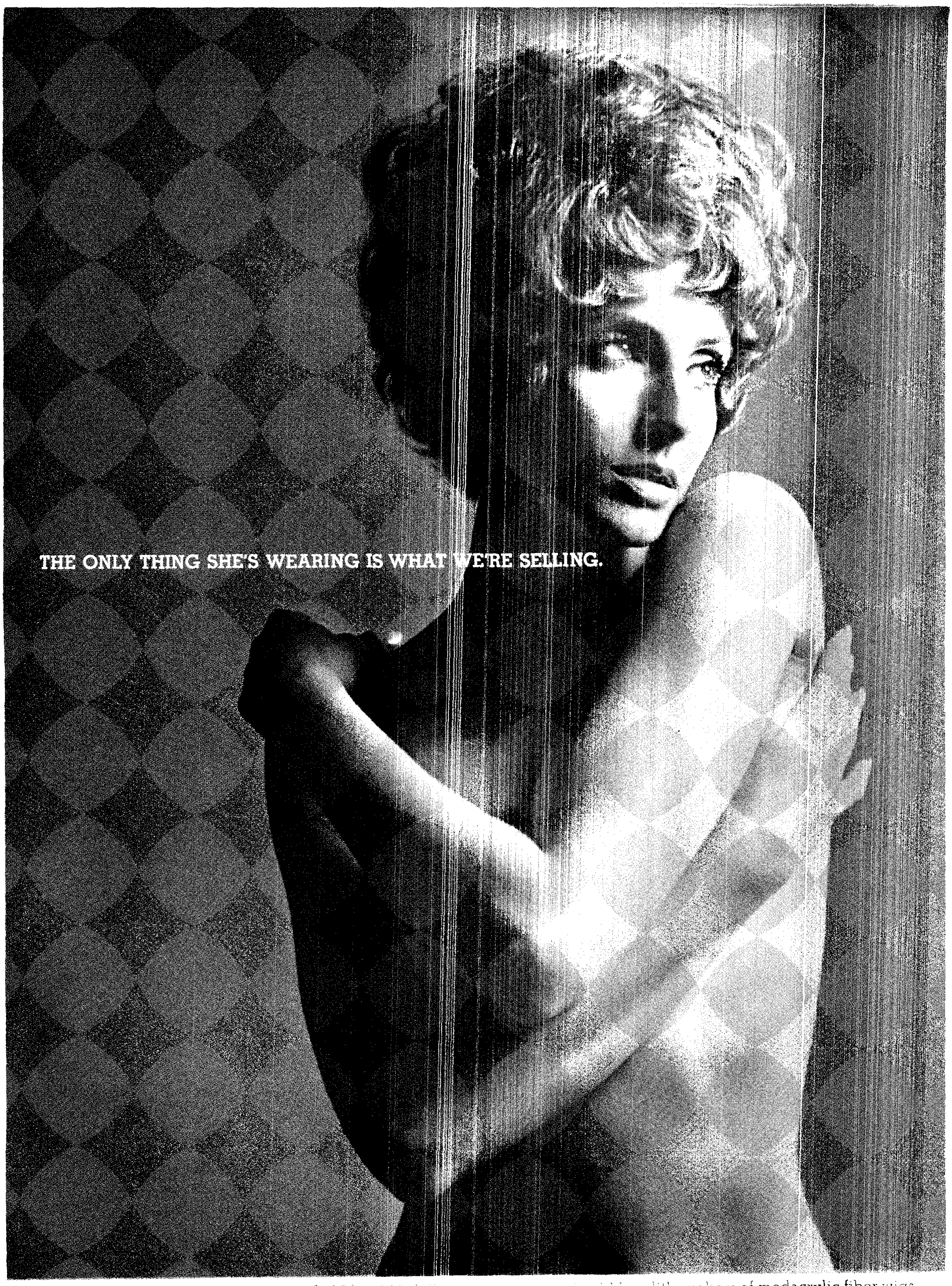
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ill or dying relatives, attending funerals, or going to talk with prospective employers and to look for somewhere to live when they were finally released; and to allow inmates to spend their days working or studying in neighboring communities. A few months after the act was signed, on September 10, 1965, several hundred federal prisoners had regular jobs outside the walls and others were attending colleges and universities. Under this system, about five thousand federal prisoners have earned better than four million dollars while incarcerated, which has taken hundreds of their dependents off relief rolls. Some industries in areas where there are severe manpower shortages have set up training programs in nearby prisons, so that inmates will get a head start on their work-release participation and will be fully qualified when the time comes for parole. To help locate industries with manpower needs, Clark set up a pilot project in Atlanta, in 1967, to collect and collate information about job opportunities in that area; then prison training could be coördinated with business needs. All in all, the training program has been so successful that Alexander expects some seventy per cent of the federal-prison population to be trained outside government institutions by 1979. The in-prison training and work programs have also been highly successful and highly rewarding, both for the prisoners, who are allowed to send their earnings home or to put them aside for later use, and for the government, which sells the products they make. Last year, Federal Prison Industries, Inc., a government corporation that runs forty-eight prison manufacturing plants, producing everything from office furniture to electronic assemblies for the space program, had gross sales of fifty-five million dollars and was able to turn over a five-million-dollar profit to the Treasury. The federal model has been imitated fairly widely by the states, twenty-seven of which now have similar programs.

Of all the crime committed in this country, the largest proportion committed by a single age group is committed by fifteen-year-olds, and the greatest need of all is for rehabilitating these and other young offenders. "Since 1960, adult crime has either maintained a level or declined slightly," Clark told a meeting of the nation's governors at the White House early in 1968. "Not so juvenile crime. . . . It has risen far more rapidly than the population growth—up fifty-eight per cent in seven years. Prevention of

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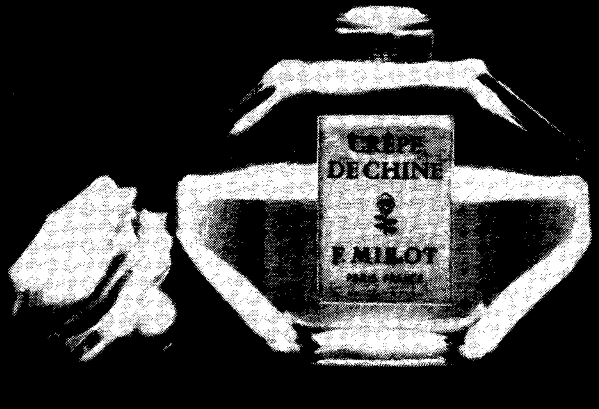

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delinquency among juveniles in the long run is the most important thing we can do. This is where all of our growth in crime is." Last year, more than half of those in federal prisons were under the age of thirty, and more than a third were under the age of twenty-five. This brought the average age of federal prisoners down to twenty-eight, the lowest in history. At the same time, the kinds of crime they were locked up for were becoming more and more serious; for instance, twice as many people were convicted in federal courts of bank robbery in 1968 as in any other peak year. And, of course, the earlier a person embarks on a life of crime the more crime he will commit during that life. At the White House conference, Clark told his audience, "Perhaps the most important statistic in law enforcement is this: Eighty per cent, roughly, of all convictions for serious crimes are of people who were convicted, usually as a kid, for a misdemeanor. We spotted them then. We knew their potential. They contribute most of the crime. Why haven't we tried to do more about it?"

The most promising attempt so far to do more about it began on December 9, 1968, when Attorney General Clark officially dedicated the Robert F. Kennedy Youth Center, in Morgantown, West Virginia. The facility, which is set in a deep natural amphitheatre and looks like the campus of a small, fairly well-endowed college, is planned to house three hundred and fifty youngsters, ranging in age from sixteen to nineteen. The inmates are a cross-section of youthful prisoners in other federal institutions, so that the success or failure of the center can be measured by comparing its rate of recidivism with that of federal youth institutions elsewhere in the country. Like other youthful prison inmates, those in the center show the same general intelligence distribution as non-delinquent youngsters across the country but are about five years behind them in educational background and much further behind in work skills. The educational program runs from basic reading and writing through high-school studies, and additional courses are provided at West Virginia University, nearby, for those who can handle the work. At the same time that the boys are brought up to or beyond the level of seniors in high school, they are given basic job training in four general fields—technical services, graphic arts, electricity-electronics, and areospace—and then get intensive training in areas that they show special

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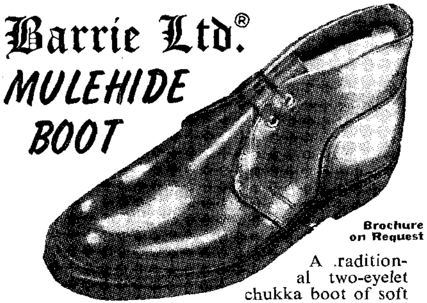

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aptitude for. While the boys are being schooled in vocational and academic skills, trained counsellors concentrate on guiding them away from their old gang habits to more socially acceptable ways of gaining some measure of status. And as they do, they are rewarded with better quarters, more personal freedom, and even a form of earnings. In short, the center constitutes a small society that is designed to give youngsters the chance they ignored or were denied in the big society outside.

"If we know anything, we know that corrections can rehabilitate," Clark said at the dedication of the center. "We know the younger the offender the better his and society's chance. Let us begin with the young." It was a beginning full of promise, for earlier, less elaborate experiments along this line, principally several conducted by the California Youth Authority, had shown that criminal relapses among youngsters could be cut in half. But the beginning also promised to be costly, in view of the expense of the plant itself, its upkeep, and the unusually high ratio of trained staff to inmates. Of course, in the long run the outlay would be infinitesimal compared to the cost of keeping hardened criminals behind bars on and off for most of their lives. Then, too, there was the cost in money and suffering that their crimes would result in if they were repeatedly sent back to society in no better shape than prisoners have been in the past. If the experiment at the Kennedy Center proves successful, the federal government will undoubtedly duplicate it elsewhere. But that will take years, and in the end will affect only a relative handful of the country's criminals. Senator Edward M. Kennedy, who was present at the dedication ceremony, brought up this point when he said of the center, "Its lessons are meant to be learned and applied in every state and community. It succeeds as a model only if it is copied. It fails if it remains unique."

DURING the 1968 Presidential primaries and the Presidential campaign, Nixon, building upon earlier attacks against "the Warren Court" from the extreme right wing, repeatedly charged that the Supreme Court was guilty of "seriously hamstringing the peace forces." The Court has no means of defending itself against such charges, since if it is to be effective it has to stand above all partisanship. Once again Clark felt that someone in a high position had to speak out against

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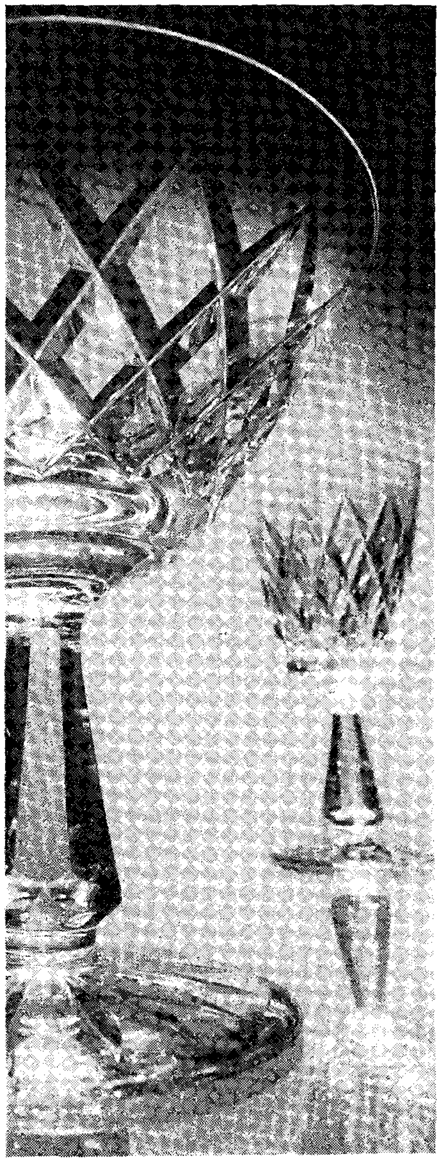

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what he regarded as demagoguery, and once again he chose the occasion presented by the meeting of the Women's National Press Club to do it. "When Mr. Nixon attacks the Supreme Court, he may appeal to the fleeting prejudices of a majority, but he assaults our greatest champion of those who suffer most," Clark said. "He undermines our confidence in our system. He attacks the one branch of government that has moved unfalteringly toward equal justice under law."

Since becoming Deputy Attorney General, Clark had been deeply involved in a campaign to help all courts move closer toward the ideal of equal justice. One result was the opportunity for state and local governments to upgrade their courts through grants provided by the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration. Another was a radical improvement in the operations of the District of Columbia Court of General Sessions, which handles almost all felony arraignments and all misdemeanor cases in the District. Unlike most federal courts, which display little of the frantic hubbub common to state and local criminal courts, General Sessions, which is under federal jurisdiction, was as depressing a place as the worst big-city criminal court in the land. Although it was directed by judges appointed by the President and served by United States Attorneys as prosecutors, its docket was so crowded that delays of a year or more were not uncommon, and the building itself had been so neglected that it struck nearly anyone who entered it with the chill of despair. Because of the rather grubby nature of its work, the court had long been a stepchild in the federal family. Finally, the Johnson Administration, prompted by the Department of Justice, instituted sweeping reforms, including the addition of more judges, more United States and Assistant United States Attorneys, more court aides, more probation officers, and a complete refurbishing of the building itself.

The improvements had a striking effect, not just on the defendants who passed through the court but on the states that used the new approach as a model. Their greatest need was for reducing court delays, for, as all law-enforcement experts agree, whatever deterrent effect punishment may have is utterly lost if a long time passes between the commission of a crime and the punishment for it. Clark hoped that another effect of the change would be to demonstrate to policemen, prosecutors, judges, and corrections officers

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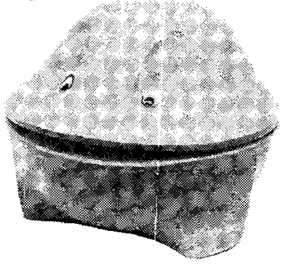

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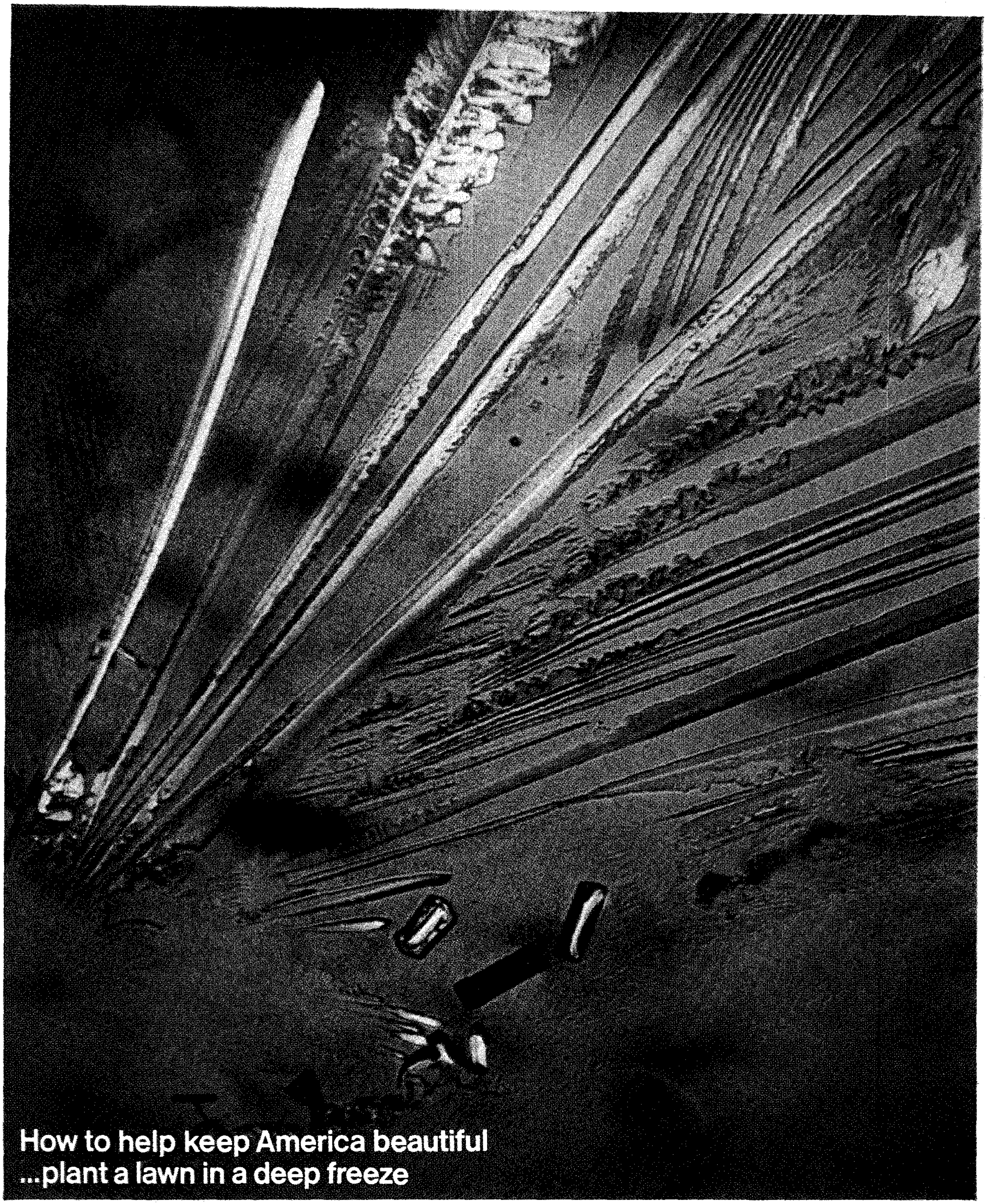
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how dependent on each other they were. "If the police effectively apprehend persons charged with crime but prosecution is lax, little good is done," he told a meeting of the Criminal Law Section of the American Bar Association. "If prosecution is firm and effective but courts cause long delays, little good is done. If police, prosecutors, and courts are all models of efficiency but correctional efforts fail to rehabilitate, the treadmill has only speeded up." In private, Clark has expressed regret that the two groups most strongly opposed to modern rehabilitation methods are the two groups that stand to benefit most from them in the long run—policemen and prosecutors. Although shortsighted, their opposition is not difficult to understand. "If a policeman risks his life to arrest somebody and then the guy is let off on probation or after serving a brief sentence, the cop is bound to get sore at whoever let him out," Clark explained. "And the same applies to prosecutors, who sometimes have to try the same defendant over and over." (According to another high official in the Department of Justice, the law-enforcement official who has been the most determined opponent of probation or parole, at least for certain defendants, is J. Edgar Hoover. "Anyone who was sent to prison for doing something against the F.B.I. or who was personally arrested by Hoover himself, which used to happen quite often, has no chance of getting out before he's served his full sentence," this man said. "It doesn't matter if he's the most model prisoner that was ever in the place. Hoover puts pressure on parole boards in these cases, and they always go along with him. Of course, that means the reform of criminals is set back, because if the inmate himself sees that exemplary behavior gets him nowhere, other inmates see it, too.")

As Attorney General, Clark worked to transform the Department's age-old approach of "the flinty-eyed prosecutor" into one that more closely resembled what he called a ministry of justice, in which the objective would be not the stern application of the law to some but the fair application of it to all. And in such a ministry, he held, fairness would mean fairness to defendants across the board, on the part of policemen, prosecutors, judges, and prison officials. Throughout the history of the United States, the rights guaranteed by the Constitution have been unalienable only to those who were wealthy or astute enough to hire counsel to assert them. The rest—the great majority of criminal defend-

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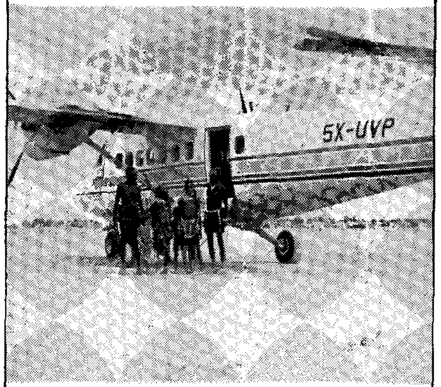

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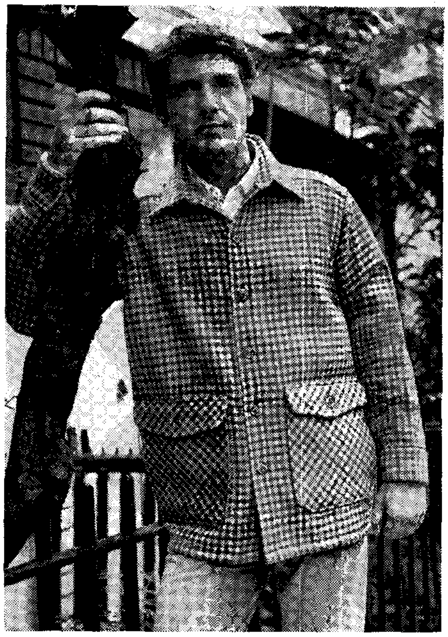
ants—have been mostly the poor, the ignorant, the unwary. In a sickening number of cases—five thousand lynchings of Negroes in the half century preceding the Second World War, for example—"justice" has been the summary will of the mob. And in a far greater number of cases those who had no rights because they didn't know they were supposed to have them were summarily dispatched to jail or prison without a chance to defend themselves, let alone a chance to have someone else defend them.

In a series of decisions beginning in the late nineteen-fifties—the Mallory, Escobedo, Gideon, Wade, and Miranda decisions particularly—the Supreme Court laid down new rules to compel police, prosecutors, and lower courts to give poor and ignorant defendants the same protection against violations of their Constitutional rights that well-to-do defendants with enough sense to hire lawyers had possessed all along. Efforts to implement the Court's decisions within the Department of Justice were not pressed with any vigor until Robert Kennedy took office, in 1961. His interest in the subject seems to have grown out of another interest—poverty, especially as it affected crime. Law-enforcement officials had long been aware that most crime was committed by the poor upon the poor, but as the crime rate began to rise precipitously during the fifties, the middle and upper classes began to be increasingly affected by and afraid of it. That meant, of course, that it was on the way to becoming a political issue. To find out what effect poverty had on crime, Attorney General Kennedy set up a Committee on Poverty and the Administration of Federal Criminal Justice, which came to be known as the Allen Committee, after its chairman, Francis A. Allen, a professor of law at the University of Chicago. Early in 1963, the committee submitted its report, which demonstrated that the effects of poverty on crime were far greater than anyone had suspected, and which recommended, among other things, that the government revise its bail system, since it effectively violated the Constitution by keeping people in jail for long periods before trial if they were too poor to post bond; that paid counsel be provided for the needy in all criminal cases; and that an Office of Criminal Justice be established within the Department of Justice to see that all actions of the federal government in criminal matters were conducted fairly.



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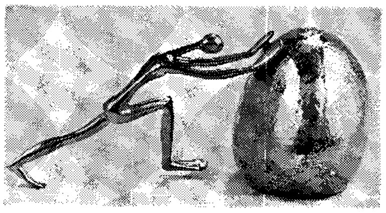

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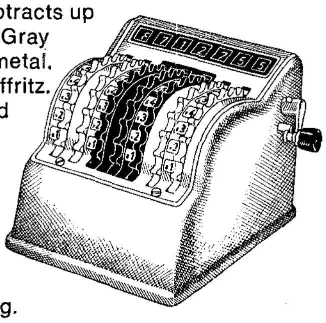

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On March 8, 1963, President Kennedy sent Congress a bill incorporating the Allen Committee's recommendation that paid counsel be provided for needy defendants in federal criminal proceedings—fortuitous timing, it turned out, because ten days later the Supreme Court handed down its decision in Gideon v. Wainwright, which stipulated that all criminal defendants in state courts had to be given the help of counsel if they asked for it and were unable to pay the price. These events prompted Congress to pass the Criminal Justice Act of 1964, which accomplished a large part of what the Allen Committee had recommended. Robert Kennedy's final act as Attorney General was to announce—on August 10, 1964, in a speech before the Criminal Law Section of the American Bar Association—the formation of an Office of Criminal Justice under the Deputy Attorney General. "We intend that this office will deal with the whole spectrum of the criminal process, from arrest to rehabilitation," he said. "We intend that it will deal with social problems that affect the criminal process, such as narcotics, or juvenile delinquency, or the right of privacy. We want it to be a voice inside the Department and a forum outside the Department. Perhaps above all, it is our hope that this Office of Criminal Justice will be only the first step in dealing with what I believe is one of the most aggravating problems of criminal law: the wide—and widening—gulf between law-enforcement officials on the one side and other legal figures concerned with protecting the rights of the individual on the other."

When Katzenbach took over as Attorney General, Clark became his deputy, and when the time came to present the budget request for the new office before Congressman Rooney, Clark was chosen to make the case for it. "Rooney thought it was a lot of foolishness," Clark said later. "We asked for a hundred thousand dollars, but were lucky to get fifty-five thousand." Because Rooney continued to think that the approach was foolishness, the Office of Criminal Justice has never had enough money or staff to do the job it was set up for. Even so, the office's accomplishments have been out of all proportion to its size. One of its first assignments was to prepare a syllabus of subjects it might look into. This was later used by the President's Commission on Law Enforcement and Administration of Justice, more commonly known as the Crime Commission. By the time the commission was

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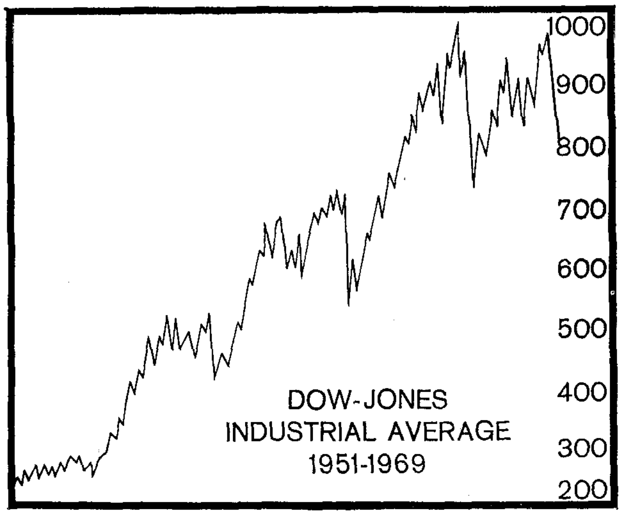

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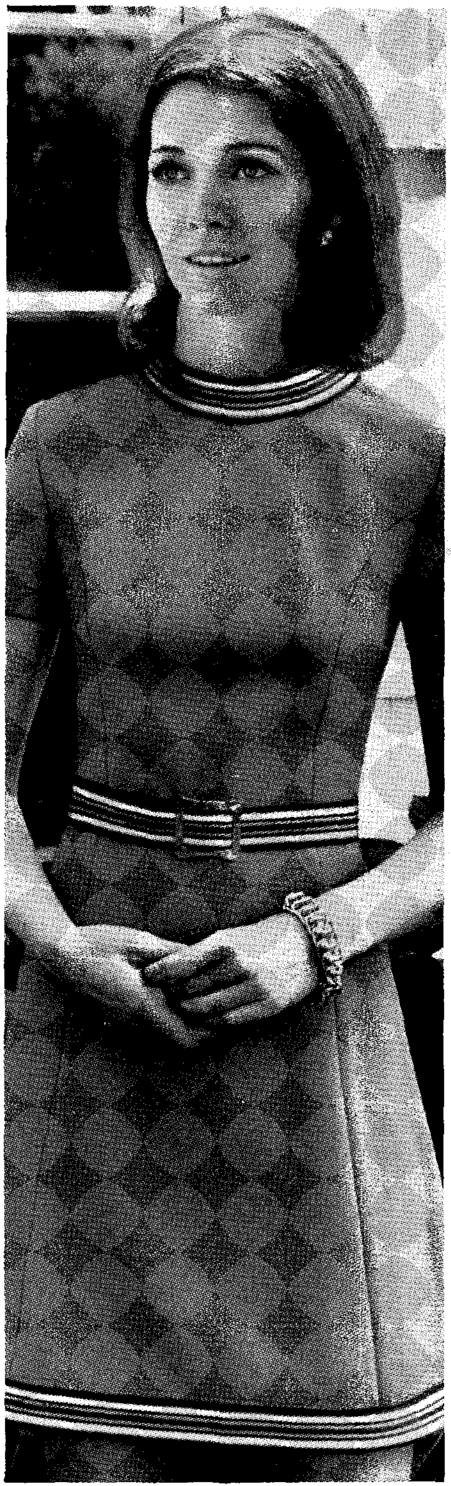

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announced, on July 26, 1965, the Office of Criminal Justice had prepared an extensive agenda. The pertinence of this document prompted the commission to choose as its director the head of the office that had compiled it, James Vorenberg, who had formerly been a professor at the Harvard Law School. In setting out to study the nation's system of criminal justice, almost the first thing the commission discovered was that there was no system. "They found that there was such a widespread and deep fragmentation of authority among the various agencies responsible for the administration of justice that no systemic approach was possible," Daniel J. Freed, who was director of the Office of Criminal Justice under Attorney General Clark, said shortly before leaving that post. "For instance, a judge looks at the administration of justice one way. A corrections officer looks at it in a different way. And a policeman looks at it in a still different way. There is no authority—except, perhaps, the implicit moral authority of the Attorney General and the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court—to give them a cohesive overview. That's what we try to do. Although we have no operational authority whatever, our job is to find ways of bringing about coördination in the federal system and in the District of Columbia by helping the agencies that have such power to use it effectively."

Among the most successful projects worked on by the Office of Criminal Justice were the Law Enforcement Assistance Act of 1965, a seven-million-dollar pilot project that led to the creation of the three-hundred-million-dollar-a-year Law Enforcement Assistance Administration in 1968; the so-called "fair-trial, free-press guidelines," which amount to ground rules that allow the press to give the public a fair idea of what is happening to defendants in criminal actions but also protect such defendants against prejudice resulting from undue publicity; the expansion and modernization of the District of Columbia Court of General Sessions; and the Bail Reform Act of 1966, which codified a number of important reforms in the method of trading money for freedom. In arguing that justice under law must at last be made equal in practice as well as in theory, Clark once cited the French cleric Félicité de Lamennais, who lived through Napoleon's time and the Revolution of 1848 and who observed that every stable government in history had depended on the resignation of the poor to being poor. "The

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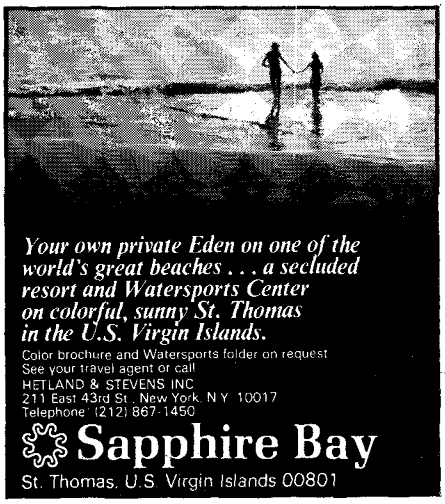

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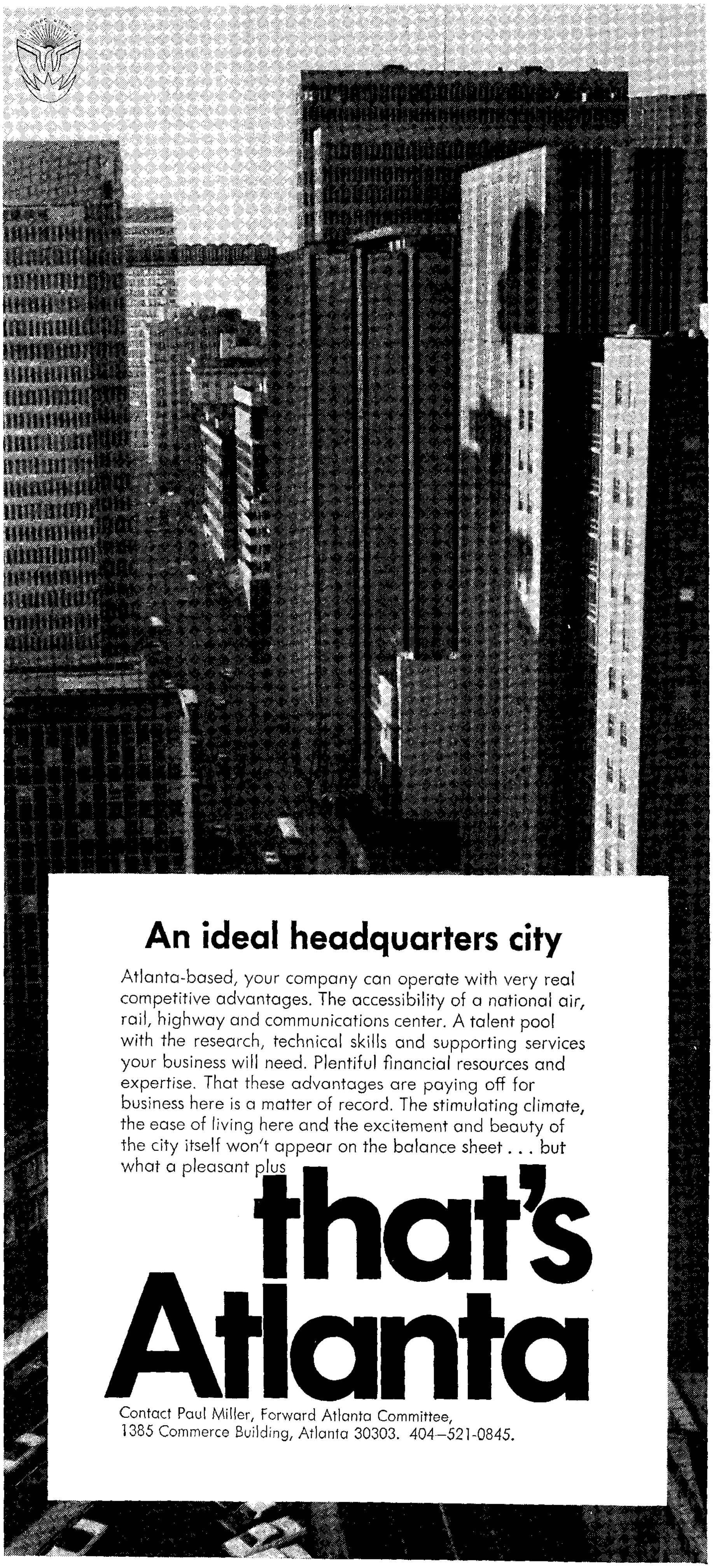
poor in this country are no longer willing to accept poverty," Clark added. "Nor are they willing to accept the injustice that has always accompanied it. Events no longer give us a choice about having or not having true criminal justice. Without it, we won't survive."

THE nineteen-sixties have been a decade of protest—against poverty, against the denial of civil and human rights, against military service and the Vietnam war, and against politics-as-usual. Much of the protest has been directed at the federal government and has involved the use and abuse of its property. When this has happened, federal authorities have had to decide what the government's response should be, and these decisions have been up to the Attorney General. One of the most difficult of the decisions was whether a permit should be given for the participants in the Poor People's Campaign to enter Washington in May, 1968, and take up residence there in Resurrection City. President Johnson, mindful of the scandal that followed General Douglas MacArthur's violent routing of the Bonus Marchers from their tents and shacks on Anacostia Flats in 1932, and perhaps fearful that federal troops would have to be called in again to disperse the poor—this time the black poor—preferred to have the affair prohibited altogether. However, Clark was convinced that the protest not only was valid but was guaranteed by the Constitutional rights of assembly and free speech. He was also convinced that if the protesters were not given a legal and orderly means of expressing their grievances they would resort to illegal and disorderly means, which would bring on what the President feared most. Accordingly, the Attorney General and other Department of Justice officials met time and again with the leaders of the march to work out arrangements that would be satisfactory to both sides. After several weeks of negotiations (including the weeks during which the marchers slowly made their way from Alabama to the capital), agreement was finally reached on a route and time for the arrival, a place for Resurrection City, conditions for its construction and operation, and a fixed period for its occupation. Dr. King had been scheduled to lead the march, which he hoped would generate support for an open-housing law. Before the marchers reached Washington, he was assassinated, riots swept through more than a hundred cities across the country, including a particularly violent one



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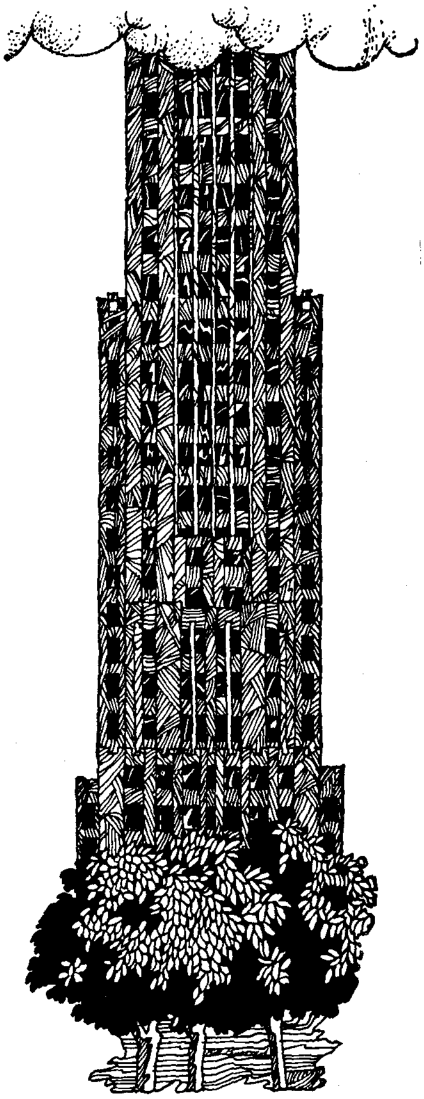

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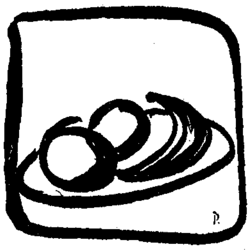
in Washington, and Congress passed the Civil Rights Act of 1968, which included the open-housing provision Dr. King had asked for. Although the pressing specific reason for the march had been removed, Dr. King's successor as head of the campaign, Dr. Ralph Abernathy, apparently felt that it was too late to call it off, and proceeded as planned. By the time the marchers reached the capital, the temper of its residents, both black and white, was near the breaking point, and it took daily and sometimes hourly negotiations between the Department of Justice and the leaders of the march to keep the situation under control. "Dr. King's means, as always, had been purely non-violent, but after his death some really violent-tempered militants moved into the march and into Resurrection City," one of Clark's aides said afterward. "It was clear that they hoped to provoke a confrontation that would create a violent, and preferably televised, response by federal authorities. All the elements of disaster were present, but Ramsey averted it by patiently talking with Abernathy, who didn't want violence any more than he did, and finding ways to meet those parts of the militants' demands which were legitimate. That way, he slowly siphoned off the rage, and kept the peace." Nevertheless, Clark was widely criticized from both sides—by Negroes because he had been too firm and by whites because he had been too soft.

Much the same reaction attended his conduct in enforcing the Selective Service laws. If circumstances permitted, Clark kept cases that seemed to constitute violations of the law within the Selective Service machinery as long as he could, chiefly because he felt that many of those who refused to register for the draft or who burned their cards and resisted induction were sincere young people who could be better dealt with through bureaucratic channels—at least at the beginning, when there was still time to persuade them to change their course—than through arrest, trial, and imprisonment. At the same time, he did not hesitate to resort to the latter means when the former failed. Although he was as vigorous in this respect as any other Attorney General, and prosecuted over fifteen hundred draft cases in federal courts during 1968 alone, once again he was persistently attacked by people on the right for doing nothing. And he was attacked with equal vehemence by people on the left when he did something—most of all when he prosecuted Dr. Benjamin Spock and four others for allegedly "counselling, aiding, and abetting" young men to evade the draft. "We got a terrific amount of flak after that indictment," Vinson, who, as head of the Criminal Division, was responsible for prosecuting the case, said afterward. "The question facing us was: Do we go after speech or do we go after conduct? There was far more pressure on us to haul into court some of the hairy, foulmouthed kids who so aroused the public during the march on the Pentagon than there was to prosecute someone like Dr. Spock, who had proceeded on his course with great dignity. But Ramsey knew that the legal problem was conduct, not speech. And since Dr. Spock had violated the law in our view by his conduct—intentionally, as he made very clear—the only proper course was to prosecute him. A political-minded Attorney General, on the other hand, might well have left him alone and dragged the offensive kind of draft protester into court. That's one way government repression could start." Many who support Clark on other grounds still attack him for the way he chose to prosecute the five men—on conspiracy charges rather than on charges that they had committed specific acts in violation of specific laws. For his own part, Clark said recently, "I have always had grave doubts about conspiracy charges in a legal sense, and I have doubts about the Spock case. But, at the time, the essence of all the events leading up to the march on the Pentagon indicated a common course of action in which these individuals were primary participants. One could believe that Spock was morally right—as I may have, in fact—and still believe that the laws had to be enforced. As the nation's chief law-enforcement officer, I had the duty to prosecute Spock and the others when, in my judgment, the facts showed a violation of the law. If you don't enforce the law, it becomes shapeless." As with all the other cases that Clark filed as Attorney General, he did not discuss this one beforehand with the President.



Another way government repression could start, Clark believed, was by forbidding the exercise of legitimate dissent on the ground that it might pro-

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duce violence. Once again, when the march on the Pentagon was announced in October, 1967, the President was opposed, and so, it appeared, were most members of Congress and a large majority of the public. But once again Clark was convinced that the project was entirely Constitutional and that it would be better to find some legal way for it to occur peacefully than to stifle it. "We had endless talks with the leaders of the march beforehand," he recalled later. "We not only found a legal way for them to carry out their aims—including their aim of getting arrested by forcibly trespassing on government property—but we also learned what they were planning every step of the way. That made it possible for us to plan our response calmly and carefully, which is extremely important, since in a crisis one is likely to act too rashly when the unexpected occurs. Rashness can only mean trouble, and in a time like this one, trouble can be the spark that sets off an explosion."

On October 6, 1966, three days after Clark became Acting Attorney General, he testified before a House subcommittee in opposition to a bill providing that anyone who crossed a state line with intent "to incite a riot, or to organize, promote, encourage, or carry on a riot, or to commit any act of violence in furtherance of a riot, or to aid and abet any person in inciting a riot or committing any act of violence in furtherance of a riot . . . shall be fined not more than $10,000 or imprisoned not more than five years, or both." Clark opposed the measure on several grounds. To begin with, he testified, it seemed to be a clear violation of the First Amendment guarantees of the rights of free speech, peaceful assembly, and travel. Second, riot control was a job for local police, since local riots constituted local crimes, and local crimes were the Constitutional responsibility of local authorities. And, third, it would be exceedingly unfortunate if the public was misled into believing that any such law could prevent riots. Above all, though, the part of the bill that most concerned Clark and others who shared his views was the part that defined a riot as "a public disturbance involving acts of violence by assemblages of three or more persons." As he pointed out, this provision made large, peaceful demonstrations virtually impossible, since most of them were organized and participated in by out-of-staters, who would be liable to punishment if three or more people on hand created a disturbance—including such people as local right-wingers, who

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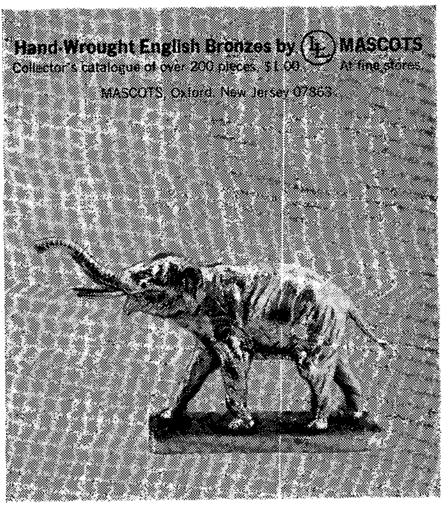

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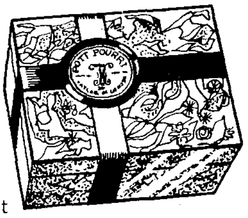

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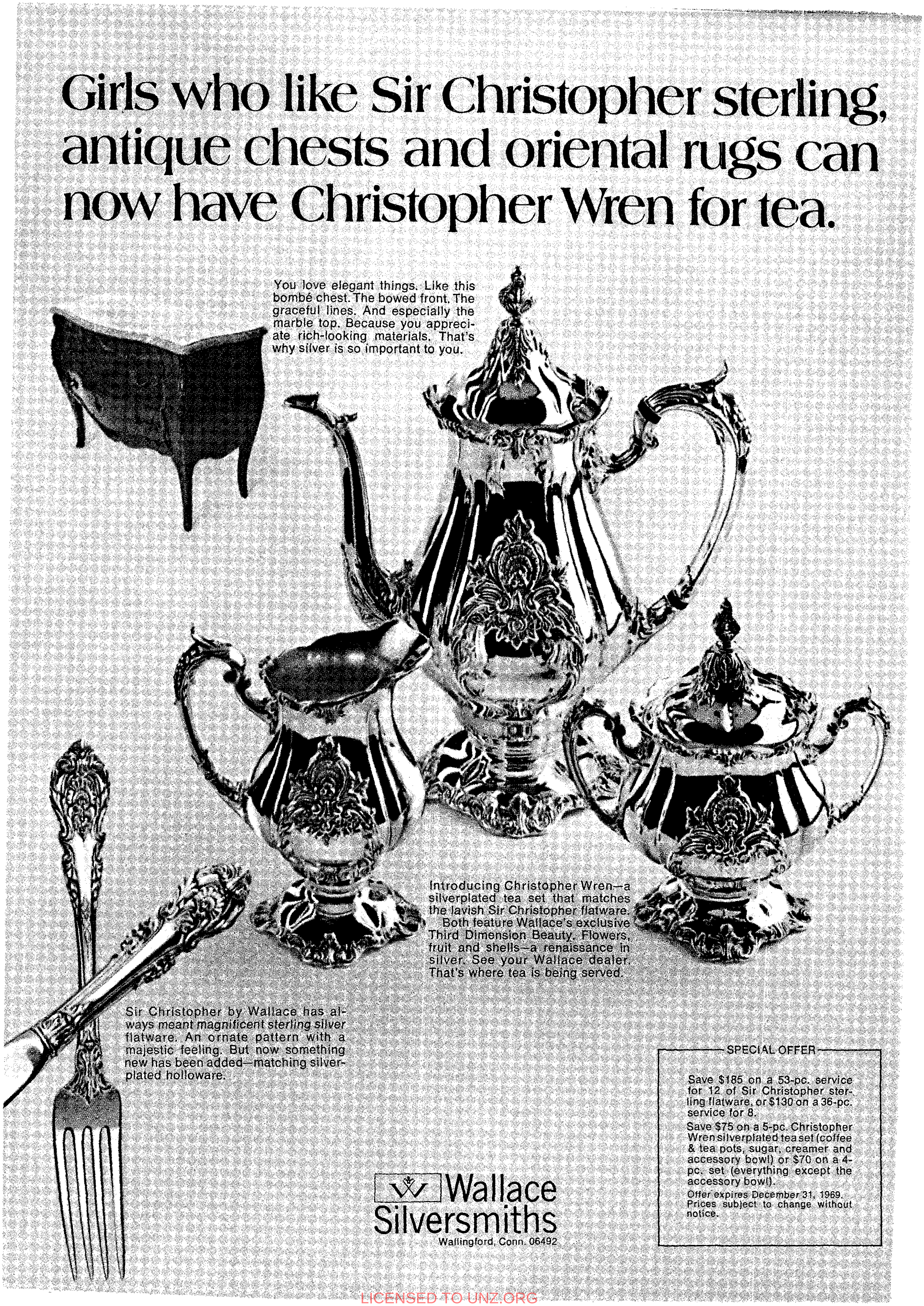

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could attack law-abiding out-of-state demonstrators and thereby make their targets, but not themselves, subject to federal imprisonment and fines, or, for that matter, such people as the police, who could accomplish the same purpose by creating a riot, as they have in the past. In any event, the bill kicked around in Congress for a year and a half, and then, following the riots after Dr. King's death, Congress passed it as a rider to the Civil Rights Act of 1968.

In the course of the week or so that the riots lasted during the spring of 1968, Clark remained on duty around the clock at the Justice Department—either in his office on the fifth floor, in the command center down the hall, or in a small room above his office where there was a cot, a desk, a television set, a telephone, and an Exercycle. Getting by on a couple of hours' sleep a day, he spent most of his time receiving and evaluating reports from around the country. The national authority over civil disorder has traditionally been asserted, with extreme reluctance, only when local authorities concede that they are utterly unable to maintain control, and it was the Attorney General's delicate task to determine when that point had been reached. When the point was reached, it was his responsibility to recommend to the President, who had to approve the decision, that federal troops be moved into the troubled area at once. One of the most severely afflicted cities that spring was Chicago, where a large part of the business section was burned down. Accordingly, Clark was not at all surprised to get a telephone call from Chicago urging that federal troops be dispatched there immediately, but he was very much surprised that the call came not from the mayor or the governor, one or the other of whom was required by law to make the request, but from the United States Attorney for the Northern District of Illinois, Thomas Foran. According to the Attorney General's aides, Clark was the calmest man in the Department throughout the crisis, but this was one time he allowed himself to display impatience. He said that since Foran was in no position to know what was happening elsewhere in the country, he was in no position to make a judgment about whether the President could spare federal troops just then; that such a request had to come from the mayor or the governor; and that before it could be granted, evidence had to be supplied that local forces were inadequate. “What's the matter

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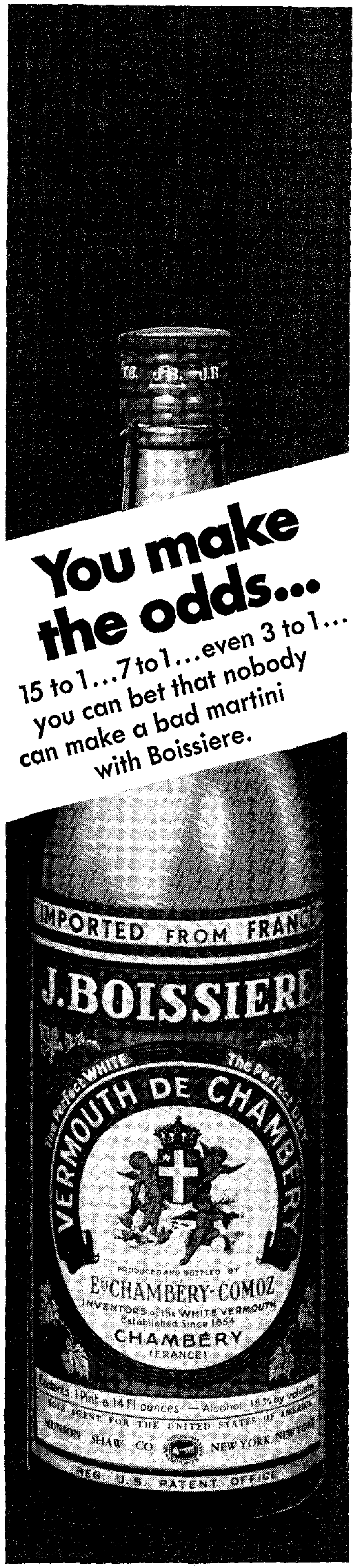
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with the Chicago Police Department?" Clark demanded. Foran offered no answer to that, or to the other points, so the conversation was terminated. Clark was more than impatient when he later learned that Foran had called him from Mayor Richard J. Daley's office, with Daley at his side. Although a United States Attorney is theoretically responsible to the Attorney General, he is in practice more likely to respond to the person who recommended him for his job—usually the most powerful politician from his party in the state. In this case, Mayor Daley was that politician, and he was apparently trying to use a federal officer to provide federal intervention so that he would not have to admit publicly that he was unable to maintain control in his own city. After the riots were over, Clark let Foran know how he felt about what had happened, but, as later events were to demonstrate, Foran's loyalty to Daley was unaffected.

When the anti-war demonstrators threatened to descend on Chicago during the Democratic National Convention that August, Daley again turned *to the federal government for help*—this time directly to the President, to whom he appealed for a strong federal presence in the form of Army troops. The President convened an advisory group consisting of top White House, Pentagon, and other senior officials to consider the matter. All but one of those on hand voted to approve Daley's appeal. The one holdout was the Attorney General, who believed that the response was far too large for the threat, which, he suspected, had been magnified out of all proportion by Daley. Once the President decided to send troops to Chicago, the matter was largely out of Clark's hands. But he sent Deputy Attorney General Christopher to Chicago with the mission of assessing the need for the actual use of the troops and of convincing Daley that the best way to assure a peaceful Convention was by offering the demonstrators a peaceful outlet for dissent. Daley was infuriated by the move. He reluctantly agreed to see Christopher a couple of times during the two weeks he was there, but adamantly refused to so much as talk with the demonstration leaders. Instead, he angrily attacked Christopher, Clark, and the entire Department of Justice for encouraging "outside agitators," who, he declared, were out to ruin the Convention and the city, too.

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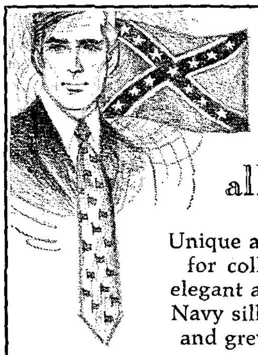

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gan to change their minds. Having observed Daley's grim inflexibility at first hand, and having heard his expressions of determination that there would be no repetition of the spring riots (which Daley attributed to Clark's success in persuading the Chicago police chief not to "shoot to kill arsonists and shoot to maim looters," as Daley wanted), the local crowd of young dissenters circulated a warning through their underground press that out-of-towners should take him seriously. "The cops will riot," came the message from Chicago. "The word has gone down—'Brutality be damned!' " But the New York contingent, which was to supply most of the demonstrators, continued to take the whole matter lightly. A team of reporters from the London *Sunday Times* later reported:

> Nothing daunted, the New York Yippies continued to pile on the politics of the put-on—much of it seemingly calculated to offend Daley's sexual puritanism. The list of Yippie projects, by no means exhaustive, included ten thousand nude bodies floating in protest in Lake Michigan; the mobilization of Yippie "hookers" to seduce delegates and slip LSD into their drinks; a squad of 230 "hyper-potent" hippie males assigned to the task of seducing the wives and daughters of delegates; releasing greased pigs in the Loop area; a mass stall-in of beat-up automobiles on the expressways; the insertion of LSD into the city's water supply; Yippies dressed in black pajamas to dispense handfuls of rice to the citizenry; and the infiltration of the right-wing with crew-cut Yippies who, at an opportune psychological moment, would exclaim, "You know, these Yippies have something to say."

Daley took all this quite seriously, and so, it seems, did representatives of the F.B.I., the Secret Service, and the Chicago Police Department. Daley placed an around-the-clock guard on the city's water supply; he also ordered the city's twelve thousand policemen to go on twelve-hour shifts, and persuaded the governor to send in six thousand National Guardsmen and the President to supply six thousand Regular Army troops, equipped with rifles, flamethrowers, and bazookas. Reliable estimates put the number of demonstrators in Chicago at the beginning of the Convention at no more than two thousand. And when they were later joined by others, from Chicago and nearby areas, it is believed they numbered at the most around ten thousand. Of these, all but two or three hundred were peacefully inclined, and their principal weapons were vituperation and obscenity. Officials in the Department of Justice who had had wide experience in such mat-

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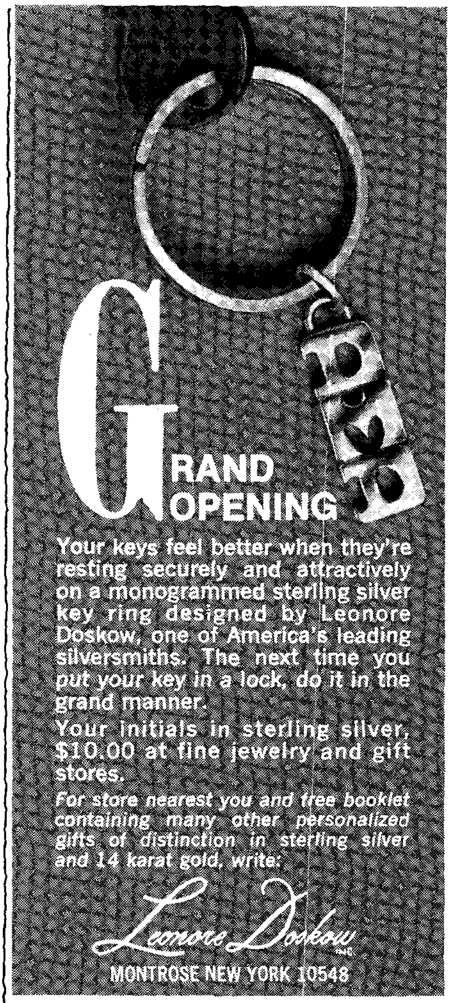
ters were convinced that Chicago could easily have accommodated a hundred thousand demonstrators without serious consequences if arrangements had been handled with circumspection.

Reports brought back from Chicago by a contingent of observers that Clark had sent there to watch events before and during the Convention convinced the same officials that the police had indeed rioted, as was charged in a subsequent report by Daniel Walker, head of a study team for the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence. Of course, Mayor Daley denied all the charges, and polls showed that some two-thirds of the public applauded the behavior of the Chicago police. That finding astonished even some of the most cynical appraisers of the public mind, because it meant that, for the first time in the nation's history, a large majority of its citizens supported the right of the police to beat hundreds of unarmed and unresisting men, women, and children into insensibility. "Dick Daley opened another gate to tyranny in this country," one high official in the Department of Justice said later. "If it is left open by a failure to punish—clearly and thoroughly—those who committed the acts of terror and intimidation, then any mayor or governor in the country can take the law into his own hands and get away with it."

After the Chicago police riot, Attorney General Clark found himself under intense and growing pressure to act. The demands were not that he call the police or the mayor who loosed them to an accounting but that he prosecute the demonstrators under the 1968 anti-riot law. Much of the pressure came from members of Congress who had assured their constituents that the law would prevent riots and were now expected to explain what had gone wrong. Some of the pressure came from Daley, who hoped to absolve himself by persuading the government to condemn others. But most of the pressure came from the President, who in some measure had been driven from office by demonstrators like the ones in Chicago. After Clark's legal staff assured him that no grounds existed for federal prosecution of the demonstrators, he refused all demands for it. Instead, he resorted to a Reconstruction statute, enacted in 1866, that made it a federal offense for any policeman to deprive any citizen of his civil rights by inflicting summary punishment on him without due process of law, and instructed United States Attorney Foran



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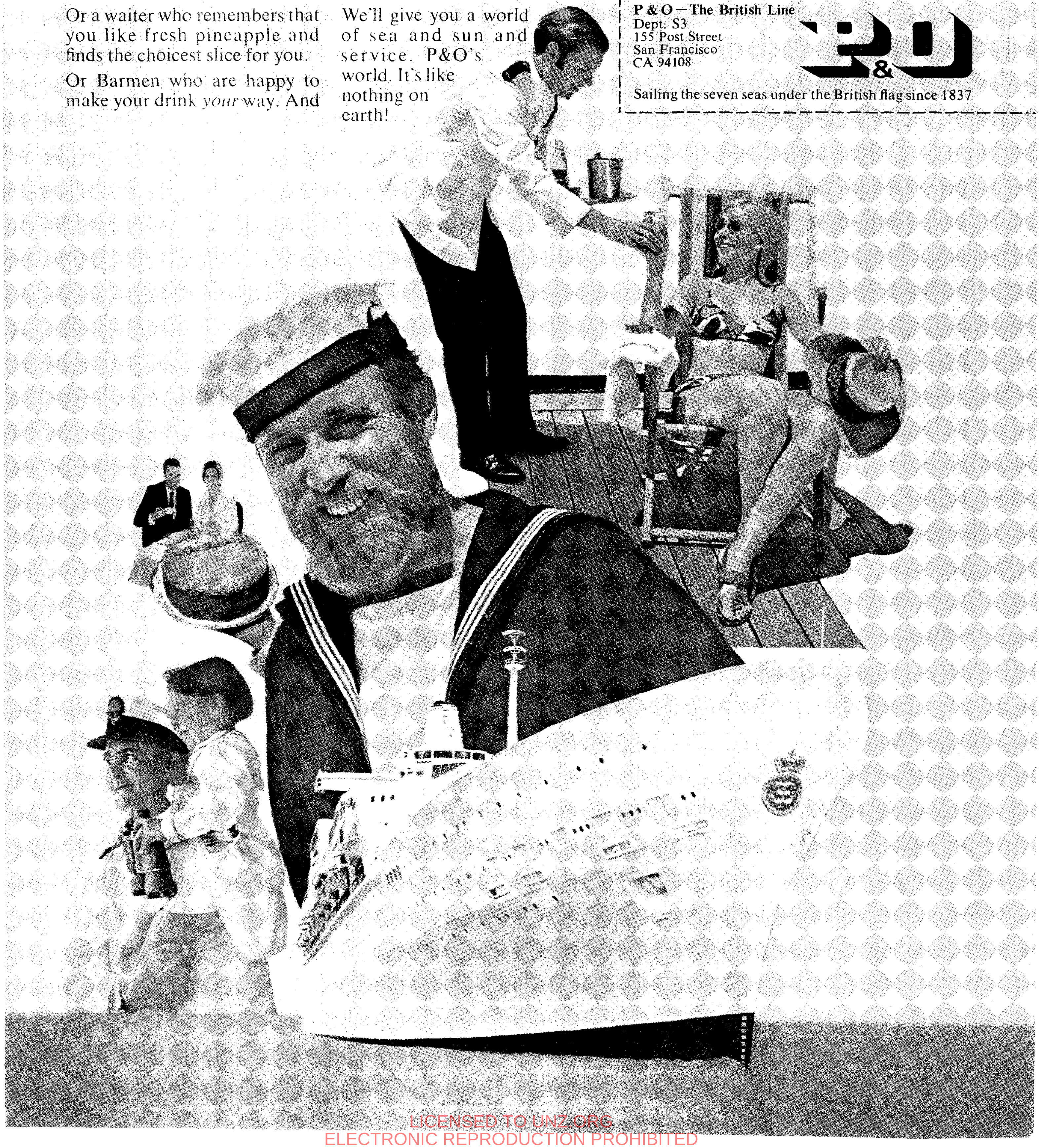

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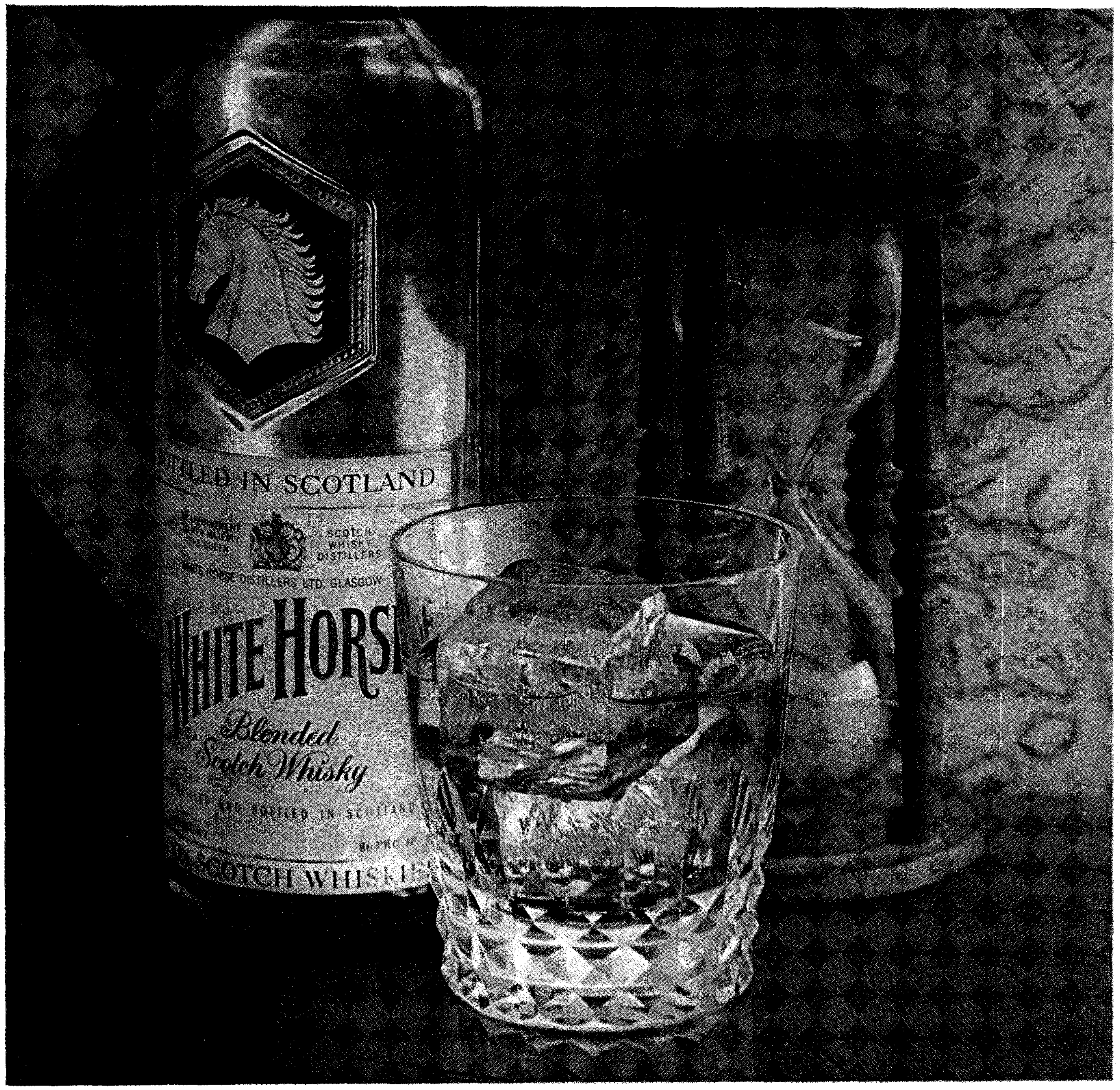

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to initiate proceedings under it against nine policemen—the ones who appeared to have inflicted the most brutal summary punishment. To see that his orders were carried out, Clark sent a couple of Department aides to Chicago to keep an eye on things. Foran duly proceeded as ordered, and submitted the evidence to the Federal District Court for the Northern District of Illinois for consideration by a grand jury. As it happened, the judge who convened the grand jury was the chief judge of the court, William J. Campbell, who is said to be very close to Mayor Daley. Although grand juries, especially federal grand juries, are supposed to be wholly free of outside influence as they deliberate, they are actually quite susceptible to the influence of the presiding judge, if he cares to exert it. According to inside reports, Judge Campbell cared to very much. He ordered that a daily transcript of the jury's proceedings—with nothing left off the record—be prepared and delivered to his chambers each day, and he frequently summoned the jurors before him to deliver instructions on what they should consider and in what light they should consider it. (When the Walker Report was released, Judge Campbell angrily attacked its timing as an attempt to influence *his* grand jury, as he put it, and added that the grand jury might want to investigate the matter for possible contempt-of-court action.)

In the capital, a few liberals in Congress urged Clark to press the case to a conclusion before the election—or, at least, before the inauguration of a new President, who might appoint a new Attorney General with different ideas about justice. Since both the judge and the prosecutor were in a position to guide the grand jury, Clark was largely helpless, and the case was still pending when he left office. Shortly before he did, he was asked if he had changed his mind about not prosecuting the demonstrators. "No," he answered firmly. "And if the new Administration does prosecute them, that will be a clear signal that a crackdown is on the way."

OF all the duties that have been given to the Department of Justice, perhaps the most politically explosive is that of redressing the wrongs that have been the common lot of Negroes in this country, particularly in the South, by protecting and asserting their civil rights. That task is up to the Civil Rights Division, which was established by the Civil Rights Act of 1957. At the outset, the division's

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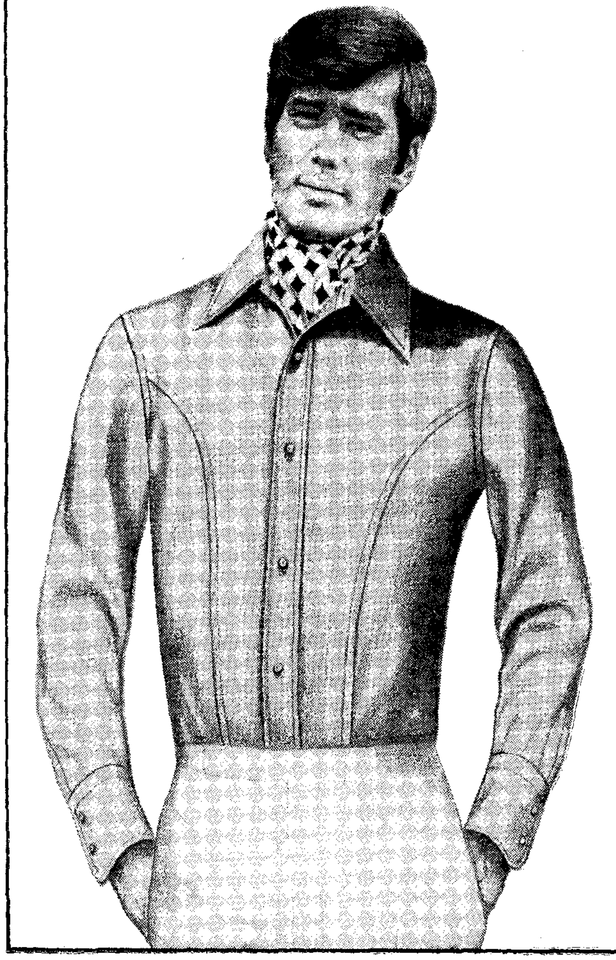

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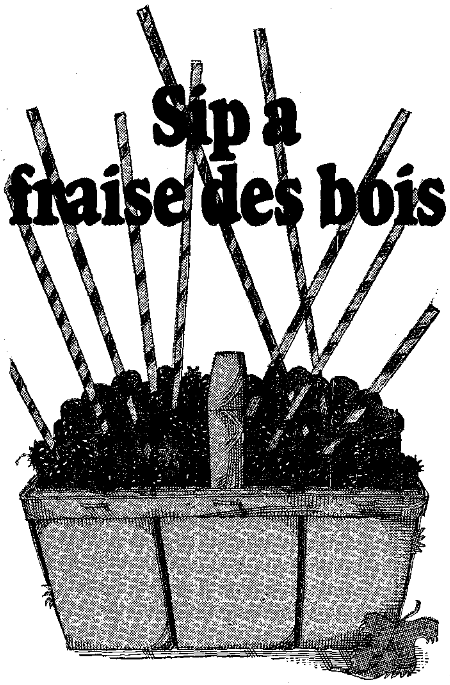
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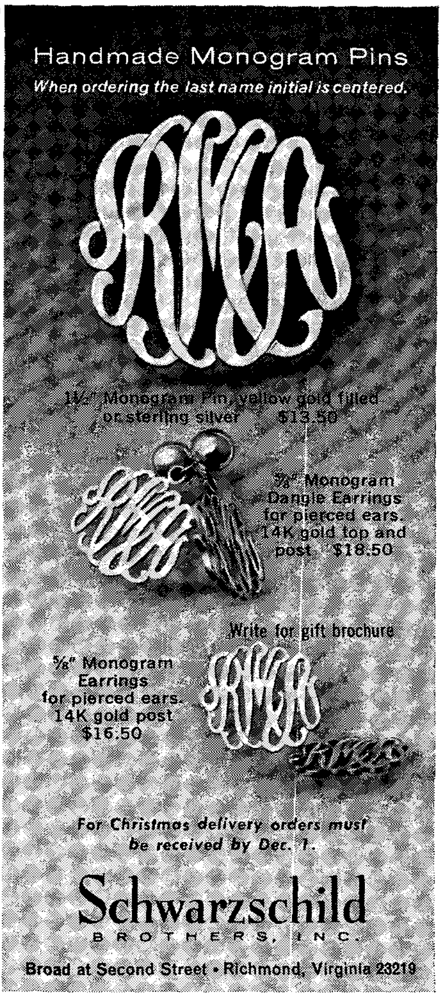
authority was limited to enforcing the little-used Reconstruction statutes already on the books. The Civil Rights Act of 1960 broadened that authority, by making obstruction of school integration a federal crime and by setting up a system of federal referees to settle voter-registration disputes. Then came the Civil Rights Act of 1964, which empowered the Attorney General to initiate suits against discrimination and segregation in public facilities, public schools and colleges, and places of employment; allowed him to intervene in private suits seeking relief from the denial of equal protection of the law because of race, color, religion, or national origin; and provided for the termination of federal funding for any state or local program under which such discrimination was practiced. The federal-referee system set up by the 1960 act for voter-registration disputes proved inadequate, and this led to the Voting Rights Act of 1965, which prohibited the use of literacy tests and other such devices as criteria for registration or voting; it also provided that the Attorney General could appoint federal voting examiners to register voters in counties where existing practices deprived Negroes of a chance to vote, that he could appoint election observers to make sure that voting procedures were conducted fairly, and that he could take civil and criminal actions against any person or any organization that violated the law. Finally, the Jury Selection and Service Act of 1968 prohibited racial discrimination in picking federal juries, and the Civil Rights Act of 1968 prohibited discrimination in most housing in the United States. During Clark's last year in office, the Civil Rights Division was expected to carry out these immense responsibilities with a hundred and six lawyers and a hundred and eleven clerks, working on a budget of two and a half million dollars—or enough manpower and money to do a respectable job in one of the larger states. After Congress passed the open-housing act, Clark asked Congress for enough money to hire fifty-five additional employees to handle the huge work load that was expected to descend on the division when the law went into effect, on January 1, 1969. Congressman Rooney turned him down.

When the century-long denial of civil rights to Negroes results in civil riots, as it has more and more in recent years, it is up to the division to find out whether there were violations of the civil-rights laws during the riots and whether the public, the police, and the courts observed the legal proprieties in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the aftermath, when the urge for revenge was strong. All this is done with the hope that in the long run the success of the division's efforts will help to make desperate outbursts a thing of the past, but the immediate job of heading them off before they start has more and more become the responsibility of a fairly new part of the Department of Justice—the Community Relations Service. This was set up by the Civil Rights Act of 1964 "to provide assistance to communities and persons therein in resolving disputes, disagreements, or difficulties relating to discriminatory practices based on race, color, or national origin . . . whenever, in its judgment, peaceful relations among the citizens of the community are threatened." The kind of "community" in which such assistance is most urgently needed was described by a resident of the Watts section of Los Angeles after the riots there in 1965. "We suffer most of the crime, vice, disease, ignorance, poverty, hopelessness, and misery of the whole city," he said. "Every advantage and opportunity, like all leadership and power, is absentee. Our landlords don't live here. Store managers and clerks and others who work here drive back and forth from their homes. Even politicians and preachers are absentee. They don't live in our part of town. When the sun goes down, there ain't nobody here but us and the police."

Although the conservative forces in this country created and maintained conditions in places like Watts, the liberal forces, by promising too much and delivering too little, altered those conditions just enough to make revolt against them inevitable. It has long been standard liberal dogma to argue that the only way to control crime, including the crime of rioting, is to change the circumstances of poverty, ignorance, and lack of opportunity that produce it. But people who are involved most directly argue that while this has to be the long-range goal of the nation, the problem of crime, particularly the crime of rioting, can't wait. Clark has often made this point, and on one occasion when he did, in a speech to the Women's Forum on National Security, early in 1968, he went on to describe briefly what life for a youngster in a slum was like. "In a nation where only three and a half per cent are unemployed . . . one-fourth of the Negro boys and one-third of the Negro girls cannot find jobs, and for many who do there is low pay and little chance to advance," he said. "The

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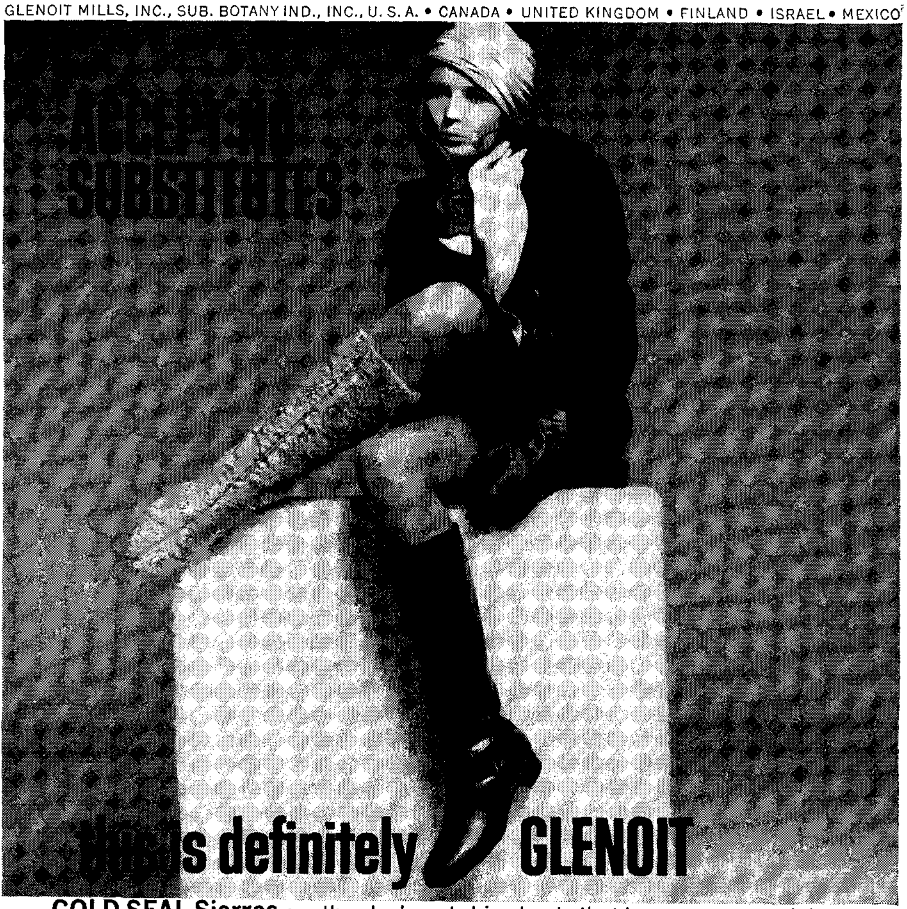

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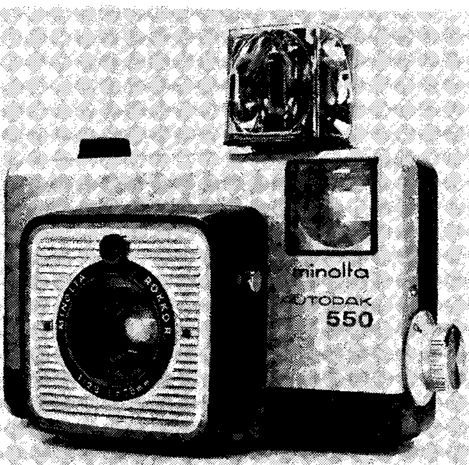

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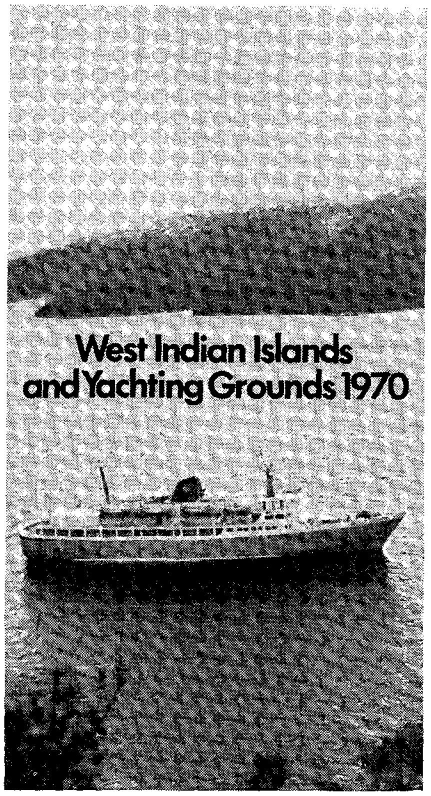

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poor, young Negro lives in physical and psychological loneliness. He is cut off from his chance. Fulfillment, the flower of freedom, is denied him. A small disadvantaged and segregated minority in a mighty and prosperous nation, he is frustrated and angry." Since that frustration and anger, multiplied several million times, was threatening to burst out at any moment, Clark said, he was convinced, especially by what he had learned from the experience of the Community Relations Service, that the only way to stop this from happening was by immediate action that produced immediate results.

Almost the first thing that the staff of the C.R.S. learned was that practically no one outside the country's slums had any idea of what went on inside them. Nor, they found, had anyone even begun to devise realistic ways of dealing with the barbed tangle of problems that beset them. Roger W. Wilkins, a young Negro lawyer who had been with the service since its inception and was its director for three years, recently described how, after a flurry of riots in 1964, he and his staff had gone into various black slums around the country. "We talked to mayors and found that generally they just didn't know anybody in the slums except the ceremonial leaders—the black ministers, black businessmen, black politicians. White leaders had almost no contact at all with the *real* leaders, the indigenous militant leaders. We found that these men who were totally unknown to the white powers were a considerable power in their own right. It was clear to us that if anyone could get things done, they were the men. So we tried to bridge the gap between white mayors and these black leaders, and to find the real issues, the real problems, the real friction, and then look for real solutions." At the start, the C.R.S. concentrated on small towns in the South where the issues seemed manageable, and it also concentrated as much on the white side of the tracks as on the black side. But when Wilkins took over, in late 1965, he shifted the focus to large cities, in both the South and the North, where the most explosive problems were, and he also gave the program a strong black emphasis. "I built up a cadre of black men, whom I hired away from various poverty programs, social agencies, police departments, and the Civil Rights Division," he explained. "They're the heart of this organization. These guys are tough—really tough. They're not easy to handle, and, believe me, they're nobody to tangle with. Anyway, they

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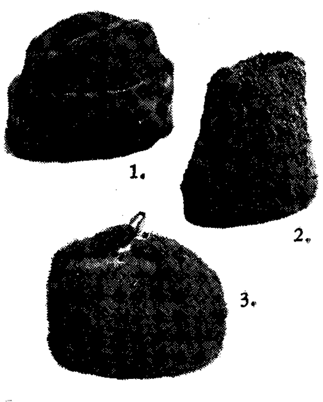

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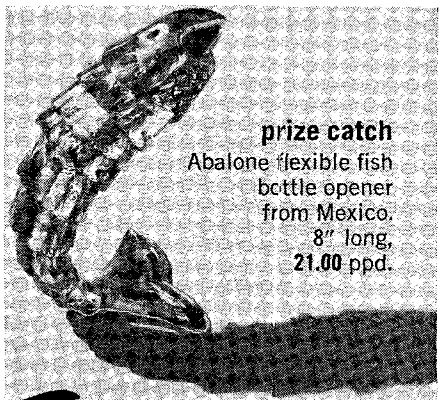

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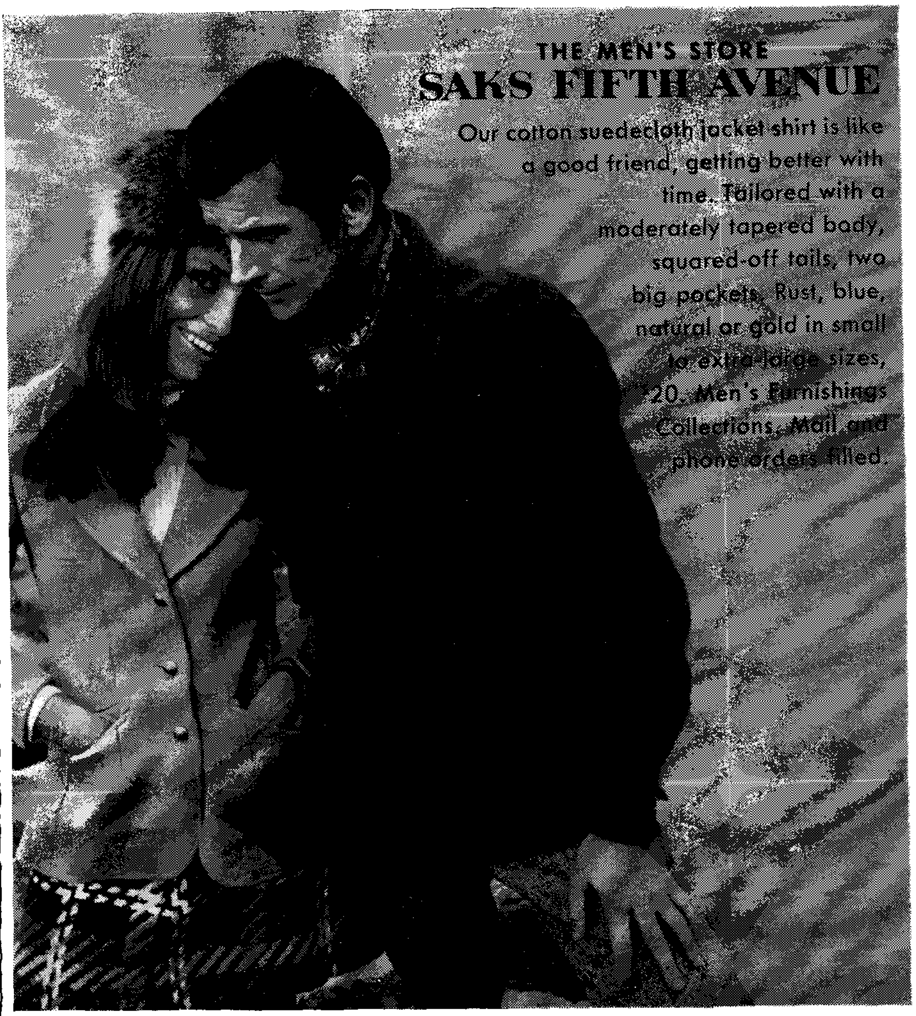
go into the slums and get to know the people who count. It doesn't take long to find out what's going on once you're sensitized to this sort of thing. When they've learned what the main problems are, they try to lay down lines of communication between the real slum leaders and the white power structure. If necessary, the man in the field can call on us for any additional help, such as turning on aid for a specific program from one of the federal agencies, if that's in order. But the important thing is not for the man in the field or the people here to solve the problems. His job, and our job, is to help the people in the black community find a way to solve them on their own."

The C.R.S. operated in about a hundred and twenty-five cities during 1968, and Wilkins spoke of one Midwestern city (anonymous because of a "confidentiality clause" in the law that set up the C.R.S.) as offering a particularly good example of the sort of work that was done. The C.R.S. representative who was sent to the city found that it was almost hopelessly divided. The slum section was split up into groups, following various leaders who had various, and often conflicting, aims. And the mayor and other white leaders persisted in dealing with ceremonial black leaders, and refused even to talk with the black militants who ran things. The C.R.S. man first met with the mayor and finally persuaded him to get together with the militants to see if anything at all could be agreed upon, and then he met with the militants and persuaded them to join together in a single group to pursue the aims they had in common. After that, he looked into the operations of a contract-compliance committee, which had been set up by the city to assure equal-employment opportunities in all city work contracts; he found that it functioned primarily to continue segregation and the lack of opportunity. Through the mayor, who was beginning to realize that if he didn't take action soon he would end up with a rebellion on his hands, the C.R.S. operator managed to reorganize the committee to make it serve the purpose it had been set up for; then it was expanded to undertake a program of recruiting workers from slum schools, with the participation of militant leaders as well as traditional civil-rights groups, and of urging private employers, with or without city contracts, to hire more Negroes. Next, he turned to a citywide committee made up of businessmen, industrialists, and civil-rights workers who had been getting together only when a crisis was



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at hand, and persuaded them to hire a full-time professional director and to set up offices in the slum to conduct job interviews in. (That effort proved so successful that the committee became a continuing operation and soon branched out to see what it could do to improve slum education, housing, and relations with the police.) During most of the C.R.S. man's stay in the city, the atmosphere was comparatively calm, until the arrest of a black man by a white policeman under disputed circumstances set off a week-long riot. Ordinarily, the Community Relations Service feels that it cannot accomplish much in riot situations, since most people are too carried away to listen to pleas for constructive action. In this case, however, the C.R.S. representative had established enough contacts and created enough confidence in himself on all sides that he was finally able to get the militants and the city leaders together. He convinced the former that they had to include moderate Negroes in any group of spokesmen if they wanted city officials to take it seriously, and before long a coalition of militant and moderate adults, along with a sprinkling of teen-agers, was formed. He also convinced them that they had to present their grievances specifically and clearly. In the end, the coalition drew up a twelve-point outline of what they wanted, and when it was given to the mayor and the city council eight of the points were accepted immediately and most of the others were approved shortly afterward. That was enough to calm tempers, and the riot subsided. "The coalition now has a broad enough base to be truly representative, and it has had enough success to prove that it's needed," Wilkins said not long ago. "The feeling today is that this city has made a start toward working out its problems peacefully."

As Wilkins sees it, successes of this nature are vital if constant outbreaks of violence, and perhaps even a civil war, are to be averted. "It could come—far more quickly and easily than most people realize," he said. "The racial problem today can be described in two words—'white fear.' If that fear becomes much stronger, the only possible outcome is white repression of blacks on a broad scale. To show how it could start, and end, take what might happen if another civil-rights leader like Dr. King were assassinated. Say that afterward twenty black militants got together and decided to take revenge. Say that they divided up into groups of four in five different cities, and that each of them vowed to kill

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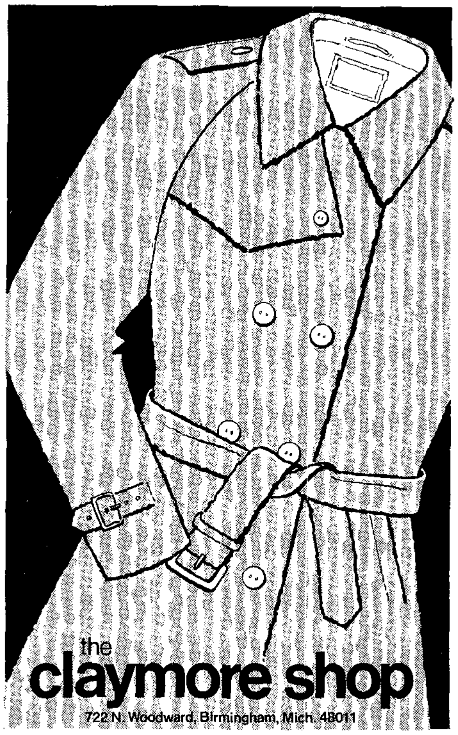

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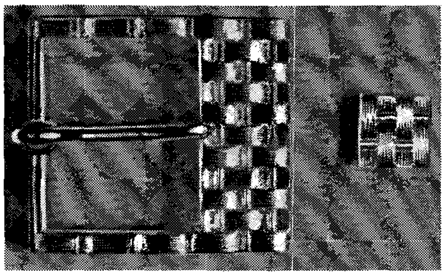

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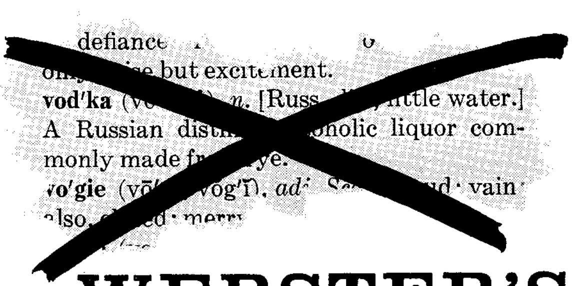
one policeman at the same hour on a given night. Say that ten of them succeeded, five of them wounded their targets, and five of them missed. The conspiracy would be announced the next morning on the 'Today' show. By the time Walter Cronkite came on that evening, this would be a different country."

In evaluating such a development while he was still the Attorney General, Clark said he believed that the country the United States would then most resemble was the Republic of South Africa. What was ultimately needed to avoid that outcome, he also believed, was time and the determination to use it to make visible improvements on every block in every slum in the country. "Whether we have the time needed will depend more on the policeman than on anyone else," he told the Women's Forum a couple of weeks after state troopers fired into a group of students at South Carolina State College. "This is why he is the most important American in 1968. He works in a highly flammable environment. A spark can cause an explosion. . . . If he overacts, he can cause a riot. If he underacts, he can permit a riot. He is a man on a tightrope. . . . Police-community relations is the most important law-enforcement problem of today and the years ahead. Every officer must be a community-relations expert. He must serve the public, and the public must respect, support, and compensate him for the vital role he plays. Open communications with the entire community must be developed. He must reach the unreachables. He must know the man whose name nobody knows. . . . In the final analysis, police-community relations measures the difference between an authoritarian government executing its will by force and fear and a free society protecting the lives, the property, and the liberty of its citizens through public service."

It seemed like a hopelessly tall order, but Clark and those who worked with him were convinced that it could and had to be filled. In various speeches, Clark often observed that the worst kind of lawlessness was police lawlessness, because it left no one to enforce the laws. According to Deputy Attorney General Christopher, Clark's attempts to remold police departments and police thinking, thereby making them capable of handling civil disorder and keeping federal forces out of it, was possibly the most important program he undertook while in office. "The question always is whether you move in with force or get rid of the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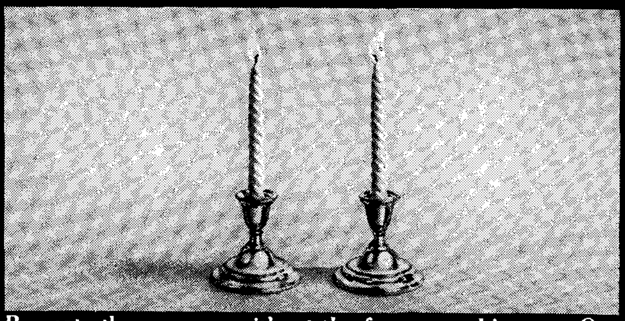

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grounds for the disorder," Christopher said. "Whenever Ramsey saw a boiling kettle, he didn't turn up the gas under it by sending in federal troops but instead he tried to let off steam in various ways. Usually, he sent in some men to look things over—maybe me, maybe Wilkins, maybe both of us. For instance, I've been on the scene of just about every major riot since Watts. We've found that there's a quiet way to settle things more often than one might imagine. We ordered the integration of a beer parlor near a Negro campus down South and stopped trouble that was on its way to being explosive." When disorder couldn't be averted and local police seemed in danger of being overwhelmed, he went on, there was invariably a clamor for use of the greatest possible force—federal force in the form of Army troops. "The pressure for this has been unbelievable," Christopher said. "It has been so strong and so unrelenting that the President and the Attorney General have had to resist it as a pure act of will. They knew that if they gave in, our Constitutional system would soon end."

Clark was asked privately, while he was still Attorney General, about this situation, and he said, "Actually, the police have by far the best opportunity to stop riots before they get out of hand, because the police are on the scene and can move at once. The Army, by contrast, always insists on not doing anything until it is attacked. It insists on having overwhelming force before responding to an attack. And it insists on reconnoitring the field thoroughly to determine what its response should be. These factors mean that it would always be too late, because usually being half an hour late in a riot is being too late. And if it was too late, it would undoubtedly act with maximum force to make up for it. In the end, there would only be more bloodshed." Despite these drawbacks, he continued, most of "the dynamics of the time" called for federal intervention during riots. "Local police chiefs want the Army because their men hate and fear riot duty," he explained. "Mayors want the Army because it relieves them of direct responsibility. Governors want the Army because it takes the political responsibility out of their hands. Negroes want the Army because soldiers are far less antagonistic and far less likely to be itchy-fingered than Guardsmen or local police. And the Army wants the Army because it gives them something to do. Right now, they're over there in the

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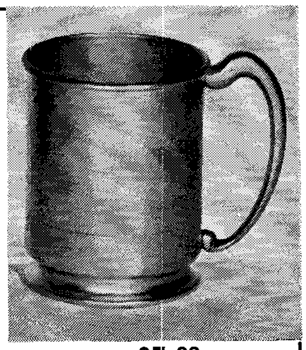

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Pentagon, in a special division they recently set up with an appropriation of twelve million dollars, playing at training troops for riot duty. What we could do with that money in the Community Relations Service!"

Of the pressure on President Johnson to use federal troops in local disorders, Clark said, "It has been incredibly strong, not just on the part of the groups I've mentioned but on the part of his advisers. Very few people, especially those closest to him, oppose the pre-positioning of troops in and around our cities. They say it's the only solution. But I'm dead set against it, and so is President Johnson. What we must do instead is expand, train, and pay better salaries to the police forces around the country. Otherwise, those who are putting on the pressure will win, and half a million men will be brought back from Vietnam and trained in riot control—that is, to be a federal police force. That's what we've never had, and what we've always said we didn't want. It has the potential for the worst kind of disaster, because there's no telling which way a monolithic military-police organization might go. President Johnson has stood up to the pressure all along, but a new President might not be able or willing to."

The Attorney General expressed this view a few months after riots had engulfed more than a hundred cities and the fear of an uprising was especially strong. When he was asked what might happen if troops were garrisoned in and around the nation's largest cities and a President refused to use them in a particularly bloody riot out of fear that their participation would only make it bloodier, Clark put a hand over his eyes for a moment. Finally, he nodded, as if facing something reluctantly, and lowered his hand. "It is quite possible that the commanding generals would get together and take over," he said. "Of course, like putting the troops there in the first place, it would all be done in the name of saving the country."

—RICHARD HARRIS

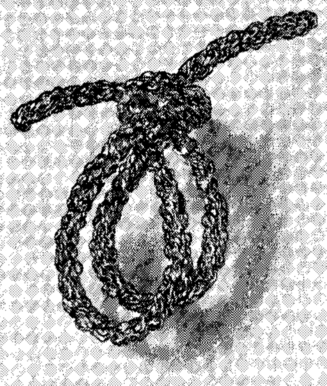
(*This is the first of a series of articles.*)

•

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[*From "Point Counter Point," by Aldous Huxley, 1928*]

A healthy sensualist, he made his love straightforwardly, naturally, with the good animal gusto of a child of nature. "Don't expect me to talk about the stars and madonna lilies and the cosmos," he said. "They're not my line. I don't believe in them. I believe in . . ." And his language became what a mysterious convention has decreed to be unprintable.



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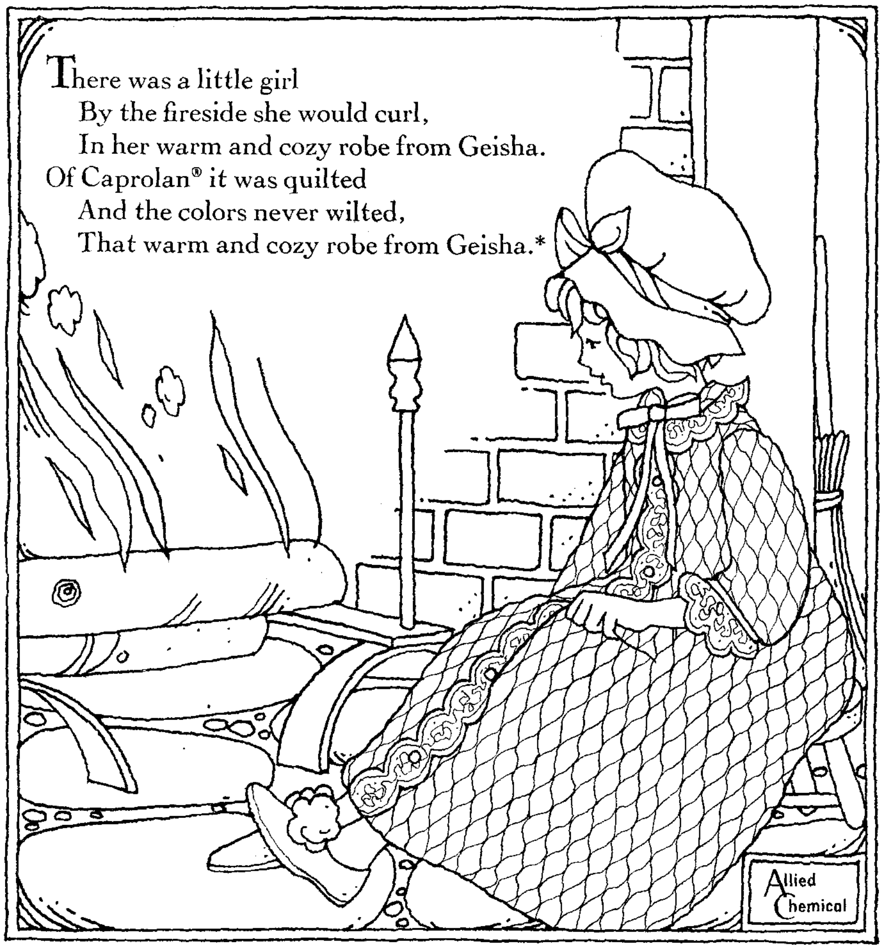

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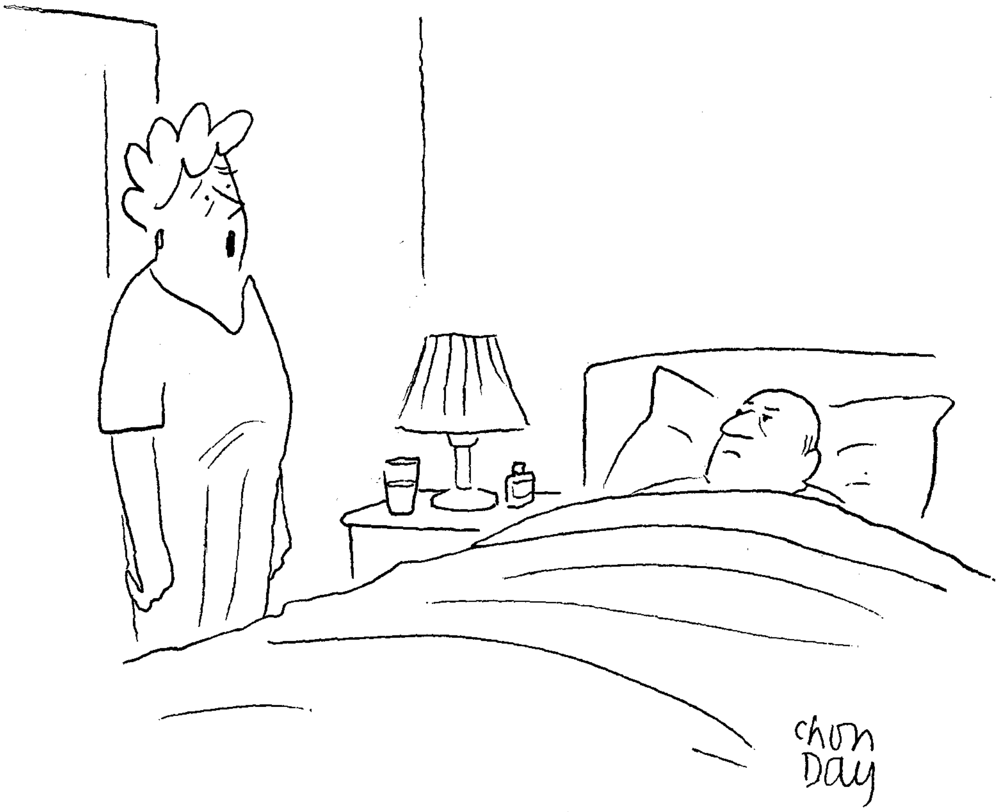
THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

THE late Joe Orton's two one-acters that opened and most unfortunately closed last week under the title "Crimes of Passion" may not have been as wonderful as that comic masterpiece "Loot," of last year, but they were very funny all the same. To describe these murderous farces as high comedies (or even high farces) of British lowlife isn't quite right, for satire and sympathy and passion run deep in them. On the other hand, the lines are chiselled and polished, and are meant to be delivered with poker-faced decorum. Much of the humor depends on the incongruity between the respectable conversation and the characters who make it and the situations they are in. "You lead a more interesting life than I do," says a moronic, sluttish ex-whore in "The Ruffian on the Stair" to the criminal Irish truck driver she lives with, when he tells her that he is off to meet a contact in "the toilet at King's Cross." The "ruffian" is an effeminate Cockney hairdresser who invades the apartment of the tart and the truck driver on the false pretext of renting a room from them. His brother, who was also his partner and lover, has recently been knocked down and killed by a truck—he thinks deliberately—and he is bereft and forlorn. He wanted to commit suicide, but his Catholic upbringing made that impossible, so he has had to figure out something else. And the something else is what brings him to this particular flat. Without in any way diminishing the comic mood, Mr. Orton made the boy's love and grief as strong as any other element in the play. As for the other elements, they are all mad or menacing or satiric, and Catholicism and the Irish are the targets of much of the satire—no jolly ridicule here; Mr. Orton means business. When the boy describes his former living arrangements with his brother to the detestable driver, the driver gasps, "There is no word in the Irish language for what you are doing!" The actors, all three of them Americans, were believable in their British-riffraff parts. Sasha von Scherler, blowsy and blank-eyed, was the dumb, frightened tart to the life; David Birney, who was so good as the boy in "Summertree," was properly cunning and volatile as the hairdresser; and Richard A. Dysart played the stupid, pompous, evil truck driver with subtlety and power.

"The Erpingham Camp," the second play, was a much broader and wilder farce, though just as deadly in intent. Again, the characters—thirteen of them this time, counting the walk-ons—come in a variety of sexes. The setting is a British holiday camp run by a fatuous soul named Mr. Erpingham and his snappy, heel-clicking staff. The action is bedlam (organized bedlam) pouring forth in scenes that are sometimes as brief as blackouts, and it deals with the terrible consequences of allowing a staff lackey, Chief Redcoat Riley—another blossom from the Ould Sod—to take over as director of entertainment after the sudden death, by poisoning, of the man engaged for the job. These consequences run from open revolt by the paying guests to Erpingham's death and funeral service, and the ruckus never lets up for a second. This time, Mr. Dysart was Erpingham, Mr. Birney (at first in trousers, jacket, and shirt that were a symphony of teeth-paining stripes, and later in a mini-leopardskin) was a young rowdy who was the leader of the revolt, and Miss von Scherler was a self-preening, lower-middle-class matron. They were just as good as they were in the first play. John Tillinger gave a funny performance as the fawning, ambitious Redcoat Riley, ever ready with the blarney when the opportunity presented itself. I also enjoyed and laughed at Bette Henritze (blond wig, tutu, chewing gum, and a concertina), as a willing, if somewhat shopworn, member of the entertainment staff; Tom Lacy, as the camp's resident padre, recently sprung after a molesting charge; Lynn Milgrim, as a pregnant screamer; Tom Tarpey, as the matron's husband; and James Cahill, as another staff member. Here, too, almost all the actors were American, and they made acceptable Britons. Mr. Tillinger, who is English, played the Irishman Riley, and he was better than acceptable. Michael Kahn was the director, and the sets and costumes were designed by William Ritman and Jane Greenwood, respectively.

—EDITH OLIVER



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"The clear responsibility of our national leaders, political, financial and corporate, is to prescribe predatory practices without impeding progress," Mr. Miller declared.—*The Wall Street Journal.*

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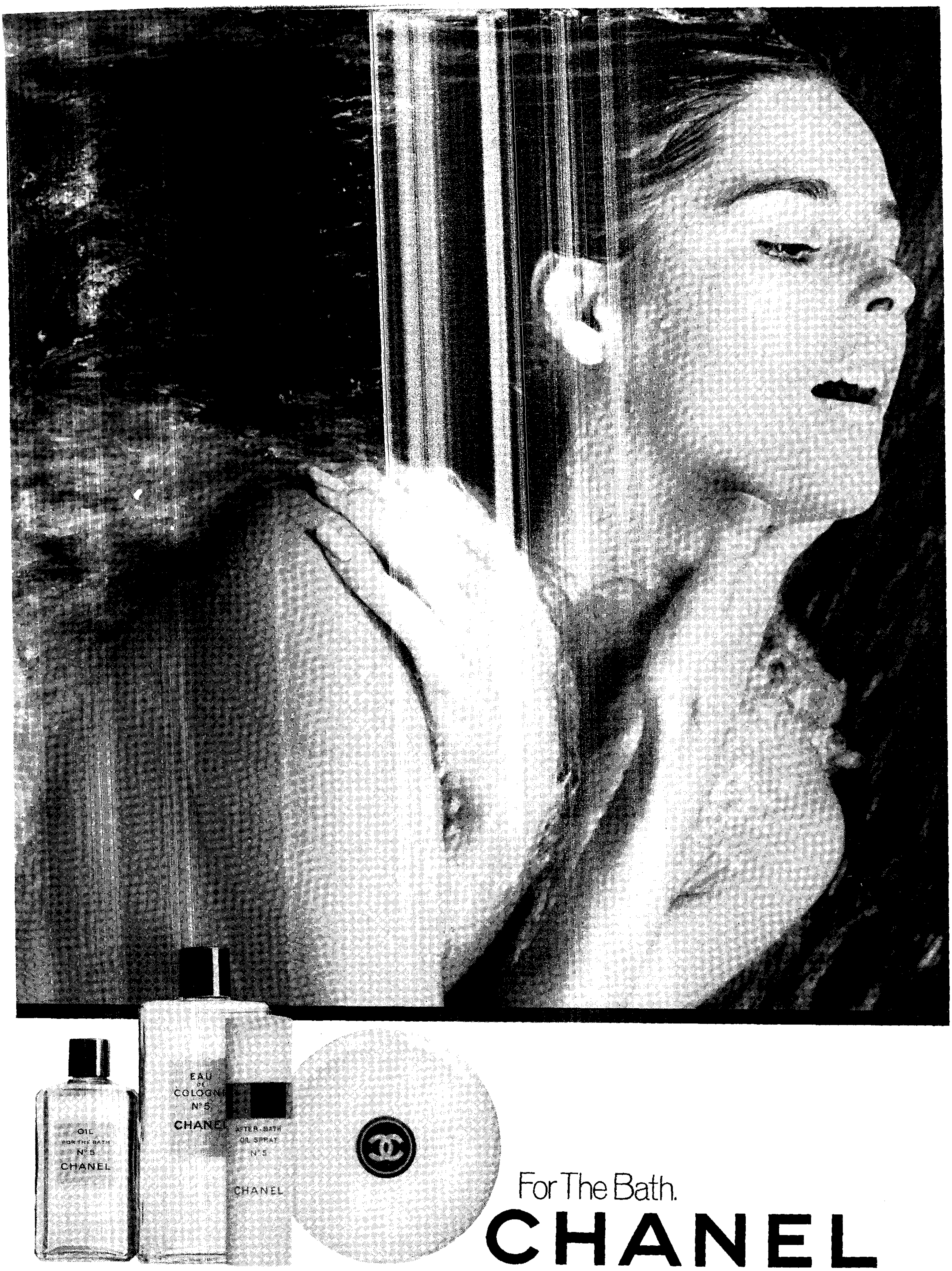
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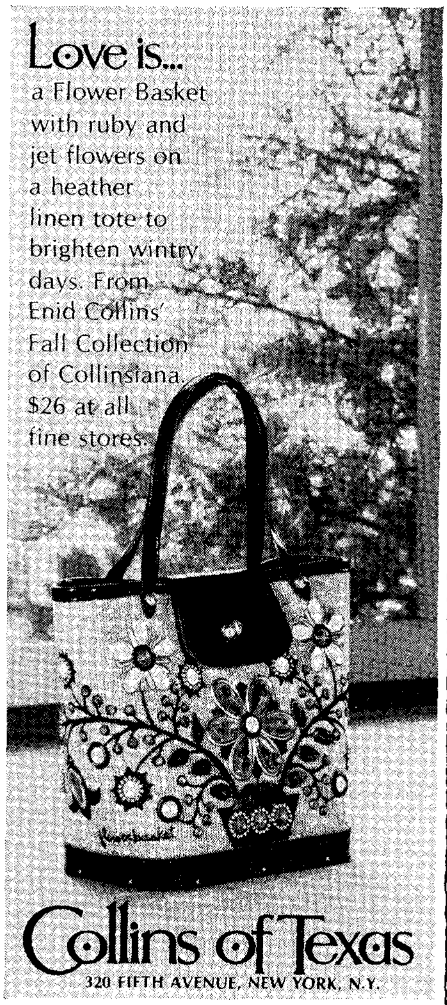
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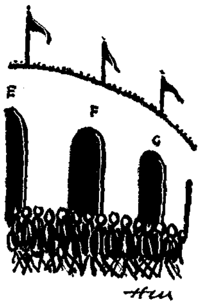

ONE commodity that is not a dime a dozen this fall is quarterbacks. At the beginning of the season, in this immediate neighborhood, we had on view Policastro, no farther away than New Brunswick, who looked to be nothing short of invincible, and, in Philadelphia, Zbrzeznj, who, running the Pennsylvania team, looked to be the same thing. But then, commencing with Lehigh, Policastro began running into difficulties, and last Saturday (Delaware 44, Rutgers 0) he ran into oblivion; Zbrzeznj began running into enemy tacklers hard enough to be put out of action permanently. The shortage in top management had become acute when Princeton's MacBean, ascending in phoenix fashion from the ashes of the early-season downfall against Rutgers, began collecting his and his team's wits and making something out of them, such as three wins out of four (Cornell, Pennsylvania, and, last Saturday, Brown, which went down, 33–6)—a style of luxurious living to which Princeton has not of late years been accustomed. MacBean, a running as well as a throwing director of athletics, has, in the final weeks of his career, become the best of the Ivy League lot on mileage—which is saying something indeed about a league that contains Chasey, of Dartmouth, who this year made his first appearance above the horizon hereabouts at Yale Bowl last weekend, and who will be uptown at Baker Field this coming Saturday, in case anyone can bear the thought of Chasey-and-compatriots vs. a Columbia whose latest problem was losing, 10–3, to Cornell. Chasey, who has yet another year in which to perfect the art of the running-and-throwing quarterback, had a poorish time of it last season, mostly because of the high casualty rate among his playmates, but now the damaged Mlakar, for one, is again in service, and there may be no stopping the momentum Chasey has attained—Dartmouth 42, Yale 21 on Saturday. Dartmouth has everything, including the beanbag foolery that went so well for Yale when Dowling was lateraling to Hill, who was forward-passing to Weinstein. There may never be another Yale like that, but this season's Yale, green as

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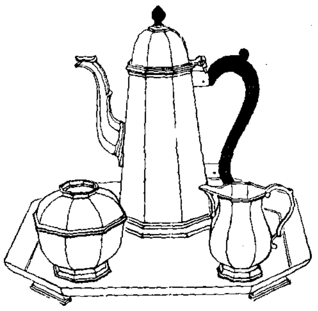
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the Dartmouth jerseys, again exhibited its many good qualities on Saturday—Gallagher, blocking a punt for the fifth time this year; Massey, completing a bale of passes and just missing on quite a few more; Martin, slipping through the one real hole that opened up all afternoon in the Dartmouth defenses for seventy-two yards and a touchdown. But, as I was saying, Dartmouth has everything. Mlakar, its best runner, weighs in at only 189, but thirty-one of his teammates are two hundred pounds or better, and there is speed as well as weight among them. Quinn, who is in full flower in his final year, runs at only 171 pounds, and his new and rather heavier backfield companions, Short and Simms, will go far, too, as they did against Yale. And reliable old Donovan, who has now kicked a hundred and two points after touchdown, must not be forgotten, nor the glut of Dartmouth defenders who instantly closed in on any Yalie who caught a pass. The prettiest play I myself have ever seen Chasey pull off was his low shovel pass straight ahead to Short, who, on the dead run, took the ball almost without turning to look for it and then popped it far to his right to Simms, who set off down the sidelines for a nice gain. The prettiest play Massey pulled off was his faking the Dartmouth linebackers out of position before he sent Primps up the middle for Yale's first touchdown. Great teams can come apart when reputed underdogs—in this case, the Yale underBulldog—suddenly take over the game and the lead. Yale did this twice to Dartmouth, and, without a twitch or a quiver, Dartmouth caught up.

BAXTER, the running-and-throwing quarterback who operates on behalf of Air Force, made his first appearance ever at Michie Stadium on Saturday, and Army was as set as it could be for him. Baxter, a national hero, had thrown or run for fourteen touchdowns this fall. The Army game plan was to hurry Baxter and keep the other Air Force runners driving at the sturdy Army center of the line. Air Force ran for only 132 yards, of which Baxter contributed but twenty-eight—Smith, of Army, spilled him behind his line half a dozen times—and Army might have got by with a 6–6 tie if an Army kickoff had not been run back (and not by Baxter) ninety-six yards through absolutely everybody for the winning, and only, touchdown of the match; Air Force 13, Army 6. Army's own, and only, touchdown was ruled imperfect because of an in-

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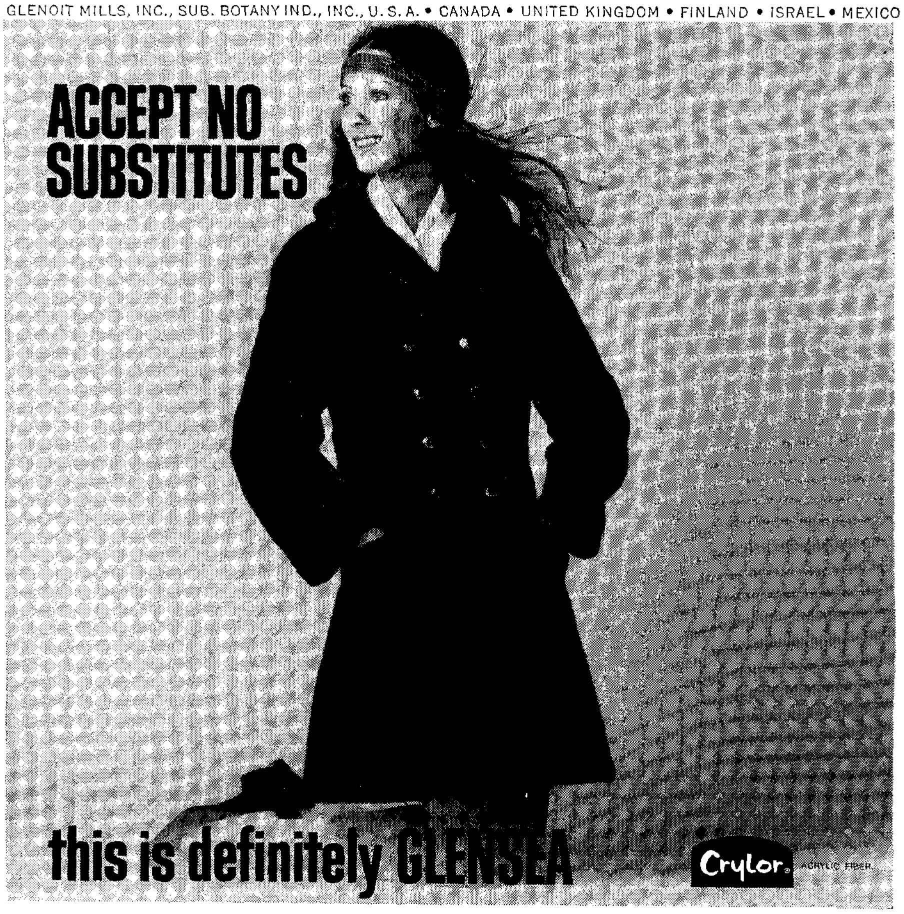

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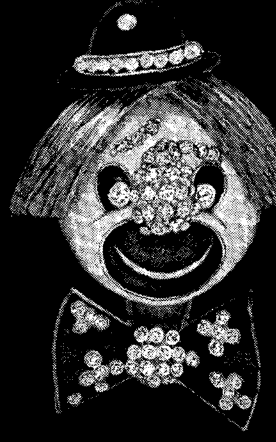

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fraction of the rules. The putative 6–6 tie would have been a standoff (two goals apiece) for two of the very best kickers around—Jensen, of Army, whose field goals are now considered to be almost a matter of course, and Leuthauser, of Air Force, who, refusing to be merely a specialist, kicks goals on offense and serves as linebacker on defense. (Dartmouth's Donovan, by the way, is the same sort of doubler in brass.) Jensen, though not at all the terror the Gogolak brothers were before they graduated from the Ivy League into the pros, has been a big help to Army, and Army needs help. Wall, its most consistent quarterback, was knocked silly in the second play of the second half and had to be retired; Bishop, its most consistent right end, was put out of commission in the fourth play of the first quarter. (Wall, too, managed that rarity of rarities—a shovel pass—before he was withdrawn.)

In a season in which so many matches between old friends have been total mismatches of both mind and matter, we may find encouragement in the fact that on a single Saturday two such exhibitions of skill as Army-Air Force and Yale-Dartmouth were staged within easy reach of all of us—nearly forty-two thousand of us up at West Point, nearly fifty thousand of us at the Bowl. —J. W. L.

●

In her report to her Greensboro boss, Ruth Clinard, our Miss Horney enclosed a clipping from a New Orleans paper which identified artist Mary Stephens as a native of Greensboro. "Anybody know her?" Mary Horney penned at the top of the Sept. 7 clipping.

It happens that Mrs. McDonald Stephens of New Orleans, the former Mary Holmes of Greensboro, daughter of Mary Poole Holmes and the late Nicholas Holmes, is a sister to the former Sarah Holmes who was on the Red Cross staff with Mary Horney in Greensboro, before Sarah, now Mrs. Ray Spohrer of Simpsonville, Md., went overseas with ARC in the mid-50s.—*Greensboro (N.C.) News.*

Anybody *know* her?

●

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Honolulu Star-Bulletin*]

Kaiser Cement and Gypsum Corp. has developed a machine it calls the "huli-huli," derived from the Hawaiian word for flip, which eliminates the problem of the returnable pallet.

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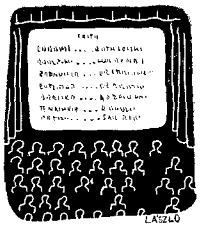
THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Once and Future King?

AN actor often comes to movies from the theatre with a big reputation, plays a big movie role, and is acclaimed as a great actor. After a string of bad movies, he no longer seems so great, his technique coarsens, and his face shows the dissipation of success. There were indications that this was happening to Peter O'Toole. In weak, characterless roles, such as the one he had in "How to Steal a Million," he had become merely a pleasant, "stylish" leading man, a walking luxury item. It was all that the role required, but he certainly didn't burst its very obvious seams. Then, last year, in "The Lion in Winter," he gave good evidence that he could be an actor of vitality and passion—an actor in the heroic mold. Some of the best English actors—Alec Guinness, Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, Rex Harrison, Paul Scofield—lack the kind of animal presence, the threat of violence, that makes certain roles exciting. O'Toole did what Olivier almost alone of English actors could do (and what Nicol Williamson so feverishly overdoes). An actor who can make us feel that he has "heart"—that the feelings he projects are at the center of our lives—can hold a play or a film together and make it seem major. Richard Burton seemed to have it, but in such abundance that he began to toy with it and to devalue it. Perhaps it needs to be harder won (as Olivier won it over the obstacle of his young *inconsequential* charm, his lack of *weight*). It isn't so much a matter of talent or training, or even physique, as of temperament. O'Toole's king suggested physical strength and heroic power. He could bellow. (Can one imagine Gielgud bellowing?) He could be brutal. (Can one imagine Richardson as a brute?) The threat of violence in his king suggested that he was an actor of considerably greater range than his screen career had indicated—and of a different range. He has now taken on another role that calls for a heroic actor, though it's a quiet, unassuming role, which needs to be played at the other end of the keyboard from his roistering Plantagenet. Neither role is a great one, but O'Toole may be turning into something of a new phenomenon among movie actors—an actor who can transform lame vehicles the way great stage actors used to.



At a mere eighteen thousand words, James Hilton's "Goodbye, Mr. Chips"—an "affectionate" tribute to a small man's useful, uneventful life—was at least lightweight, and, despite its soggy gentility, it had the virtues of gentleness and modesty. It had come out as a story in 1933, but when it was put between covers the next year it looked like a novel, and it has gone through more than seventy-five printings in the United States alone. It was a durable tear-jerker and has the odd distinction of being probably the shortest best-selling novel known. The first time on the screen, in 1939, it was saved by Robert Donat's performance as Mr. Chips (which won him the Academy Award) and by a charming young actress named Greer Garson, who, however, quickly patented her charm and became one of the most richly syllabled queenly horrors of Hollywood. The weather is much rougher now, but "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" has been saved again—this time by O'Toole, by Petula Clark as his wife, and by an added character, played by Sian Phillips. The new movie is far from being a good one, but, despite its heaviness and length, and the *longueurs* caused by an atrocious, numbing score, the director, Herbert Ross (who was formerly a choreographer), has managed to keep it a gentle romance, and keep it fairly buoyant. What this all adds up to is that one can look at Peter O'Toole's performance without too much pain.

"Goodbye, Mr. Chips" had a core idea of immense popular appeal—the power of love to transform a person. The Chips of the story was a mild schoolmaster, a conservative bachelor of forty-eight, who, on vacation, suddenly met and married a twenty-five-year-old governess with radical-socialist sympathies. After his marriage, he won the love of his students, because he was "kind without being soft"—because he was a happy man. When his wife died in childbirth, two years later, he became an old man at fifty. But she had broadened his ideas and humanized him, and he was a mellow old man for the remaining thirty-ad-infinitum years of his life. Hilton had a commercial genius for domesticating "the impos-

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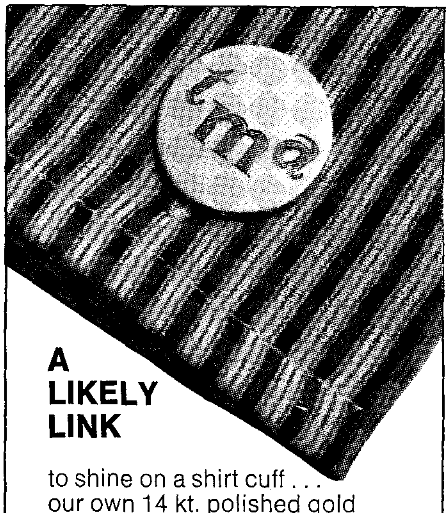

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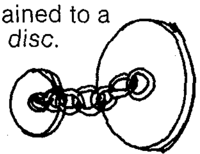

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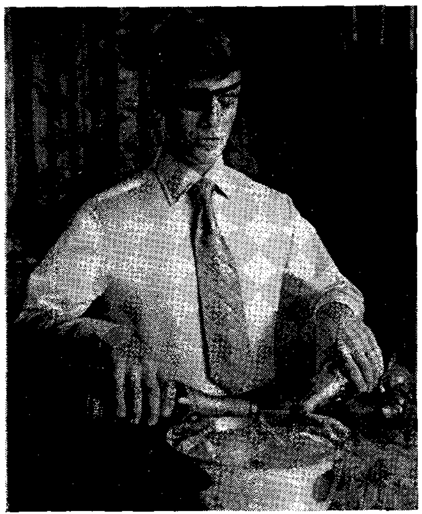

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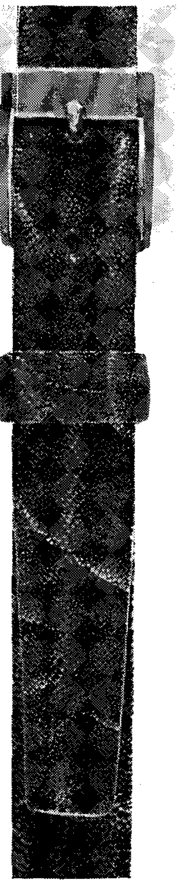
sible dream." This story must have spoken to millions of hearts: "You poor stick-in-the-mud, you may yet be saved by a Cinderella touch and have a long, wonderful, happy life and be loved by everyone."

Terence Rattigan, who did the adaptation for this new, demi-musical version, has made the young Chips a dry-as-dust martinet of a schoolmaster (much like the one in his own "The Browning Version") who falls in love with a musical-comedy actress, marries, and is transformed (through fifteen years of marriage—a more comforting period of time) into a loving, lovable old man. The movie is a vernal romance, with a true-blue, good-to-the-last-drop heroine and an inert structure that spans Chips's unconscionably prolonged life. (His longevity must have been part of the story's appeal; Hilton immediately took perpetual life itself as the core idea for "Lost Horizon," and made another fortune.) Rattigan promises much more than he delivers. At the beginning, when Chips says that he doesn't care if he's liked by his students as long as he can *teach* them, he suggests a genuine sense of vocation (rigid and misguided though it may be). Since the two great loves of his life are teaching and the girl he marries, we expect the crucial part of the movie to be his discovery, through his marriage, of how to be a good teacher instead of a deadly pedant. But the movie simply settles for showing how well liked he becomes, obviously on the assumption that we really don't care if he's a good teacher as long as he's popular. Nor do we discover how the young actress perceives the hidden qualities in Chips, because they are not revealed to us until much later. Flowers on the table—a token of domestic bliss—are made to stand for a happy marriage. The flowers are nice, but we want to know what the couple's life together is like. The movie gives us the courtship and the end of life, but the middle—the transformation that we've looked forward to—seems to happen offscreen. Yet even the *suggestion* that the movie is about what makes a good life is appealing. The idea of a peaceful, useful life and of a happy marriage is now almost more romantic and more desirable than Hilton's Shangri-La once seemed. It's dream enough for now.

If only we could be left alone with our feelings, we could practically entertain ourselves at this movie just mulling it all over, marvelling at the appeal of its pleasantly dowdy simplicities. But periodically, almost ceremo-



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nially, Leslie Bricusse's Muzak fills the air, as if to create a mystique of sentiment, and it inflates whatever one may have begun to feel, and makes it cheap and false. This Muzak is in some neutral neo-sentimental mode that makes you feel that it's programming you to be banal, putting a pacifier in your head. And while these pitiful songs (eleven of them, as distinct one from another as sections of beige wall-to-wall carpet) are being sung, mostly offscreen, you're treated to visual Muzak—"mood" visuals—providing enough redundancy to pad the movie out to two hours and thirty-one minutes plus intermission.

One's heart may sink every time a music cue starts up, and the picture lingers on long after it should end—and I haven't told *all* the worst—but O'Toole and Petula Clark play together so well that one smiles, wanting to accept the romance, wanting to believe in this middle-class fairy tale. Miss Clark is not very good at the beginning, when she's supposed to be a young girl (she's done up in short curls and looks too much like Mary Martin), but she improves when the romance begins to take hold, although her role is a cut-rate version of one of those sickeningly intuitive James M. Barrie heroines. She has a lovely glow in the Second World War period of the film, when she's supposed to be the age she actually is. She relaxes then, and one begins to believe in her as a truly happy woman. One wonders why the adapter, in changing the character to provide an excuse for Miss Clark to sing, didn't eliminate the age difference. Before their marriage, when Chips was explaining to her that he was too old for her, I kept waiting for her to correct him. As Miss Clark is actually about the same age as O'Toole, the supposed difference puts a strain on our credulity and on her performance. If she were older, it would improve the movie, by explaining her willingness to give up her career. The *implications* of the change haven't been worked out, either. Surely it would not be difficult, in substituting an actress for a governess with progressive ideas who liberated her husband, to show how a more worldly wife might broaden a schoolmaster's outlook, but nothing is done with this, so one gets the impression that the actress is drawn to the safety and protective comforts of a narrow academic life. That leaves Chips's transformation to be a pure miracle of love, and it makes the movie more complacent toward Chips's stuffiness than the story was.

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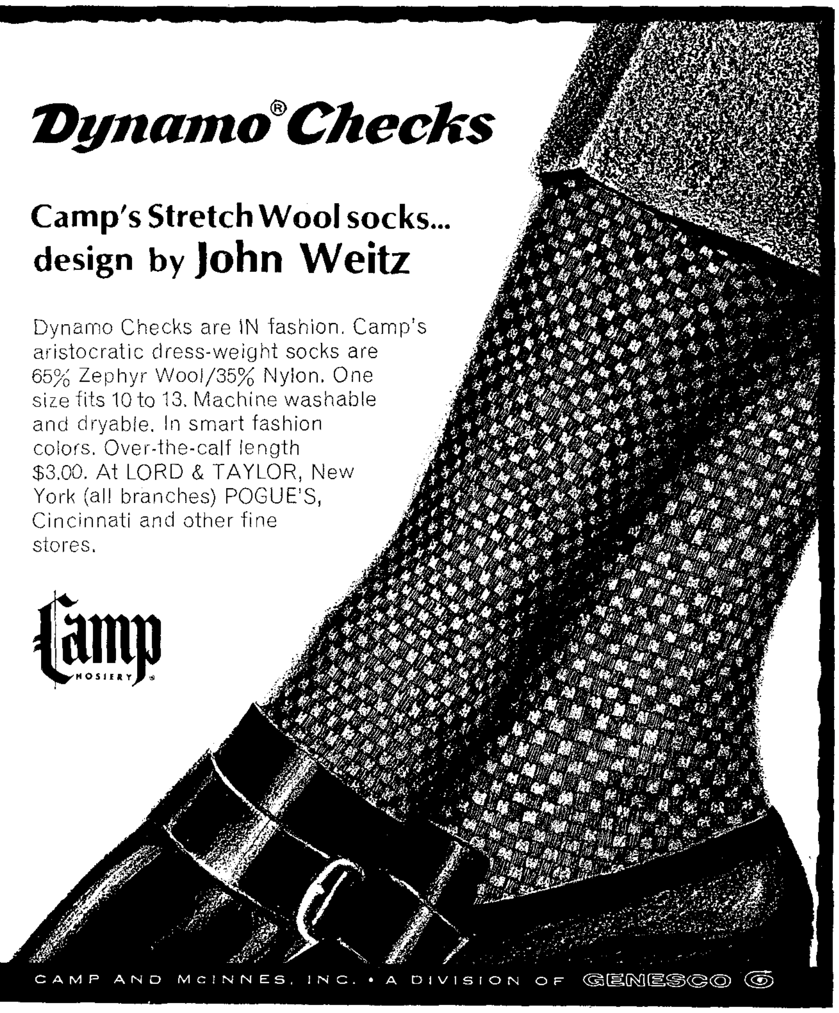

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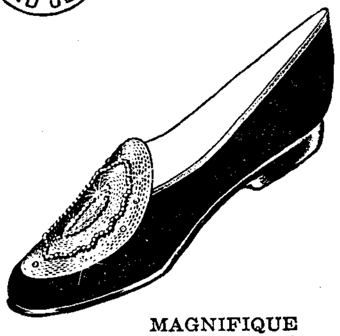

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ly well thought out in the writing, O'Toole gives an extraordinarily detailed performance. He stays in character, and he resists the temptation (which can easily be imagined) to patronize Chips. The reserves of strength within gentleness are not easy to demonstrate, but he does it; his Chips is diffident to the point of disappearance, yet you still know there's a man there. O'Toole treats that man with such extraordinary respect that Chips grows in stature as the character *must* grow if the movie is to succeed as romance. And when Chips stops growing, O'Toole manages, through what in an actor is heroic intelligence, not to make him an endearing, stomach-turning old codger. There is, of course, all too much precedent for praising an actor when he plays a role such as a crusty, crotchety, noble old schoolmaster, especially if he gets a chance to age onscreen and quaver a bit. But O'Toole plays the part without seizing all the depressing opportunities or puttying himself up with wrinkles and wattles. He plays the role from within, and the externals are kept to a minimum. It's a romantic performance, not a bathetic one—a "little" man played by a very large actor—and the finest performance I've seen on the screen this year.

There is a third star—one who isn't billed that way but is felt that way. Sian Phillips (she is Mrs. O'Toole), who has had unattractive roles, such as the wife in "Laughter in the Dark," is cast as Ursula Mossbank, an actress friend of Mr. Chips's wife. Sian Phillips's Ursula is a Beardsley vamp—theatrical in that witty, stilted way that has already become one of the small but true treasures of the past—and she gives the movie a few desperately needed shots in the arm. "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" keeps going on what used to be called charm, but it's heaven to have Miss Phillips around to needle it. Here is the actress who might have played Gertrude Lawrence as the great Camp-vamp star she was.

Bo Widerberg, the writer-director of "Elvira Madigan," has made "Adalen 31" with great skill and artistry and intelligence, yet it's uninspired, and it misses, I think, by quite a lot. The movie re-creates a 1931 strike that was a major factor in establishing Sweden's Social Democratic Party, and Widerberg sets up a group of stereotypes as the participants—elegant and sensitive stereotypes, but stereotypes nevertheless, who fill in the historical picture illustrating the points he wants to make. It's an exquisite form of social

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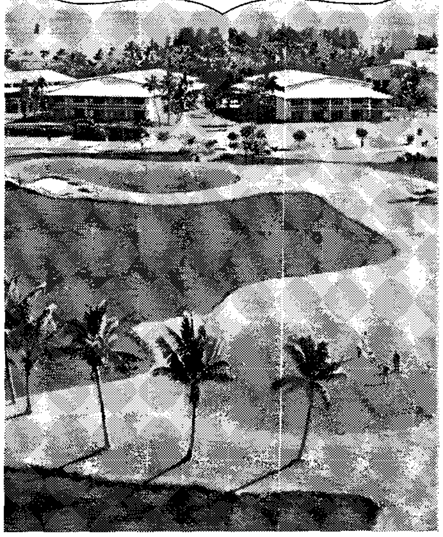

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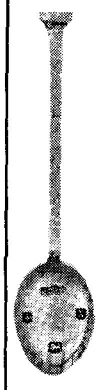

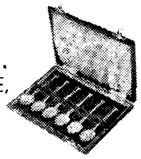

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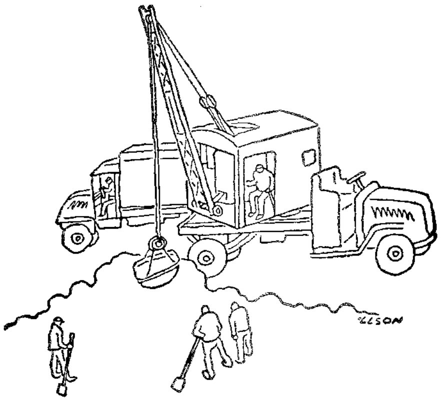
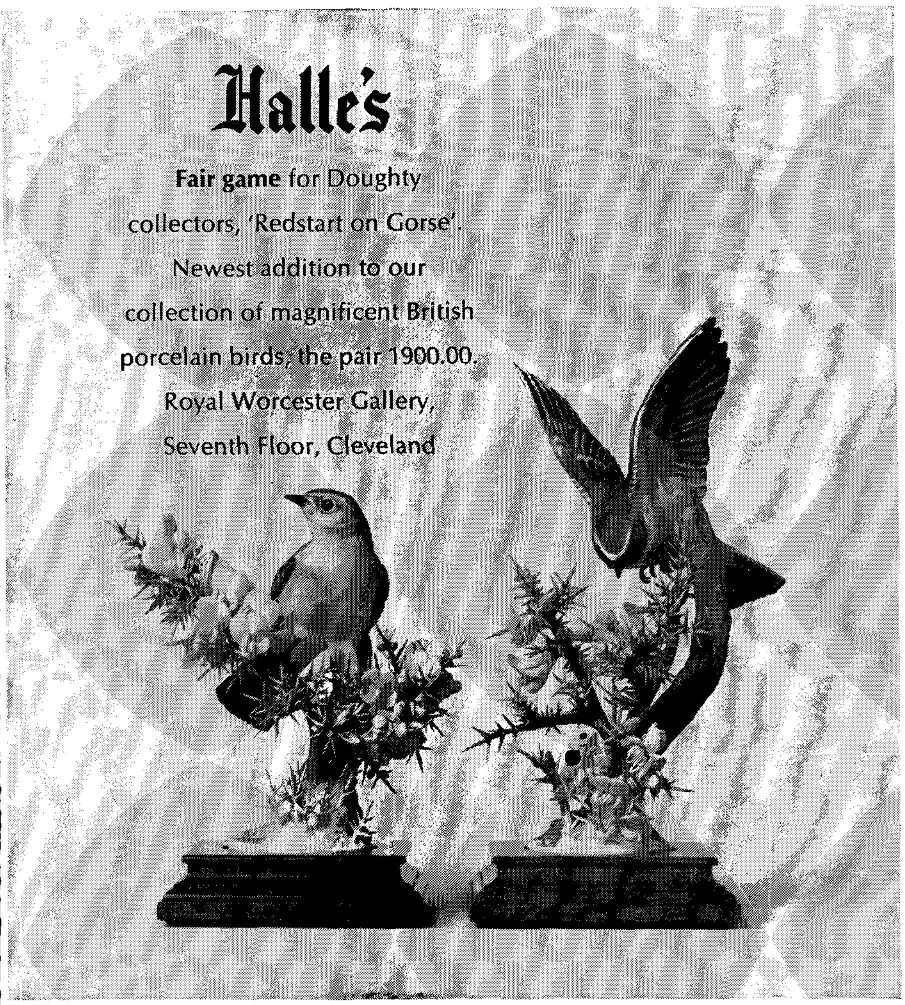
realism—which is certainly an *unusual* form of social realism—but, lush and lyrical as it is, it's fundamentally didactic and academic. And because Widerberg seems to work best in vignettes and to have some architectural problems when he's working on such a large scale, his *argument* isn't clear. He makes the little points but not the big one. We watch the evocations of the past and the little episodes for their beauty, as if they were a painter's still-lifes, and when the violence erupts we don't really understand its political significance, and we're left "appreciating" it, in a rather embarrassed way, for its pictorial values. He has framed it all so carefully in the past that it doesn't have the immediacy of action in the present tense that is the usual movie tense even when the movie is set in the past. "Adalen 31" feels like a "classic," and that's not how a new film that really speaks to us feels. This remote, alienated reaction is a terrible distortion of how we know we should react. We understand that we are meant to see the ironic contrast between the beauty of nature and the cruelty of men, but because Widerberg fails to involve us in the issues of the struggle, because his technique isn't *dramatic*, we are left with his visual artistry, and so we look at the bloodshed and at the men grouped in combat for their compositional values. I certainly don't mean to suggest that "Adalen 31" is a negligible picture, but Widerberg is far too gifted to be using film to give us textbook lessons, and his orthodoxy (the warmth and generosity of the worker's family contrasted with the mean-spiritedness of the affluent, etc.) is transparently an attempt to be "relevant." He's so gifted that there are beautiful moments all through the film. But there is also something dutiful about the experience of watching it, like looking at someone's color slides of the past.

IF "Adalen 31" is a failure at a very high level, the week has also been marked by an American failure at the





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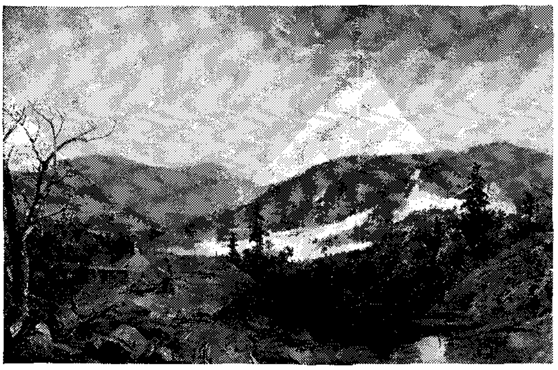

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lowest level within recent memory. "Hail, Hero!," a real succulent, is currently splattering its virtue at Radio City Music Hall. That's the right place for this conglomerate-made "youth" soap opera, which is supposed to be "the first motion picture to deal with the sensitive issues of the Vietnam war and its relationship to the Generation Gap." "Hail, Hero!" is so confused about what attitudes to take to please the maximum number of paying customers that it mixes them all up together. Michael Douglas is the saintly, barefoot young hippie who enlists for Vietnam and gives his clothes to the poor. Considering the kind of movies the Music Hall has been running lately, it may need to take up a collection for itself.

—PAULINE KAEL

•

EDOUARD

Edouard shall we leave
tomorrow
for Verdun again
shall we set out for the great days
and never be the same
never

time
is what is left
shall we start
this time in the spring
and they lead your cows out
next week to sell at the fair
and the brambles learn to scribble
over the first field

Edouard shall we have gone
when the leaves come out
but before the heat
slows the grand marches
days like those
the heights and the dying
at thy right hand
sound a long horn
and here the bright handles
will fog over
things will break and stay broken
in the keeping of women
the sheep get lost
the barns
burn unconsoled in the darkness

Edouard what would you have given
not to go
sitting last night in by the fire
again
but shall we be the same
tomorrow night shall we not have gone
leaving the faces and nightingales
as you know we will live
and what never comes back will be
you and me

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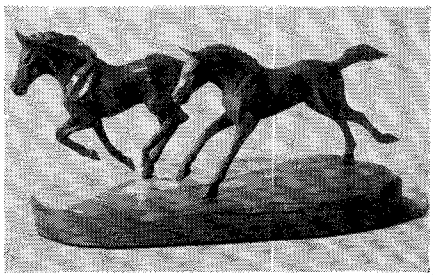

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THE ART WORLD

Marilyn Mondrian

Pop Art is thought to be the art of everyday things and banal images—bathroom fixtures, Dick Tracy—but its essential character consists in redoing works of art. Its scope extends from Warhol's rows of Coca-Cola bottles to supplying the "Mona Lisa" with a mustache. All art is based on earlier art, either consciously or by absorption, but no movement has ever exceeded Pop in alertness to aesthetic cues. Some of the works reproduced in the just-issued "Pop Art Redefined," by Suzi Gablik and John Russell (Praeger), evoke the following: Leonardo, Duchamp, de Kooning, Mondrian, Manet, Monet, Matisse, Picasso, Delacroix, Magritte, Demuth, Pollock. In addition, a section of more than twenty paintings and sculptures by a dozen artists includes pictures of the word "ART" in block letters, depictions of art materials, and portraits of earlier artists, contemporaries, art dealers, and curators. If we count as art the comic strips, lettering, posters, sign paintings, and industrial designs adapted by Pop artists, the Pop movement takes on the character of an exhibition in an art school that combines courses in fine art and applied design. In Pop, America's two cultures, highbrow and popular, meet on the neutral ground of technique. The Pop mode came into prominence around the beginning of the nineteen-sixties, when the American art world had commenced to consolidate itself on a mass-audience basis, and it inaugurated a decade of pedagogy. From the start, the leading Pops declared that their primary interest was in formal qualities and that their representations of pinups and hamburgers were a diversion to get the crowd moving into the lecture hall. "Artists," said Lichtenstein, "have never worked with the model—just with the painting."

Now, at the close of the decade, the underlying abstractness or formalism of Pop is being passionately urged upon the attention of the art world. In the view of art historians and critics, and some of the artists, too, Lichtenstein, Oldenburg, Warhol, Tom Wesselmann have been engaged in much the same enterprise as the painters of color areas and bands, such as Ellsworth Kelly and Kenneth Noland. Popeye, Marilyn Monroe (I almost said "Marilyn Mondrian"), and "Red, Blue, Yellow" are equally valid occasions for advanced exercises in line, color, and form. "Our intention," writes Miss Gablik, is to "redefine Pop Art as having a more direct relation to Minimal and hard-edged abstract art than is frequently admitted." Alas, others have got there first; the relationship of Pop to late-sixties abstraction has been most enthusiastically "admitted" by Professor Robert Rosenblum and echoed by Professor Barbara Rose and by Miss Diane Waldman, associate curator of the Guggenheim Museum and director of its current Lichtenstein retrospective, and it is a safe bet that the word has been received in Los Angeles and Pasadena. "Lichtenstein," declares Miss Waldman, "has dematerialized the object and effected a new reconciliation with the picture plane." Comic-strip and advertising-agency artists have done pretty well in dematerializing objects, but it takes an authentic fine-arts artist of the nineteen-sixties to effect reconciliations with the picture plane. What Miss Waldman is saying (and her observation has been confirmed by Lichtenstein himself) is that, vis-à-vis the original Donald Duck, the function of Lichtenstein is to shift the image from the realm of the Sunday comics to the world of art—a shift comparable to the one carried out by the Navajos when they adopted the dollar bills and soup-can labels of the first Yankees in the Southwest as designs for blankets. With Pop, the tribe of the art galleries and museums "acculturates" the artifacts of the supermarkets, billboards, and women's magazines by passing them through an art-historical filter. The tool is the pedagogy of the picture plane, today in full swing in assimilating, by reinterpretation and trimming, all art into what Professor Rosenblum calls "the formalist experience of our century."

The aestheticism of Pop, its fixation on art-world devices and art-world reputations, has been obscured by the common misconception that, as Miss Gablik has it, Pop is "based upon real things which are part of everybody's world, and not just a private world of the artist's." This roughly describes the aims of Pop in the heroic days of Oldenburg's "Store" on East Second Street and the exhibitions and Happenings at the Reuben Gallery—the period when young artists in New York felt obliged to break out of the grip of art history as represented by Abstract Expressionism. Unfortunately, there is no such thing in art as "everybody's world," just as, despite the easy formulas of art historians, there was no "private world" for Abstract Expressionists. The issue was, and is, style and creative method—and the adoption by some Pop artists of a set of mannerisms that were the opposite of the mannerisms of Abstract Expressionism was insufficient to exorcise art history and gain contact with real things. Bathrooms by Oldenburg, Segal, Lichtenstein, and Wesselmann, reproduced in "Pop Art

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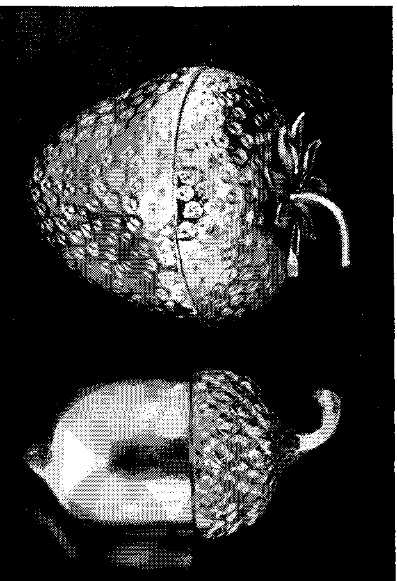

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Redefined," lack the shared characteristics of the products of Kohler or Crane; they are individual restylizations of the art of the designers of plumbing fixtures. Oldenburg messes up a corrugated-paper toilet and washstand with drips of paint and stands his bathtub on end, evoking simultaneously Abstract Expressionist painting and the atmosphere of the slums and loft-building studios. Segal and Wesselmann incorporate sections of brand-new tile walls and chromium-plated fixtures into stage sets that feature nudes reminiscent of Courbet and Matisse; Lichtenstein supplants the physical bathroom with a linear mail-order-catalogue illustration of it.

As for the motif itself, the bathroom comes close to meeting the test of being, at least in America, "part of everybody's world," but a nude stepping out of a bathtub is hardly "everybody's" except in French paintings, and her incompatibility with bathrooms in slums caused Oldenburg to leave her out. In art, "everybody's" world is a style that is opposed to minority styles, and Pop cannibalizes both majority and minority art for its own aesthetic purposes. In the social ambience of the gallery-goer, the "Mona Lisa" is almost as much everybody's as the bathroom, and Duchamp's and Warhol's "Mona Lisa"s are today almost as much public property as Leonardo's. But the "everybody" narrows considerably when it reaches Demuth's "I Saw the Number Figure 5 in Gold" as re-created by Robert Indiana and the drawing by de Kooning that Rauschenberg partly erased. Taking into account such Pop staples as repaintings of Ingres, Delacroix, Rembrandt, and Picasso, a textbook analysis of Cézanne, and a chromium-plated version of Magritte's boots that turn into feet, as well as paintings that refer to art dealers and curators (e.g., Walter Hopps wearing a miniature de Kooning under his coat), one is forced to conclude that in Pop not everybody's world but the enlarged, self-conscious art world of the decade now closing has replaced the Abstract Expressionists' world of artists.

Pop Art reached out not to real things but to pictures of things, and its aesthetic discipline has consisted in seeing objects as pictures or sculptures, so that the Bowery or the suburban kitchen becomes for the Pop artist an art exhibition ready for shipment to the international chain of art showcases. Basically, Pop Art is "found" art; its most potent effect is the hallucination of mistaking the street for a museum or the astonishment of Molière's character

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at learning that he has been speaking prose. In becoming art, objects separate themselves from their functional reality and are changed into thing-like equivalents of themselves—a condition best symbolized by George Segal's solid white plaster ghosts. The inherent detachment of Pop's aestheticized banalities prefigures the "pure" objects of Minimal sculpture and the "reduced" compositions of the color-field painters, misnamed "the art of the real." The extinction of content in Pop Art enabled it to treat in equal fashion a sunset by Turner and a Shell Oil sign, and thus to serve as a bridge between the art of latecomers to Action painting—to whom a de Kooning or a Pollock represented not a new psychic realization but a way of applying paint to a surface—and the varieties of abstract modes that emphasize areas of color disposed on materials of a given size and shape. It might be added that the rising curve of aestheticism in the sixties, with its concept of the world as a museum, represents a withdrawal by the art world from the intensifying politico-social crisis and intellectual confusion in the United States.

The commercial artist or designer who has provided the bulk of "nature" for the Pop artist is an aesthete, too. Like the Pop painter, he converts all styles to his needs, and in illustrating an ad for ice cream he does not forget to shape the drop of chocolate on the sphere of vanilla into the perfect outline of a tear. In appreciating the Lichtensteins now on view (through Sunday, November 9) at the Guggenheim, one is obliged to keep in mind that the comic strips on which they are based were created not by forces of nature, or by children drawing on sidewalks, but by artists who, as Larry Rivers pointed out near the inception of Pop, "went to art schools, traditional & bohemian & . . . admired the Old Masters & still tell you about Picasso or perhaps Klee & they made lots of drawings. . . . When you meet them you are not in the presence of a brute." Craftsmen of the commercial workshops are, one might say, the avant-garde of art among the great public, as Lichtenstein and Warhol are the avant-garde of applied aesthetics in the art world. It is the overlay of "high" and "low" aspects of contemporary art practice that characterizes Pop Art as a movement; "real things" have nothing to do with it. As the embodiment of classroom aesthetic dogmas of the sixties, Pop is, as Miss Gablik and the formalists maintain, linked with Minimalism and color-field

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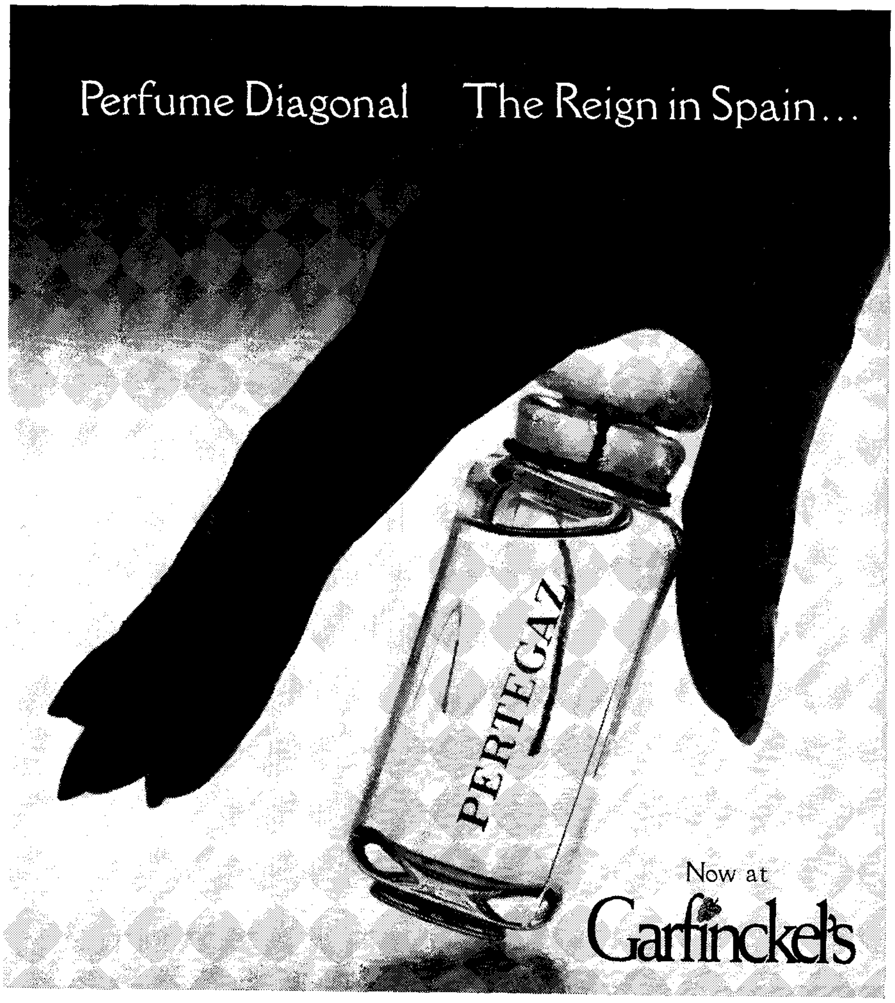

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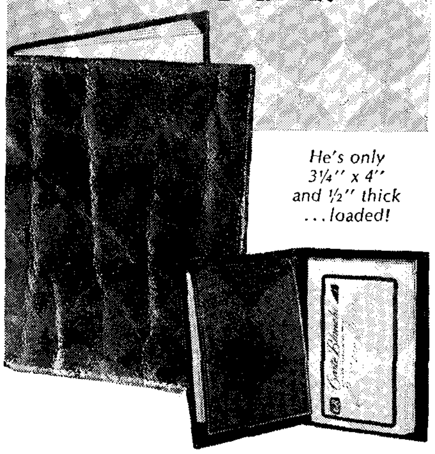

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painting. But it is linked equally with the commercial-crafts spirit of America's newly expanded art world.

THE artist who best represents the basic motives of Pop Art is Roy Lichtenstein, an ex-Abstract Expressionist who has been both a commercial artist and a university art instructor. His more than a hundred paintings, sculptures, drawings, and ceramics at the Guggenheim are dated from 1961 to 1969, and though the works directly based on comic-strip images belong to less than half of this period (roughly, up through 1964) and constitute less than half of the show, they dominate the exhibition. The recomposition of a comic-strip "box" dissociated from the strip—the face of the blonde in the window saying, "I know how you must feel, Brad"—into a large-scale oil painting was Lichtenstein's primordial idea, the discovery that gave birth to him as a painter, and all his works look back to that exciting vision. Many of his paintings of the last five years—landscapes with temples, restyled Mondrians and Picassos, cloud formations that are exercises in spatial ambiguity—seem like random demonstrations of how pictures can be turned into Lichtensteins by the introduction of his comics-derived thick outlines, swimming masses of black, bright colors, and Ben Day dots (a result comparable to the one achieved by Yves Klein through covering canvases and objects with his "International Klein Blue"). Lichtenstein's "Modern Painting with Division" (1967) and "4 Panel Modular 4" (1969) keep abreast of serial pattern painting and Frank Stella's late use of arched elements but retain identification with Lichtenstein through heavy black contours, primary colors, and fillers of Ben Day dots. His sculptures of the last three years, however, which abandon his cartoon ingredients in favor of thirties-style "modernistic" metal coat hangers and theatre-lobby stanchions in polished brass, glass, and aluminum, seem to be searching helplessly about for art-world references. Perhaps the discs of David Smith will come to the rescue.

In formal terms, Lichtenstein is nothing if not consistent; his aesthetic reprocessing, which homogenizes "vulgar" art with high-art forms and high art with formal derivatives from the mass media, cancels the content of both and leaves only design. Formalist criticism, as represented in this instance by Miss Waldman, finds his work to be all of a piece. Comparing Lichtenstein to Ingres, she writes that "Lichtenstein is able to present us with a new vision,

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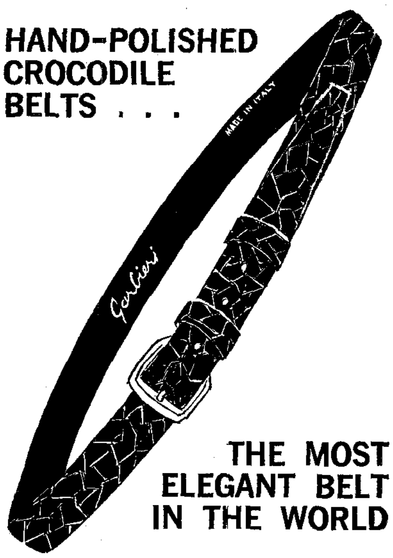

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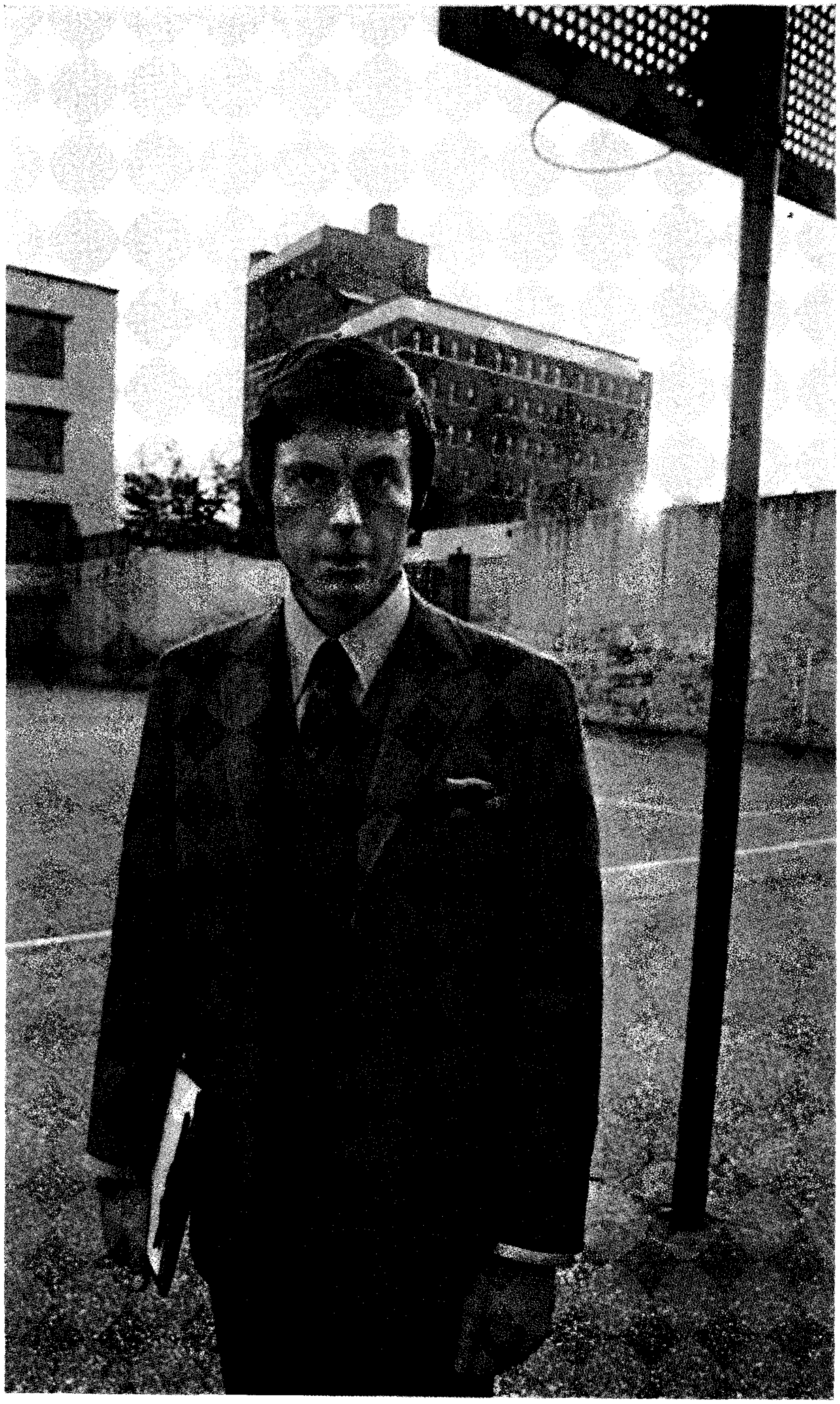

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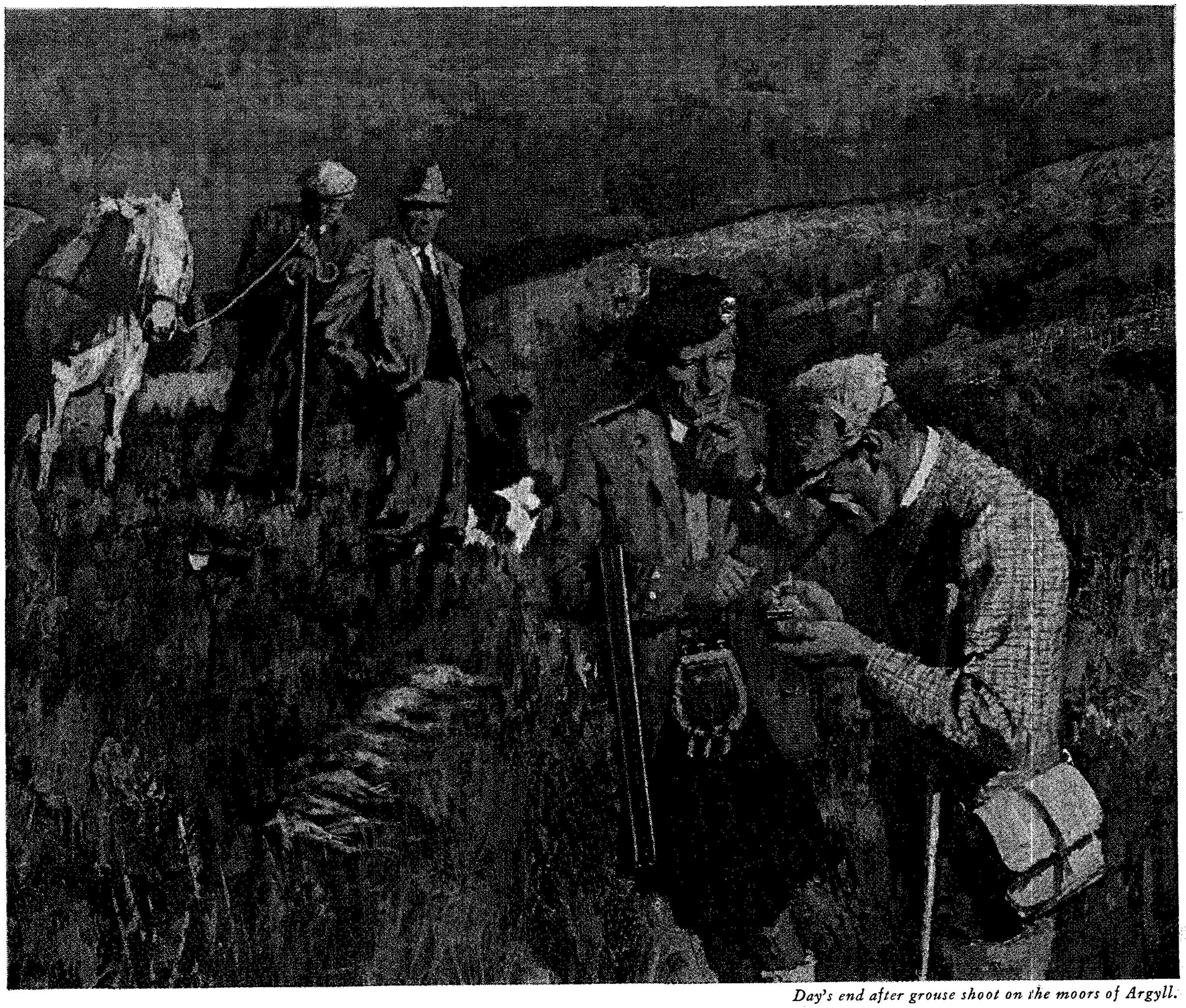

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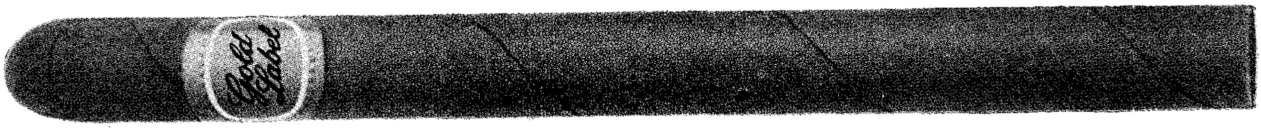

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not one based on the comic strip but more probably based on his understanding of modern art. Starting with a specific subject matter, he arrives at a general or ideal image." Miss Waldman seems unaware that in attributing to Lichtenstein an art that is based on understanding art and that achieves the "ideal" she has conceived of him as the typical modernist academician. No doubt Lichtenstein understands modern art, at least as it has been discussed in the United States during the past twenty years, but his aestheticized comics, far from arriving at an ideal image, are extremely uneven in the quality of their design. "Drowning Girl" and "Hopeless" are interesting Art Nouveau rhythmic compositions; "Takka Takka" and "O.K. Hot Shot" are so cluttered that the eye cannot rephrase them into satisfactory patterns; "Preparedness," a huge three-sectioned canvas done this year, is simply dull, in the manner of the poorer government murals of the thirties—the period with which Lichtenstein is at present engaged in his sculpture.

Apart from keeping up with art history and subsuming the comic-strip craftsman under the system of contemporary art ideas, Lichtenstein's paintings tend to reflect a gentle, professorial humor and a sincere liking for corny themes, colors, and postures. "Mr. Bellamy," not at the Guggenheim, is the cartoon of a resolute American naval officer who reflects, in a comic-strip balloon, "I am supposed to report to a Mr. Bellamy. I wonder what he's like." Done in 1961, the year Richard Bellamy assembled a squad of Pop artists at the Green Gallery, the painting is an excellent In joke. The 1965-66 "Brushstroke" paintings, with their traces of drip and exposed (but Ben Day-dotted) canvas, are my favorite Lichtensteins, because of their wit in isolating and reducing to a "thing" the trademark of Action painting, and Lichtenstein's impeccable handling relates the Action brushstroke to Oriental calligraphy. The balloon of "Image Duplicator," a closeup of the eyes of the Mad Scientist, amusingly sums up Lichtenstein's relation to his public: "*What*? Why did you ask *that*? What do you know about my *image duplicator*?"

The comics are a path back to childhood. A prevailing mood of Lichtenstein, as of Rauschenberg, Oldenburg, and the majority of the Pop artists, is nostalgia; in their scheme, childhood represents reality before it became totally absorbed into art. Lichtenstein's "Composition I," a six-foot-high repro-

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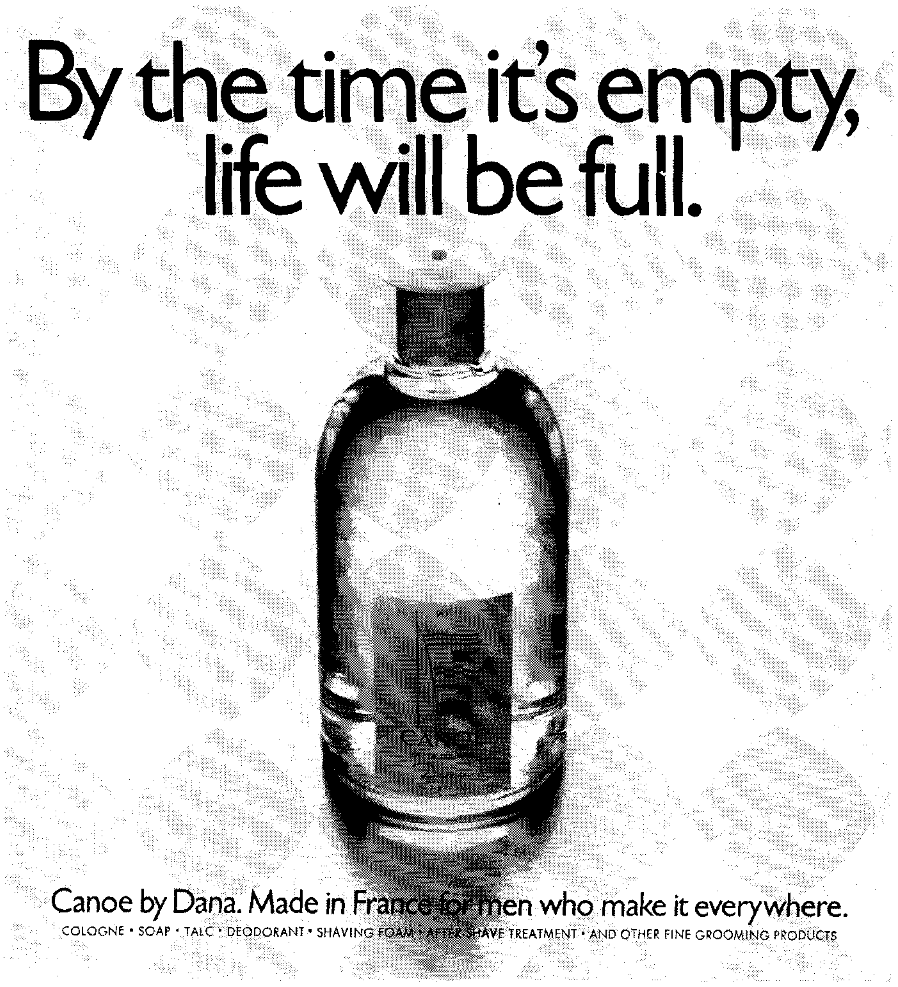

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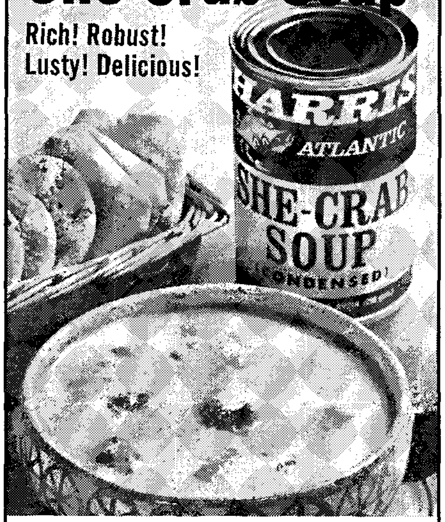

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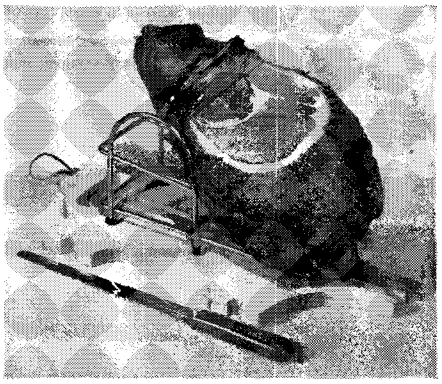
duction of the cover of a schoolboy's copybook, with a rectangular label in the center headed "COMPOSITIONS," and decorated with an allover design of random black-on-white shapes vaguely reminiscent of Pollock, and bordered on the left by a vertical black band à la Newman, is a brilliant synthesis of the artist's past innocence and present professionalism. Parodying the comics enabled Lichtenstein to reintroduce into painting heroic and romantic subjects—air pilots, cops, George Washington, drowning maidens. Though presented under the cover of aestheticism and Camp, the melodrama of such paintings as "Drowning Girl" ("I don't care! I'd rather sink—than call Brad for help!") and "The Kiss" (with an outline of the departing lover's plane in the background) helps, together with such gags as the "Image Duplicator," to save the Guggenheim exhibition from monotony—contradicting the formalist edict that subject matter is to be played down.

NOMINALLY, Claes Oldenburg is a Pop artist, too—one of the earliest and most forceful, who went through the Pop mill of Happenings, environments, and prop-making. The subjects of his sculptures, constructions, and drawings are taken from the common sources of Pop: packagings (7-Up bottles), art lectures ("Henry [no doubt Geldzahler, now a curator at the Metropolitan Museum] pulls out a rubber lecture"), ready-to-eat items, advertisements, cosmetics, kitchen equipment, tools. With Oldenburg, as with Lichtenstein, stereotypes in and out of art are equalized, and Lichtenstein's coolly conceived brushstroke is matched by Oldenburg's dripping paint pile turned into a plaster mass.

Oldenburg's practice of art and his attitude toward it are, however, radically different from those of Lichtenstein and the typical Pop artist, and to apply the Pop label to him tends to obscure the nature of his work. For Oldenburg, ex-reporter, poet, solitary walker in the city, and introspectionist, art has psychological and social objectives, and the aestheticism of the revisers of clichés is as alien to him as the aestheticism of the Minimalists and color-fielders. If Lichtenstein's accomplishment is confined to nuances of "the formalist experience of our century," Oldenburg has educated himself in the strategies of modernism in order to animate (in the phrase of his "Store Days") "a theatre of action or of things." Oldenburg, too, is absorbed in form—what artist isn't?—but he finds his forms in con-



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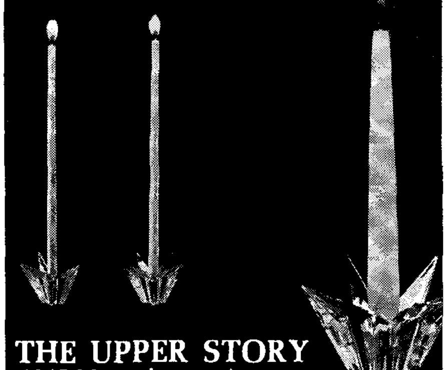

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crete objects and situation rather than by imposing on art a set of procedures derived from currently acceptable modes. Like de Kooning, though with essential differences, he is a "transformalist"—that is, one who uses the freedom won through modernist experimentation to cut across the history of styles by means of the unique creative act. His opposition to the ersatz Action painting that dominated New York art upon his arrival in it, in the mid-fifties, expressed itself not in submission to a system of antithetical recipes—impersonality, smooth surfaces, preconceived composition—but in slowly unearthing the creative principles of the pioneers. "Lately," he said in "Store Days," "I have begun to understand Action painting that old thing in a new vital and peculiar sense as corny as the scratches on a NY wall and by parodying its corn I have (miracle) come back to its authenticity! I feel as if Pollock is sitting on my shoulder, or rather crouching in my pants!" An artist who has the feeling of being "occupied" by a predecessor is able to extend the past through his imagination and can dispense with the formalists' chain of rational derivations.

The Oldenburg retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art, which, like the Lichtenstein exhibition, covers the current decade (with the addition of a few earlier drawings), is the most inventive—in concept and in use of scale and materials—of any group of works by an American of the post-Abstract Expressionist generation, and its presentation by Miss Alicia Legg, an associate curator at the Museum, is one of the most satisfying installations in recent years. The more than two hundred and twenty items, assembled with the collaboration of the artist, cover every phase of his career except his Happenings, dramas, and environments: the early East Side sculptures of food, clothing, and women's legs, all made out of newspaper soaked in paste, and the later ones of plaster-saturated muslin painted with enamel; the "flags" concocted in Provincetown out of driftwood and bits of rubbish; the giant "soft" sculptures of toothpaste tubes, telephones, typewriters, electric mixers, fans, and models of the Chrysler Airflow, circa 1935 (the nostalgic element), made of stuffed canvas and vinyl; and a large miscellany, done in the past three years, from the "Giant Soft Drum Set" to the shining 1969 "Giant Saw," which flows from the wall onto the floor in hinged segments. Most of these pieces are extremely amusing in an eye-opening way; in

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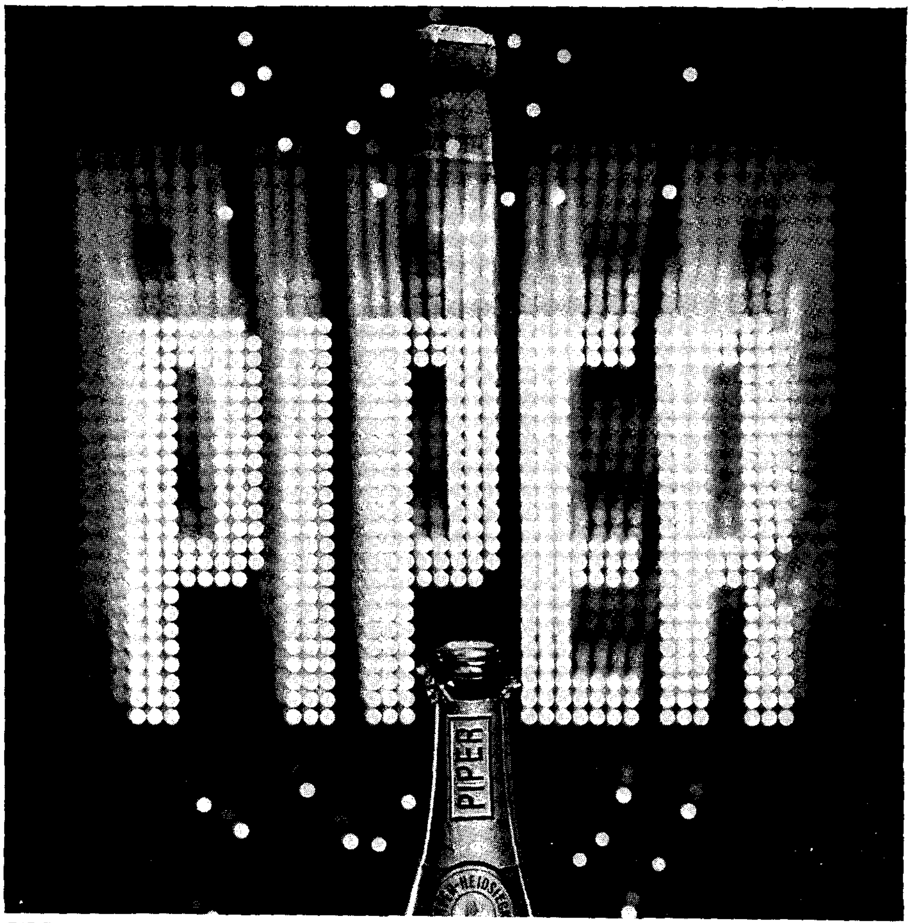

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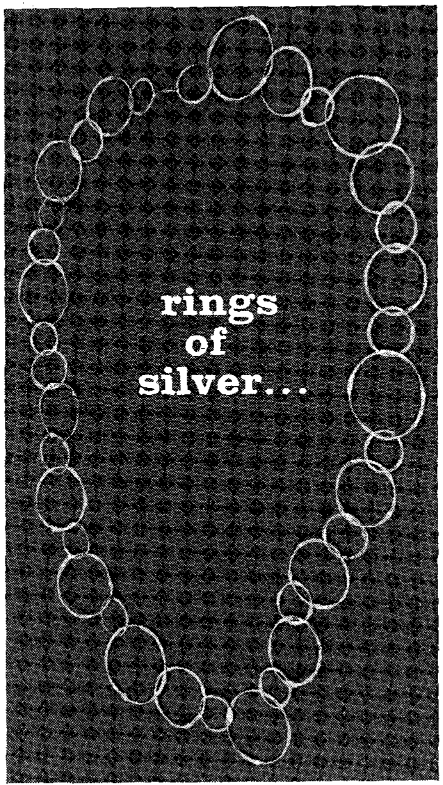

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them the familiar and manmade pass over into the natural, the absurd, and the abstract, as in the assemblage of cylindrical forms that turn out to be simulations of enlarged cigarette butts, and the row of pendulous organs that identify themselves, with some difficulty, as four Dormeyer mixers. Oldenburg has the offside mind and deadpan of the comedian-visionary. (Physically, he reminds me of Arp, who half a century ago unveiled the sculptural possibilities of an eggcup.) His natural attitude is anti-social in the bohemian tradition; he conceived his theatre as "a poor man's theatre." His attacks on society are potshots, as befits an artist; the forms he finds inhering in objects may "of themselves" become grotesque or savagely satirical.

That Oldenburg achieves his formal disclosures through a Swiftian isolation and blowup of detail inevitably associates his constructions with fun-house novelties and Hollywood dream carpentry, and this association is encouraged by his lapses into literalism, as in the huge light switches, mammoth shirts, and period-style West Coast motel bedroom. For those who know his work largely through his oversized tea bag and twenty-four-foot lipstick designed as a monument, Oldenburg has probably defined himself as a maker of visual gags. I can think of no better way to correct this impression than to start the tour of his Museum of Modern Art retrospective with the drawings and water-color sketches on the third floor. There the ideas of the artist appear in their inception, when the qualities of his draftsmanship and his thinking contend on equal terms with his subject matter, so that the study of a Good Humor as a monument, or a pack of cigarettes as a museum, is no more distracting than the drawing of an obelisk or a figure on horseback. Throughout his career, Oldenburg's object-making, like his experiments with theatre and environments, has been accompanied by tireless sketchbook drawing and writing. The pencil, crayon, and water-color drawings, in their sensitivity of line and compositional clarity, put his poetry and his tactile imagination in first place, and relieve him of debt to either prevailing art concepts or the Pop ace-in-the-hole of aesthetic incongruity.

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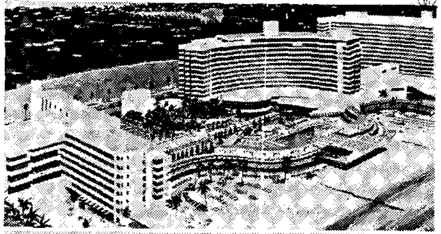

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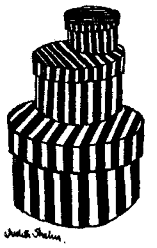
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS



LUXURY, opulence, and downright, unabashed, custom-made extravagance are the subject of this thesis, for I have been borne far, far away from plain old reality by sable, fisher, Russian broadtail, and other high-flying furs that will never be seen in the lobbies of office buildings or on campus. Any coat length goes today, and you already knew *that*, but there are a few ideas on this topic that are a bit new. The great Emeric Partos, of Bergdorf Goodman, does coats that end ten inches from the floor, allowing a glimpse of calf above the ankle, and he won't cut them longer, no matter how you plead; the sweeping of our streets, he says, is the job of the Sanitation Department and shouldn't be turned over to his lovely clients. A second idea is at Georges Kaplan's—a mini-maxi irregular length, short at the front or on the sides but long elsewhere. One splendid example is shown in black broadtail, long in back. Tan bull hide makes a slender, ankle-length coat—likewise a Kaplan. It buttons down the front, but only to the knees—to let you show off your handsome legs and to give you more freedom in walking. And here and there you'll see a practical trick that has been going on for several years—the long coat that zips off above the knees to make short work of it; the separated hem can serve as a muffler. A magnificent Bergdorf coat of fisher in that ten-inches-from-the-floor length unzips to become brief indeed. The skins are sewn on chiffon for an extra-special appeal. And everywhere there are two-fur combinations (and not just the traditional black Russian broadtail and white mink, either), and everywhere leathers are combined with furs in every way. For one, the very young Kaplan ranch-mink coat with a small waist, a snug top, and a skirt that swirls because of its leather godets. And Reiss & Fabrizio makes a particular to-do about its coat of copper calf with horizontal bands of capeskin. With it goes a lynx hood that has long muffler ends. A midicoat of Lakoda in its natural caramel uses black beaver for the collar and cuffs, the hem, and the edging of the deep slits that go up the sides to the hips; black seal makes the skirt of a jaguar coat and an uprising bib to cover the stomach, and more seal edges the huge standup collar. These coats, like so many others at Reiss, have really swing backs that are almost tentlike, though they cup under the breast and are slender in front. Bergdorf shows a knee-length ranch-mink affair that is a full circle and that wraps and wraps and *wraps*. At Bergdorf, too, is a circular-back coat of Somali, which is the Ultimate. Ritter Brothers are also expert capemen; witness a deal of theirs in Norwegian blue fox—circular all around for beautiful bulk. Another Ritter is a coat of sable, horizontally worked, with a high, hooked collar and sleeves; the back of this one is *really* voluminous.

Last year, the ban on using sea otter, imposed in 1911 to save the animals from extinction, was lifted, for the huge beasts have multiplied mightily. Sea otter is a truly thick dark-brown fur that seems to me white at the roots—and only the otters' hairdressers know for sure. It was employed a lot for shawl collars on the coats of some Gay Nineties blades. Last year, too, there appeared Kojah mink (rare and expensive), a mink so long-haired that it resembles sable. Nobody I have asked knows whence it sprang, and the thing is a real mystery, because I hear that neither minks nor sables believe in miscegenation. It is a breathtaking item, and Reiss & Fabrizio makes of it a coat with no vertical seams at all (the fur just goes round and round). Another R. & F. Kojah is done in espresso—dark indeed, as the name indicates. This one is $12,000, to show how rarity pays off. That'll learn you to be unique.

The easygoing, throwaway cut of minks—and especially of sables—in a way that suggests sports more than the Opera House carries on; Gunther Jaeckel shows a sable midi, by Catherine Guilbert, that has an A skirt and that hooks up the fly front. It is casual to a degree. Here, too, you'll find a quantity of coats in mink on trenchcoat lines, such as Dior's job of ranch with a deep vent, black epaulets, and a belt of leather. Christensen has designed for Jaeckel a little-girl coat that has a flaring skirt but also a trenchcoat fold over the shoulder blades, just the same. And while we are at Gunther Jaeckel, let us study Geoffrey Beene's concoction—one of the best His-and-Hers fur-coat schemes in town. It's of black Alaska seal, and black leather forms the patch pockets, the turnover collar, and the edging of the slanting pockets, which are right in front of the ribs. Trenchcoat leather straps above the cuffs, too.

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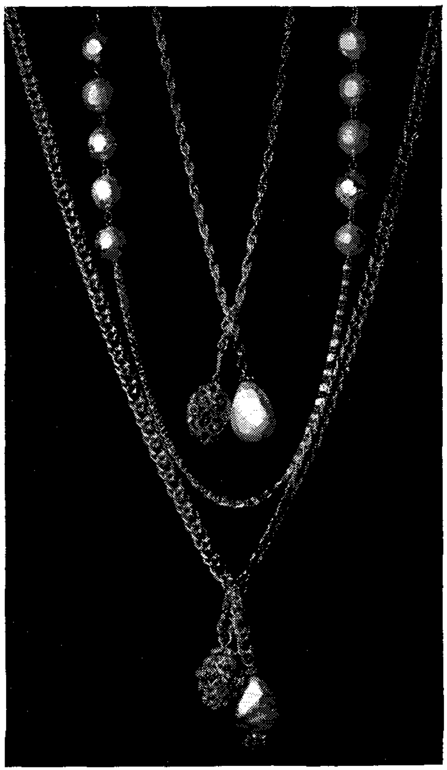

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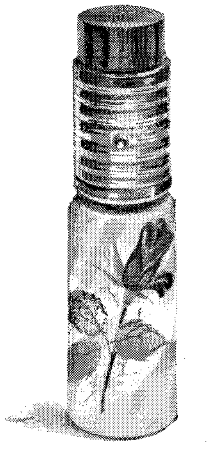
said that) is a committer of many, many pleasurable aberrations, and I must include his fancy for sweater types in mink among them. (Mink for sports again! But not at all in the same way.) A new development is Black Willow, a ranch mink that is really murky. This is the substance of a sweater coat zipped up the front and in his beloved ten-inches-from-the-floor length. Other sweaters, all long, are accompanied by Partos pants that are made to his design on the premises. One of these sweaters is in wide vertical stripes of black mink and Kohinoor mink, which is white with black tips; with it go a black leather band neck, a black leather belt, and black twill pants. Another, in stripes of white and light-tan Palomino mink, ends in a turtleneck of white mink. Its companion piece is beige jersey pants. Swakara dyed (especially for Bergdorf) Cadet Blue is the stuff of a slim street coat with black Persian across the back of the revers and three black silk bands across the chest. Definitely *not* for football (or any kind of throwaway mood) is a suit of black Russian broadtail with a fairly long two-button jacket and a long straight skirt. Russian broadtail also fashions a two-piece pants suit that is covered by a black velvet cape extending to just below the knees. Partos loves anemones of mink dyed in brilliant colors and appliquéd. This year they show up along the edges of a full-backed vest of black Alaska seal and on a deep shawl of the same seal. Both these objects are to be worn over jump suits. But the Very End (unless, come to think of it, you opt for a neutral tweed dress slashed up to the hips, and covered with both dull and shiny silver sequins, and dwelling under a sable coat) is a lengthy raincoat whose outside shell is made of ironing-board canvas and lined with sable. Useful note: The sable lining, which stops just short of the ankles (the Partos trademark again) and is equipped with three horizontal rows of sable tails, can be detached and worn separately as a make-do evening coat.

AN engaging and not too inexpensive mink coat ($1,850) is on the premises at Reiss & Fabrizio. It is all wide vertical bands of mink, except for the belt and a broad front panel, which involve walnut-hued leather. Quite a show for the money. R. & F. has always monkeyed with contrasting furs in chevrons and windowpane checks and the like. A new entry in this series is horizontal bands of plain black mink alternating with bands of white mink that bear black sort of tape-measure



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markings. But newest of all here is contrasting inset *circles* of mink (very hard to do), as in a white mink coat that embodies R. & F.'s favorite swing back and is covered with circles of Blue Iris mink, some of them ten inches across. And as in a coat of the Blue Iris with white circles ranging in size from doughnuts to eight inches wide. And as in a black-and-white maxicoat of mink with white circles on the black, and vice versa. The hem is another of the ones that can zip off when you want your knees to feel the breeze. R. & F. has done a magnificent midicoat of sea otter with a separate, pointed hood and a broad leather belt; take the hood off and you see a petal collar. Another maxi is erected out of silver fox with fat tails of it all along the bottom. You don't have to like it just because I told you about it, you know. For wildness, nothing can beat the Aurora chinchilla, dyed a bright orange, of an almost full-circle collarless cape. For demureness, nothing can beat a wedding dress of white mink done in horizontal bands the width of ermine. (This wears a sash and a bow of blue satin, and the skirt has full gathers in back.) For folly, nothing can beat the big round sunglasses with mink edges.

WHEN M. Jacques Kaplan, of Georges Kaplan, sets to, what results is often out of sight, out of mind—or out of *its* mind. Who else would dream of making a maxicoat of black mink paws and then adding a trimming of red fox along the hem and the hood? Who else would take giraffe, nice and slick and red-brown, and fashion of it a truly smart ankle-length tailored coat with enormous lapels and flapped pockets? Who else would cut off the tails with a carving knife of twenty-two hundred ermine and mass those end pieces all over a maxicape—the first of its kind since Napoleon Bonaparte wore one? (I didn't see *his*; I wasn't invited.) Then there is that wet-looking synthetic from Paris in all sorts of shades, making slickers with a lining of Mongolian lamb emerging at the edges. Kaplan has plenty of His-and-Hers coats, the most extreme and dubious of which involve crushed velvet (this takes us back to around 1882)—the man's in brown with a collar of brown fox and the woman's in gray with a collar of silver fox. Both have mole linings. I infinitely prefer (because I'm a square, of course) two coats of ranch mink, cut quite long. The man's is double-breasted and sports the conventional revers; the

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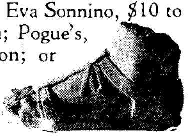

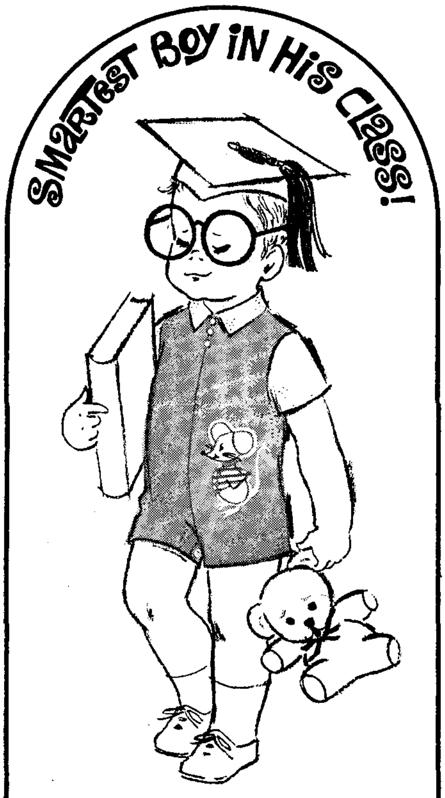
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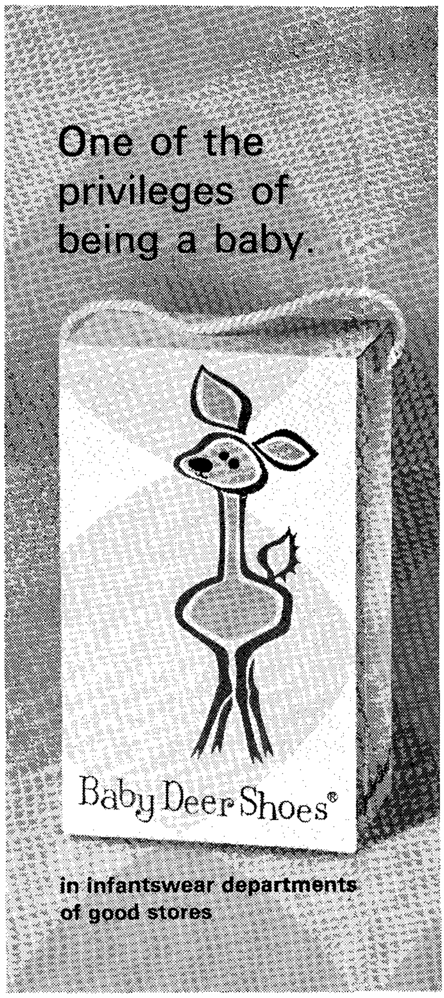

One of the privileges of being a baby.

in infantswear departments of good stores

girl's is topped by huge lapels standing up behind the ears. But what really overcame me here is a cape (I love capes, as you have gathered, despite the minuteness of our taxis) of ranch mink, midi in length, with a turnover collar of fisher, six double-breasted buttons, and slits for the arms. I also love some skinny little fur jobs here, one of them a tunic of zebra-stencilled rabbit over a skirt of black wool. Its straight skirt has black fringe at the bottom, and a fringed muffler of rabbit with zebra stencilling completes the deal. Another deal is a coat of Russian broadtail. Its hood is not detachable, but it looks nice dangling in back, nevertheless. Mink can be a problem, but Kaplan has always managed to make coats of it look just right on young people—something to do with his knack for snug tops and easy skirts.

RITTER BROTHERS has put together a glorious straight cape of sea otter. It's midi length, with a straight back and a three-frog closing high in front. (A *man's* Chesterfield in blond, or camel-color, seal, with a deep vent in back, can be rather special for him if his polo coat is showing signs of wear.) Enormous artistry is involved in a tourmaline coat whose skins are worked horizontally and alternately—one wide and two narrow. Black Russian broadtail compiles an outfit that starts with a very long tunic over a dress with a white mink turtleneck and bib, and the white mink hem of the dress shows just a bit below the tunic. For girls, there is ranch mink worked vertically, very fitted through the top and the middle but circular in the skirt. This *can* have a gold belt, but I like it better naked. For slender grandeur, one must consider a coat of black Persian broadtail with a princesse cut and pockets that jut in deep Vs. There are eight double-breasted buttons in front for trimth, and two inverted pleats in back make striding easy for your limth. Beautiful lushness is represented by vertically arrayed red fox for a coat whose neck is bateau and whose skirt is straight. A black leather band collar sits up top, and a black leather belt that cinches it in as much as possible goes across the front. Grandeur for evening could hardly be better done than by a black-and-white reversible coat of floor length—one side in black-dyed Russian broadtail, the other in jasmine mink, and all the skins on the bias. Some of us may prefer, for Metropolitan evenings (if we ever have any again), a maxi of white mink with a sailor collar (a real ahoy-there collar) edged by ranch. The

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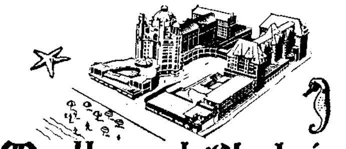

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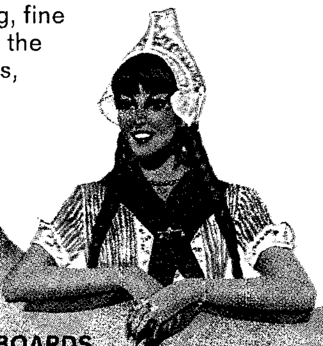

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sleeves are bell. (I forgot to say, earlier, that bell sleeves are sneaking onto the high-style stage again.)

BENDEL has its own Image for the petite, *petite* girl who for all her clothes wants high armholes, soft shoulders, and an utter play-down of the bust line. (Lots of the Bendel furs are actually ready-to-go, but most of what I have been writing about is—as everyone must have guessed—custom.) What is a big hit with the customers here in whatever sort of fur was shown to me in mink with notched lapels, tight raglan sleeves (that soft shoulder, see?), and a sash tie. This coat ends not far above the knees, and young women want it in sable or—which is more down-to-earth—in ranch-mink paws with a badger trim (the badger is up to his old game). Another prize for the Bendel clientele is a mink shirt coat with a round Peter Pan collar and buttons down the front. The cut is slightly A-line, and the shoulders, I must repeat, are soft. Not everything is overwhelming; there *are* coats in cat lynx (brown and pale yellow) at $1,595. Coats of Russian lynx are much higher. And then there is amber fox, worked vertically. Ocelot wrap coats are around, too, with high lapels and black leather sashes. More youth is apparent in the dark ranch-mink coat with tight shoulders, a wide swing below, and a round, childish collar. Just the same, my choice for clime-to-clime travellers is the "California" coat of white India lamb with notched lapels, a white leather belt, and an inverted pleat of the leather in back.

AND *please*, once you have the coat of your dreams, shop around for the best-looking pair of boots you can possibly find. As a favor to me.

—LOIS LONG

THIS AND THAT

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BOB & CAROL & TED & ALICE is the name that turns up in my head whenever I try to recall a new shop I visited a while back at 237 East 53rd Street, but that is not it. Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice? What on earth would a shop like that specialize in—His-and-Hers clothes? No, indeed; that certainly is not it. Really, it's Betsey, Bunky & Nini, Inc., and the things they deal in are not in the least bunky but bouncy—young things, such as floor-length long-sleeved T-shirt dresses, in a variety of rayon jerseys and cotton velours, and

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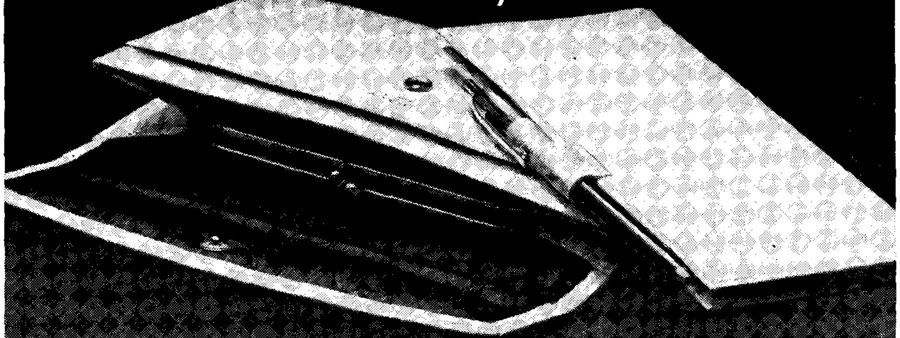

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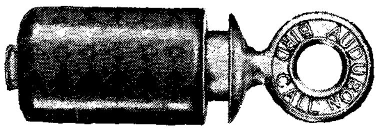

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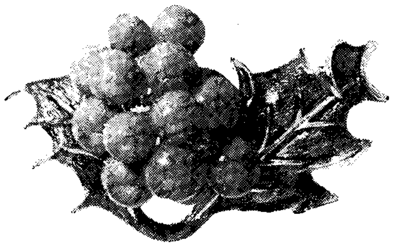

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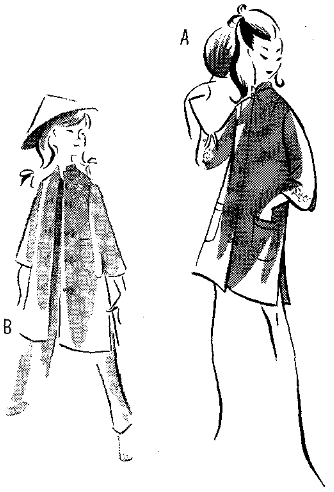

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no more than $50. Another scheme—and my favorite—is polo shirts of minute-weight white cotton knit in horizontal pastel stripes incorporating alphabets, animals, flags, houses, and whatnot, at $12 to $14. I *did* say $12 to $14, and I meant it. Hockey shirts and minidresses, all of two-hue synthetic jersey—crimson with navy sleeves, green with shrimp-pink sleeves, and such—are (a) just $12 and (b) just $20. The shop's own favorite (I'm not wholly sure it should be) is a long skirt of dark wool jersey tying on one hip; below, a slash discloses a glimpse of you or your body stocking. Its partner is a scoop-neck bodice (I admire the antique buttons on this) of wool knit, in a mingling of hues, that discloses the midriff. Betsey, Bunky, and Nini are girls, and their clothes are for girls who don't mind being far out once in a while. They keep modern girls' hours—eleven until seven, and on Saturdays until six. . . . There are three now in the valuable Tapemeasure family, the baby shop being at 1031 Third Avenue (61st); the others remain at their posts—799 Madison Avenue (68th) and 560 Madison Avenue (56th). There goes the neighborhood—completely Tapemeasure. A good thing about these places is that a customer who needs, say, a 10 top and a 12 skirt can have them at the going fee plus $10—this for at least one fitting and a cast of thousands (swatches, that is) to choose from. At the ready are: black-and-white tweed coat-dresses with long sleeves of black wool crêpe ($160), tailored shifts of plum wool jersey with practically sailor collars and a wide sash ($125), matching straight cuffed trousers ($50), and so on. Tiny flying carpets seem to be what the pattern of the bronze and dull-gold brocade of some long wrap-around evening skirts has in mind. Sizes run from 6 to 14, and many things (well, perhaps not those evening skirts) are duplicated in miniature for children. . . . From Tiktiner, of Nice, comes a small and handsome collection of separates in black cotton velvet with big bright Paisley prints—mostly long or short skirts and trousers. Shirts and long-sleeved blouses, all of black synthetic jersey, complete the lot. The locale is the Country & Casual Shop in Bergdorf's. . . . There are more separates on Lord & Taylor's fifth floor, at between $100 and $235, but then they are Lilly Pulitzer output. Beige suède is used for double-breasted jackets, long vests, trousers, skirts, and shirtdresses, and the ornamentation is turquoise African animal life. Another point of

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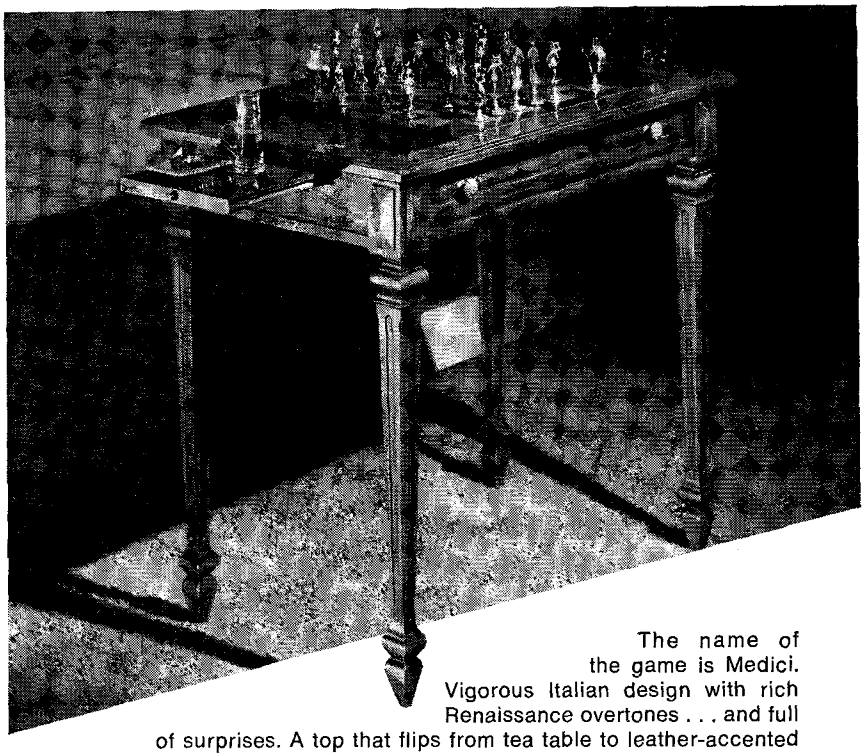
interest is the suits of hand-crocheted cream wool, from Ireland, at $130; one more is the set of A-line dresses of red-navy-and-white striped wool crochet, from here. Brigance is in evidence—long flannel skirts that close down the front as far as you like with rhinestone balls. The flannel is gray, and the linings are orange crêpe, which matches the floppy trousers. Further Brigance: full trousers of black cotton velvet, and long black crêpe skirts slung from halter tops, for nightlarking. Pucci is at hand with maillots in visionary blue-and-green prints (Lycra is the material) and with batiste cover-ups that could pass for coat-dresses. The prints from Hawaii are oceanic, and they result in such matters as tops with high, collarless necks, short sleeves, no backs at all down to below the waist, and attached little-boy shorts or trousers. The stuff they're made of is piqué. Early Frost is the name for a conglomerate that starts with vests of cream fake fox and goes on to turtleneck sweaters of ribbed wool knit, crêpe blouses with vast puffed sleeves, and trousers of embroidered cream fake leather *under* trousers of cotton twill *under* unembroidered chaps of real leather. Enclosed in all this, you can have a very warm and even a hot time in the old town any night. . . . Bloomingdale's has prepared for a hot time on the old ski slopes and after-ski-slopes—reversible boleros and jackets of natural or black Spanish lamb on one side and striped cotton-and-rayon on the other (the colors—a blend of strawberry, lemon, orange, lime, and charcoal, for one—are really great), as well as slacks and jump suits in the same stripes; suits that involve jackets with quilting on the right shoulder and knit, in contrasting colors, on the opposite sleeve, plus unadorned trousers, the whole deal made of navy, yellow, red, or white ciré; over-boot stretch trousers in dusty jade green or gray-blue; boots of reindeer with suède feet that come almost to the knees. . . . Still more separates (whither togetherness anymore?) at Bonwit Teller, but they are Jaeger, which makes a difference. Jaeger is what is known as Classic, but it's updated just the same—hacking jackets, slim short skirts with gold-metal buckles (a bit too Valentino, maybe) on the belts, and trousers, all of camel's-hair-and-wool (natural) or of red or black wool jersey; knife-pleated skirts of gray wool; tunics of horizontally striped wool jersey; turtleneck sweaters of a ribbed pseudo-wool. This assemblage is on the fifth floor, and so is the Hermès Boutique, which is now



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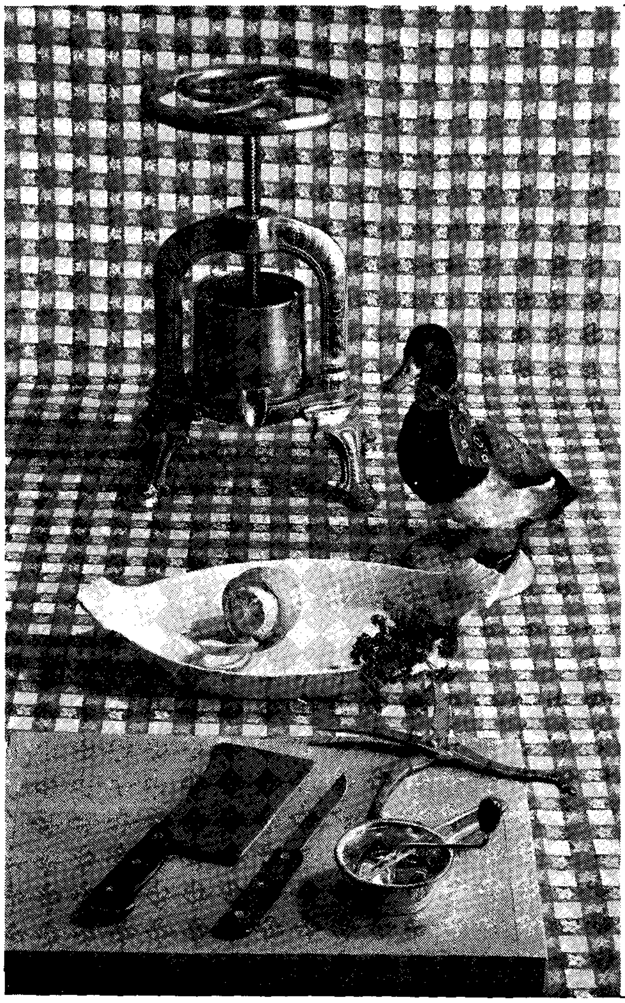

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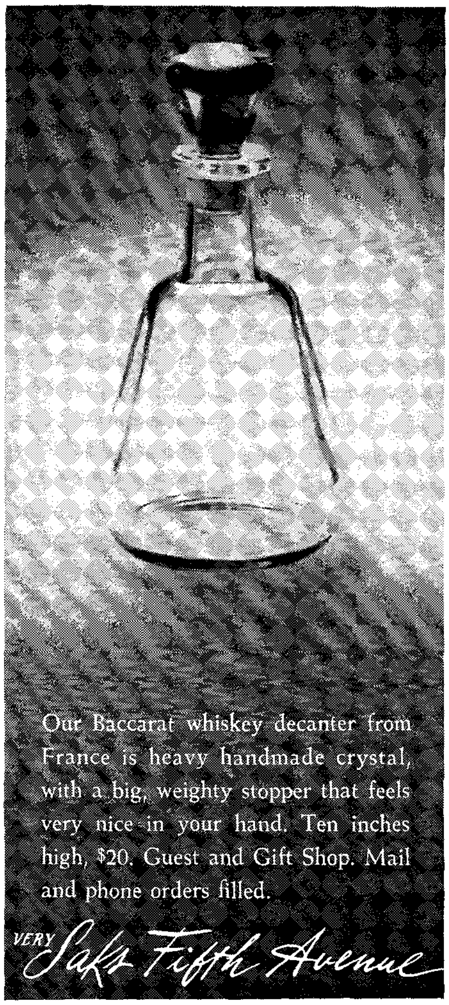

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dealing in a spate of coats. Some, at $375, have huge pockets and separate hoods; wool in brilliant red or yellow and piped with black leather is the basis. (The hoods are an extra $90.) Raincoats—they look as though they had grown out of horse blankets in their decisive plaid—are lined with contrasting wool crêpe, and unlined slacks go with them; duffel coats (more hoods) are of black ciré lined with marmot. From this Great Outdoors to cocktail and evening handbags is quite a jump (down to the first floor, but there is an elevator, if you can wait)—handbags invented by Kenneth Lane and embellished with costume jewelry; $90 to $280. The goods: black or white leather with a sharkskin grain, gold or silver moiré leather, or black silk. They are attached to you by handles that are fancy indeed or by tasselled and bejewelled over-the-shoulder ropes, long enough to hang themselves. . . . T. Jones, who's at 697 Fifth Avenue (55th) and 1050 Third Avenue (62nd), is not the new Welsh bard at all; he's a wardrobe man, for autumn through spring weather. Shall we set off with the double-breasted coats of pebbly tweed in a zigzag weave of orange, gray-blue, black, and beige? Lined with kit fox, they are $375 (the fur spills over the notched collars and lapels); unlined, they are $145. The tweed also does semi-fitted hipbone jackets and rather longer dresses that finish up with turtleneck sleeveless bodices of white gabardine; $175 a set. These are to be combined, however one likes, with dresses of wool crêpe, gabardine, or worsted that pick up one of the aforesaid hues. Sometimes the skirts flip out at the hem and the high collars dip in front, for women with a don't-fence-me-in hangup; other times they are modified princesse. Lightweight coats, too, even though they're double-breasted, of gabardine lined with squirrel bellies; the shorties are $265, the maxis are $525. Three weeks' waiting time for the fur-lined stuff. . . . Sona the Golden One, at 11 East 55th Street, now has a bowing acquaintance, Sona II, at No. 7. As they say in Vegas (Las), eleven come seven. India is still the home grounds, so there are at-home-grounds hostessy long dresses of golden cotton beset by lush forestry and lusher birds of paradise, and caftans of candy-striped cotton with lavish floral embroidery up top, and flowing robes of green-maroon-and-yellow striped cotton, or of beige-and-café-au-lait silk in Taj Mahal detail, and absolutely beautiful shirtdresses of pink-and-green silk

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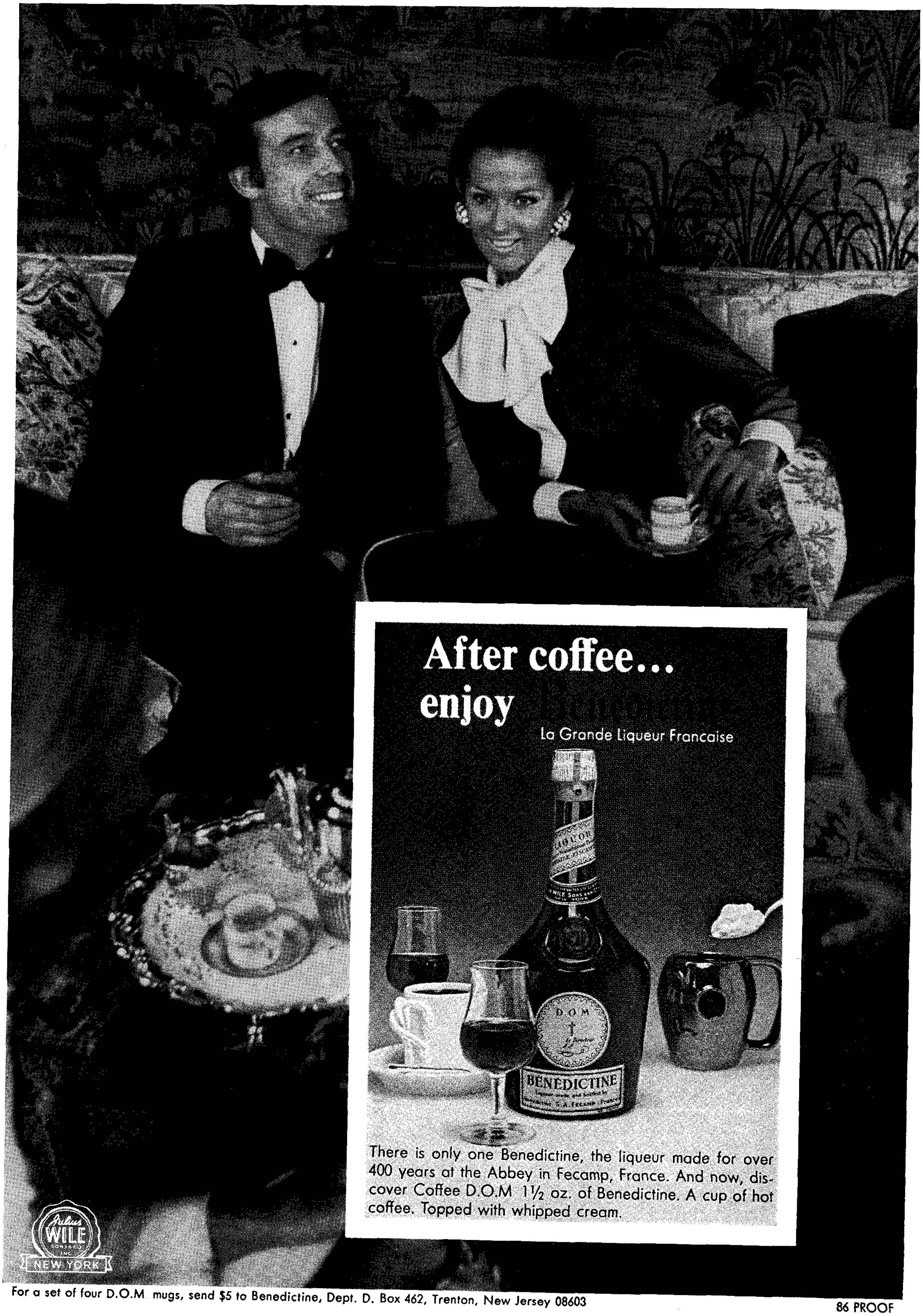
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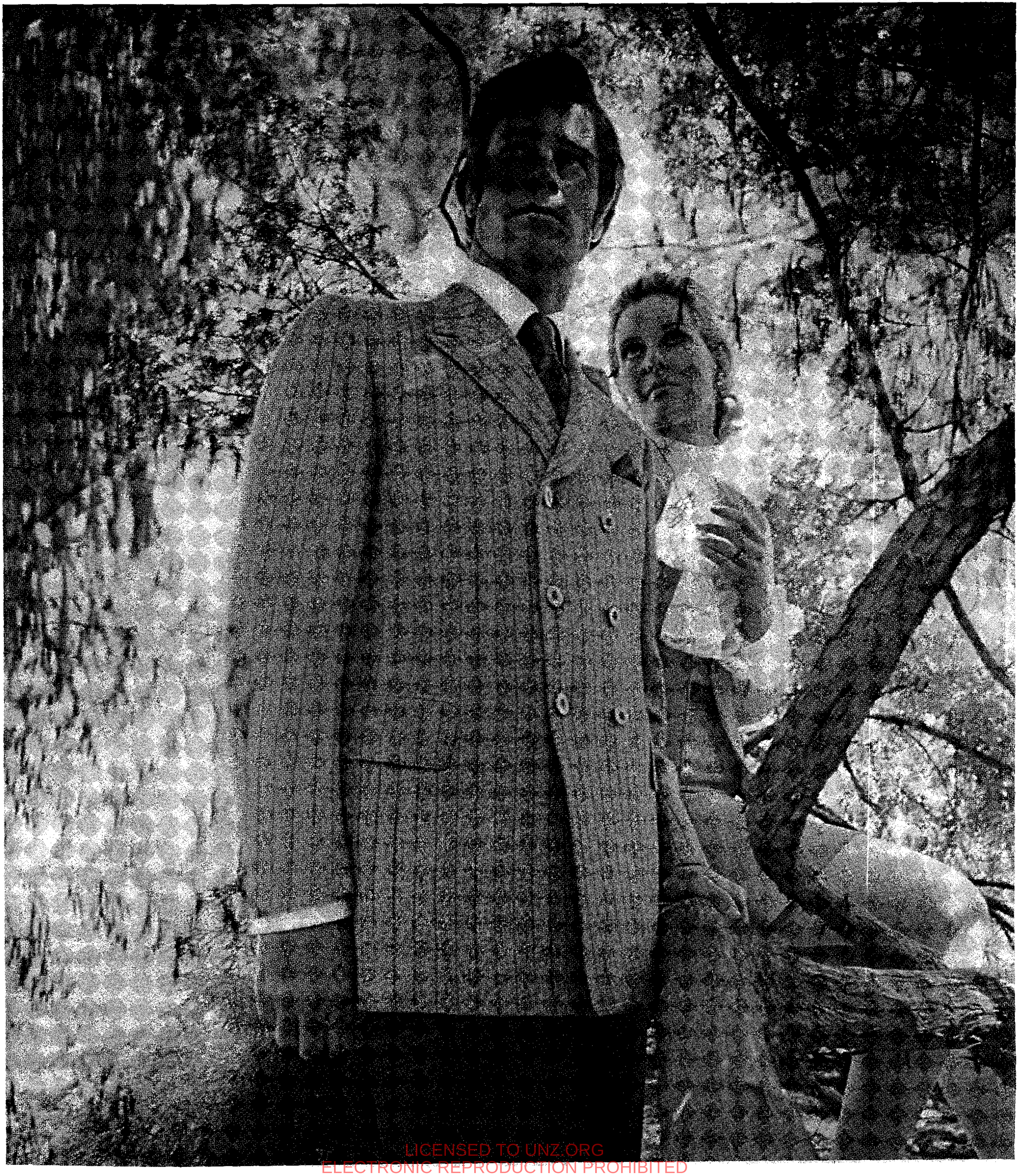

with lavender mango leaves or of porcelain-blue-and-beige silk with vague lotus buds. The hostessy dresses are $20, and the caftans are $22.60—amid cries of "How do they *do* it?" And the shirtdresses are $44—bargains of bargains.

SHOES: A bunch of new ones, by David Evins, at I. Miller, the one at 734 Fifth Avenue (57th), that are members of the chain gang—high-rise oxfords (no lacings) of brown kid or black patent leather on chunky stacked heels, with wide gold-plated chains across the foot; slenderer step-ins of brown calf with narrow chains at the base of the tongues; bare evening sandals of gold or silver kid or black or white satin with very slim chains in triplex over the instep. Revival of the year, perhaps: congress gaiters of black patent.

THERE had to be a Louis Vuitton Boutique someday, and Saks Fifth Avenue has got around to it. Among the newest developments is a soft-sided suitcase of brown canvas flecked with Vuitton décor and built on tubular aluminum frames, so it can *fly*. Moreover: garment bags, clutch bags, change purses, wallets (with compartments for checkbooks, credit cards, and even a pen), tote and shopping bags, and train cases (I *knew* there were some of us who can't fly) with jewelry trays. One never, never inquires about the price of anything that is Vuitton; one merely grins and bears it away. —M. M.

•

Both houses of the Iowa Legislature Wednesday attempted to pass rules concerning the activities of newsmen in the Legislature. The action came during debate on a legislative ethics code.

In the House, many members blamed the news media for creating unnecessary interest in legislative and lobbyist ethics. —*Des Moines Register.*

That's the trouble with newsmen—always poking around in things that don't concern them.

•

OUR FORGETFUL BOOK REVIEWERS

[*Neil Millar, reviewing "The Honeycomb," by Adela Rogers St. Johns, in the Christian Science Monitor*]

The daughter of a celebrated criminal lawyer, Adela Rogers was an early sample of the Emancipated Woman.—*Paragraph 5.*

A clergyman's daughter, she longed—perhaps not hard enough—for a truer light.—*Paragraph 12.*

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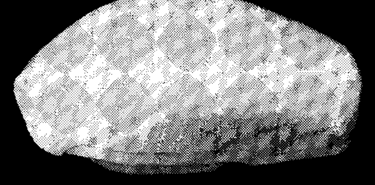

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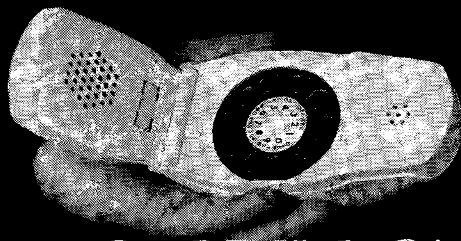

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Sex

As I think I have remarked before, Carl Orff is disliked by the avant-garde academy because he writes music that is clearly tonal. But he is also disliked in some quarters for another reason. The fact is that Orff remained in Germany during the Hitler period, as did several other composers, including the undeniably great Richard Strauss. A good deal of animosity has recently been expressed toward Orff on this *ad-hominem* ground, and it all reminds me of Sainte-Beuve's objection to the writings of Stendhal—not because he disliked the writings themselves but because he considered Stendhal to be a fellow of low moral character. The idea that geniuses are necessarily men of lofty spiritual habits was, of course, long ago discarded. Moreover, there is, as far as I know, *no* record that Orff was a member of the Nazi Party or a war criminal. The only important question about his music is whether it is good or bad, charming or vulgar, inspiring or dull. Some consider it vulgar, bad, and dull. I do not. Neither does the musical audience, which seems to go into ecstasies whenever "Carmina Burana," for example, is played. It doesn't go into similar ecstasies over much other contemporary music. Orff can be dull, and he is in one or two of his later works, such as "Antigone" and "Prometheus." But this dullness is a characteristic of only a few compositions. I think it is scandalous that New York has yet to hear a performance, even in concert form, of his magnum opus, the opera "Die Bernauerin." Some people have said that this opera is so purely Bavarian in character that you have to be a Bavarian to like it. I don't believe it. It was not so long ago that people were claiming that Bruckner was so Austrian that you had to be an Austrian to like *him*, and look at his popularity today!

Last Thursday night, the New York City Opera presented Orff's "Songs of Catullus," otherwise known as "Catulli Carmina," a work that

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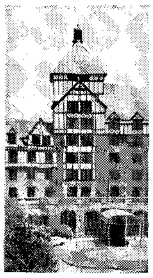

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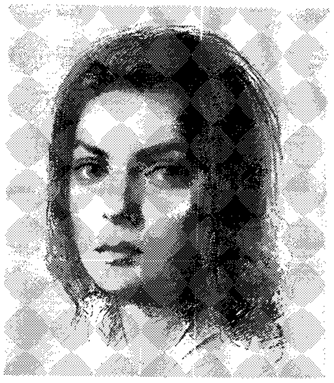

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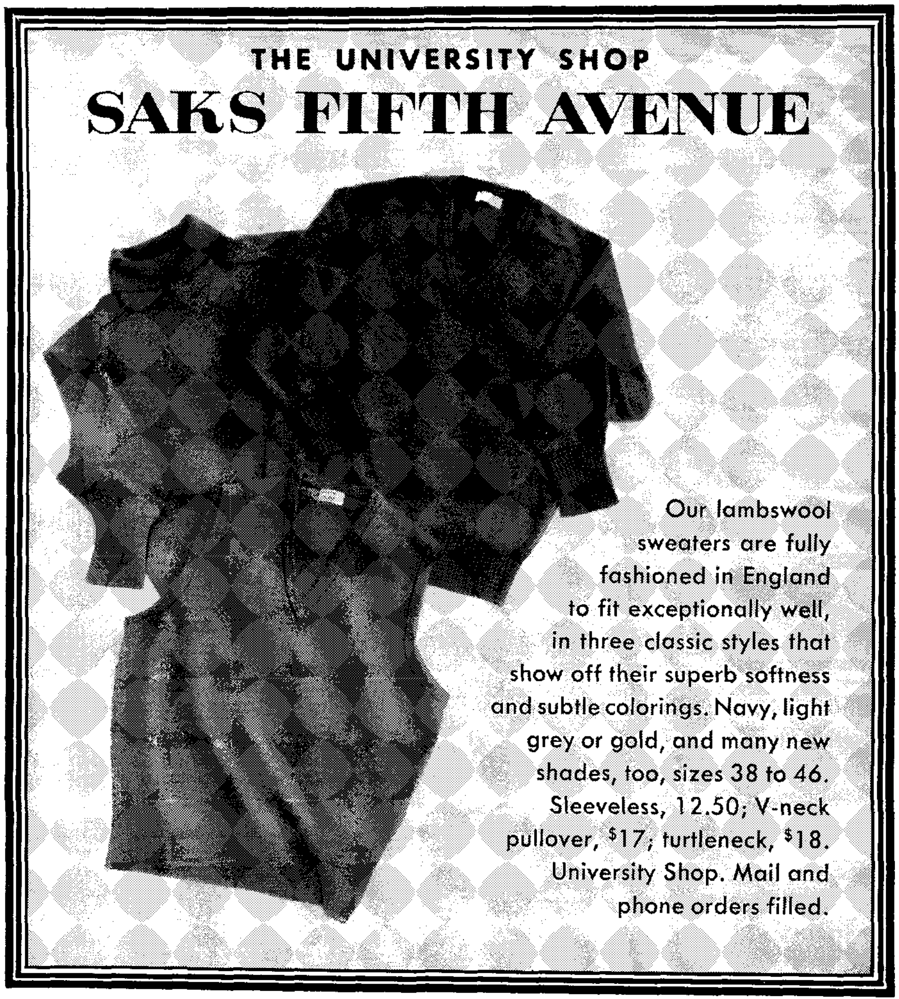
just happens to have been written during the Weimar Republic, before Hitler came to power. The work, which has been heard here before only in concert form, was fully staged on a double bill with Ravel's "L'Heure Espagnole"—an arrangement that made for a reasonably diverting evening. "Catulli Carmina" is not quite as enthralling as "Carmina Burana," but it has the same sort of rhythmic power, the same propulsive choral passages, and the same originality of orchestration. As a stage spectacle, it offers a problem. It is about sex and nothing but sex, and to keep a stageful of dancers (along with some singers) interestingly concerned with this important but visually limited activity throughout the hour or so that the work takes to perform requires a good deal of ingenuity. I thought that John Butler, the director and choreographer, managed to solve the problem admirably, helped by a handsome array of dancers, including Carmen de Lavallade, Lynn Kothera, Buzz Miller, and Robert Powell, the last of whom danced the role of Catullus. The general tone of the production was romantic rather than coarse, with the stress on beautiful bodies and beautiful movement rather than absolute literalness—though nobody was left in doubt as to what was taking place. There were boys and girls and boys and boys as well, all of which suited Catullus's Rome, in addition to some other eras I can think of. The scenery, designed by Jac Venza, consisted of a backdrop that changed color from time to time, plus an arrangement of brass pipes that decorated the forepart of the stage. The costumes, also by Mr. Venza, were stylish, and Julius Rudel—presiding over a chorus in the pit as well as one on the stage, along with a typical Orff orchestra, filled with pianos and percussion—gave the work the vigorous character that it needs. The solo singers—Patricia Wise, soprano, and William Du Pree, tenor—were excellent.

"L'Heure Espagnole," which was being revived after a sixteen-year absence from the New York City Opera's repertory, is a sophisticated little French farce about a married woman who conceals her lovers from each other in grandfather clocks and has these clocks carried up to her room by a muscular muleteer—a muleteer so muscular that she finally decides to take him upstairs, too. Her aging husband returns from his duty of winding up the town clocks to find the concealed lovers and the muleteer, and then every-



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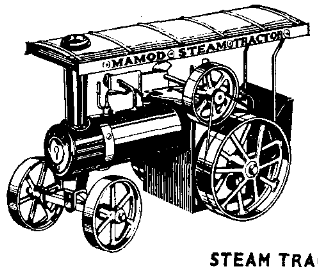

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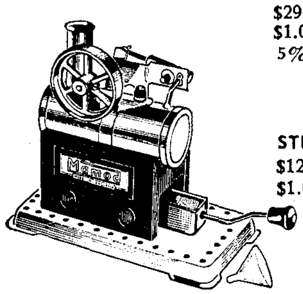

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body accepts the situation philosophically in a final quintet of considerable beauty. *This*, naturally, is about sex, too, but the approach is much more urbane and much less primitive. Though Ravel's music runs a little thin in a few places, "L'Heure Espagnole" is, on the whole, a delightfully comic affair, with great subtlety of orchestration and some nice moments of lyricism. The French enunciation was variable the other night. I could not understand a word of Spiro Malas' role—Don Inigo Gomez, a financier—but he acted with high spirits. Karan Armstrong as the lady in question (appropriately named Concepción), Nico Castel as the husband, and Richard Fredricks as the muleteer came over more understandably. Everybody sang well, and Mr. Fredricks, looking a little like Franco Corelli, seemed just the man to carry grandfather clocks full of lovers from floor to floor. There was a début. Kenneth Riegel, in the role of Gonzalve, a poet, showed a distinguished flair for comic tenor roles. The scenery and costumes were those of the old production, depicting Toledo in the eighteenth century. Again, Mr. Rudel presided very effectively in the pit.

LAST Wednesday night, the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra of London came to Carnegie Hall, under the baton of Rudolf Kempe. It is a splendid orchestra, as so many English orchestras appear to be—eager in its teamwork, scrupulous in intonation, clear and accurate in its attacks and rapid passages, and with woodwinds and brasses that are a dream to listen to. Moreover, Mr. Kempe is a superb conductor—by present-day standards a truly great one. He exerts a hair-trigger control, and his ideas of tempo and form are exquisitely right. He is the sort of conductor we ought to have had for years at the Metropolitan, but, unfortunately, also the kind of authoritative conductor who would find it impossible to get along with Mr. Bing. The program started off with that old audition piece Strauss's "Don Juan," and I have never heard it more brilliantly performed. Then there was Mozart's early Piano Concerto in E Flat Major, K.271, with Evelyne Crochet as soloist. Miss Crochet turned out to be a fluent pianist with a reasonably perceptive Mozart style but not much more. The evening ended with Mahler's First Symphony, that wraithlike composition, which only the finest conductors can hold together. Mr. Kempe held it together admirably. His approach to it is a bit on the refined side,

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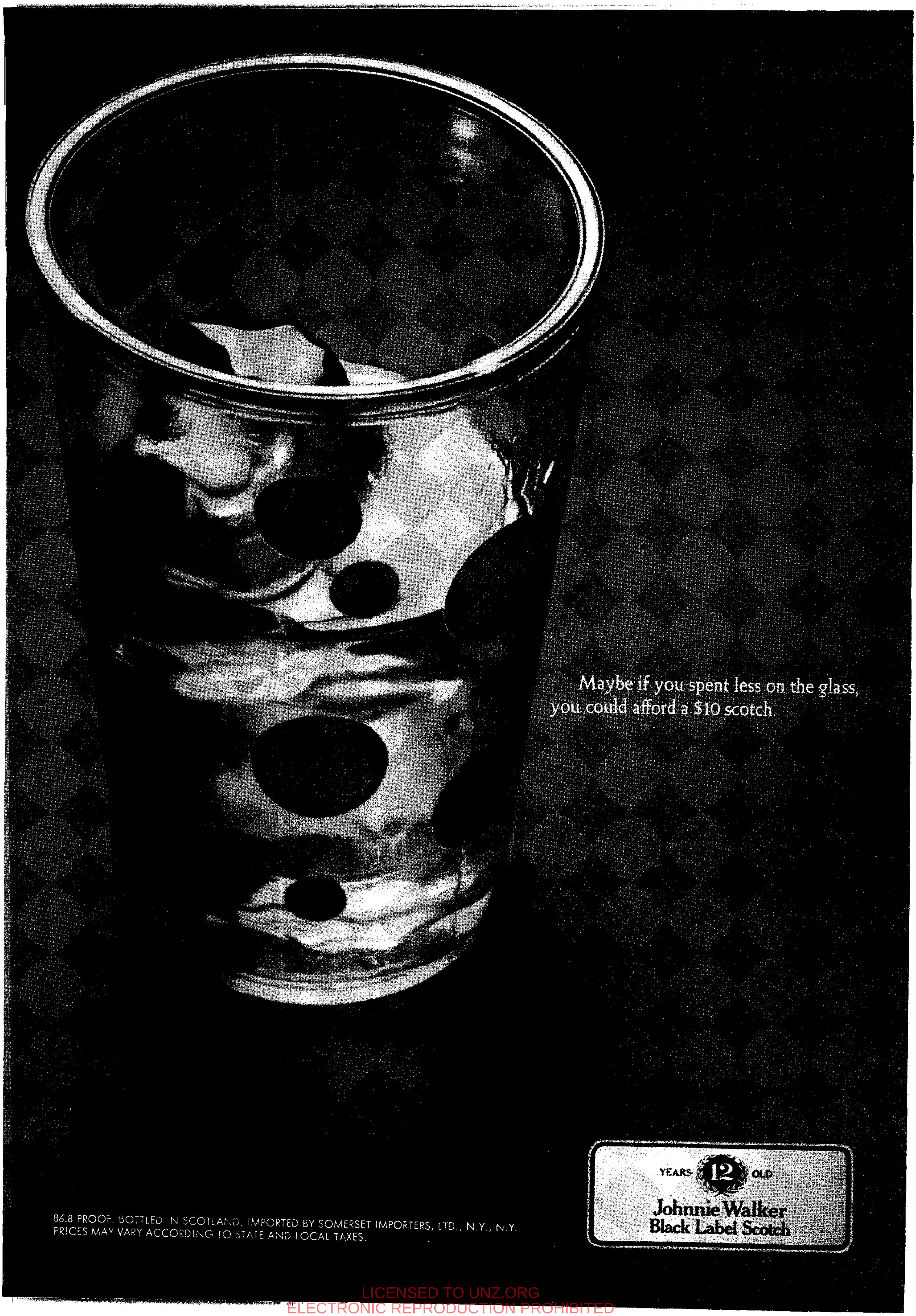
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but there are many ways of interpreting it, and, if one accepts *his* way, this was a magnificent performance.

LAST Tuesday night, I went to the Brooklyn Academy of Music to catch up on the productions of Eliot Feld's American Ballet Company. I witnessed the première of something called "Pagan Spring," a sort of lesser "Sacre du Printemps," strongly influenced by Martha Graham, and with a microcephalic, macrophallic figure by Leonard Baskin painted on the backdrop. I did not find this ballet, which has music by Bartók, terribly interesting. But I did see two ballets that were real stunners. One was Herbert Ross's "The Maids," based on the Jean Genet play, in which two men in perfectly masculine costumes do the roles of a couple of frustrated and misery-stricken female servants, one finally suffocating the other with a pillow. The dancing of John Sowinski and Bruce Marks in this ballet was something to remember, the music by Milhaud was appropriate, and the décor by William Pitkin was suitably macabre and gray as ashes. The other ballet I thought stunning was "Cortège Burlesque," an elaborate and hilarious pas de deux choreographed by Mr. Feld and danced by Christine Sarry and Mr. Sowinski with great virtuosity and just the right amount of satire on all things heroic. The music for this item was by Emmanuel Chabrier (two piano duets: "Cortège Burlesque," "Souvenirs de Munich"), knowingly orchestrated by Hershy Kay. For the musically hep, the score was fully as hilarious as the doings onstage, for it consisted almost entirely of quotations from "Tristan und Isolde," all given a mock-heroic French twist.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

Q: Who said, "I've had three wives, six children and six grandchildren. And I still don't understand women!"—Bill Underwood, Cincinnati, O.
A: Almost any man who's had three wives could make that statement. But the victim you quote was John (Duke) Wayne.
pu pu pu
—*Little Rock (Ark.) Arkansas Gazette.*

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LAS VEGAS, Nev., Oct. 9 (UPI)—Stan Musial, powerful young U.S. Davis Cup star, scored a major upset Thursday in the quarterfinals of the $50,000 Howard Hughes Open Tennis championships by defeating top-seeded Rod Laver of Australia 6–2, 6–4.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

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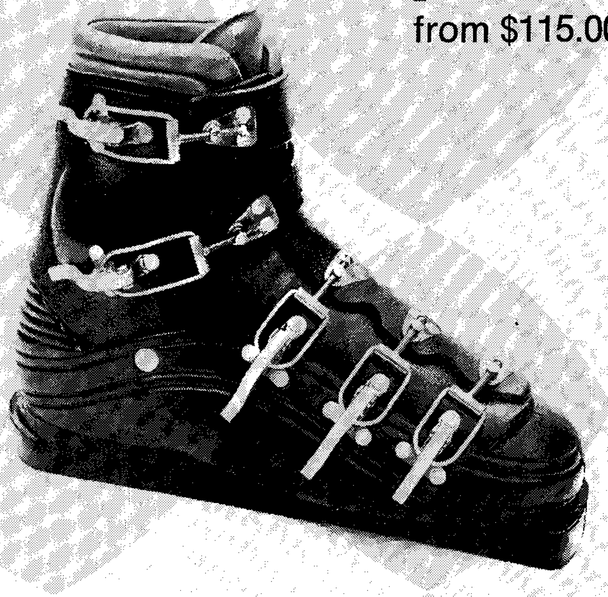

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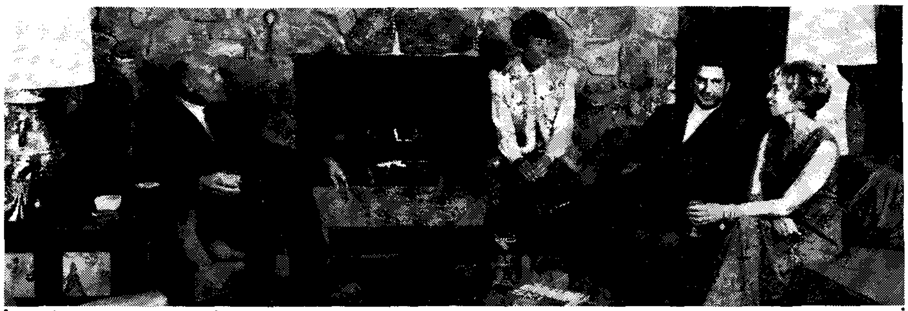

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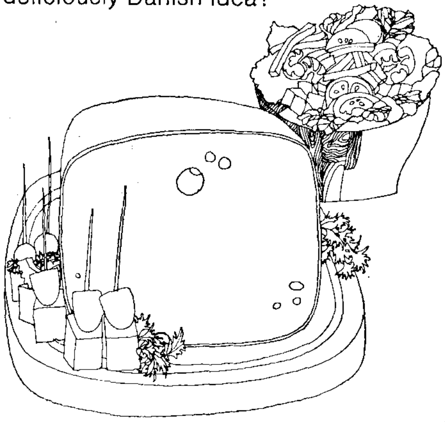

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THE RACE TRACK

One for Little Sis

A YEAR ago almost to the day, Dr. Fager brought his brilliant career on the racecourse to an appropriate end with a victory in the Vosburgh Handicap. At Aqueduct last Saturday, Ta Wee, his little half sister (she's three years old and really quite a good-sized filly), won the Vosburgh after as dramatic a struggle as I've seen all season, taking it by a head from Rising Market and Plucky Lucky, who finished in a dead heat for second place. To cap it, Kallai, who rode Jaikyl (he was fourth, half a length behind), lodged claims of foul against Ta Wee and Rising Market, charging interference on the far turn. Both claims were quickly dismissed. It was a smart ploy; if they had been allowed, Jaikyl would have been moved up into second money.

I thought Ta Wee's performance was as impressive as Dr. Fager's. He carried 139 pounds, gave big weight all around, and led throughout the seven furlongs, winning by six lengths from half a dozen sharp sprinters. She, carrying 123 pounds, gave weight and a beating to ten opponents, including eight lively runners of the opposite sex—something I've seldom seen a filly do. From a quick start, Ta Wee was always in a good position, but she was under the highest pressure through the stretch. The time was 1:21⅗—the same as Dr. Fager's when he won the race in 1967. Last year, he did it in 1:20⅕—just a tick short of a world's record.

HIGH ECHELON, that gray in-and-outer (mostly outer), brought off the surprise of the week in the Pimlico-Laurel Futurity at Laurel last Saturday. He was eighth of the nine starters for half of the mile and a sixteenth, but then he began a run that carried him past the winning post by open daylight. Toasted, Brave Emperor (the favorite), and Lanyon (the pacesetter) finished heads apart behind him in the order named. Apparently, the shin trouble that has plagued High Echelon most of the season wasn't bothering him any more on Saturday than it had when he won the Futurity at Belmont Park in Septem-

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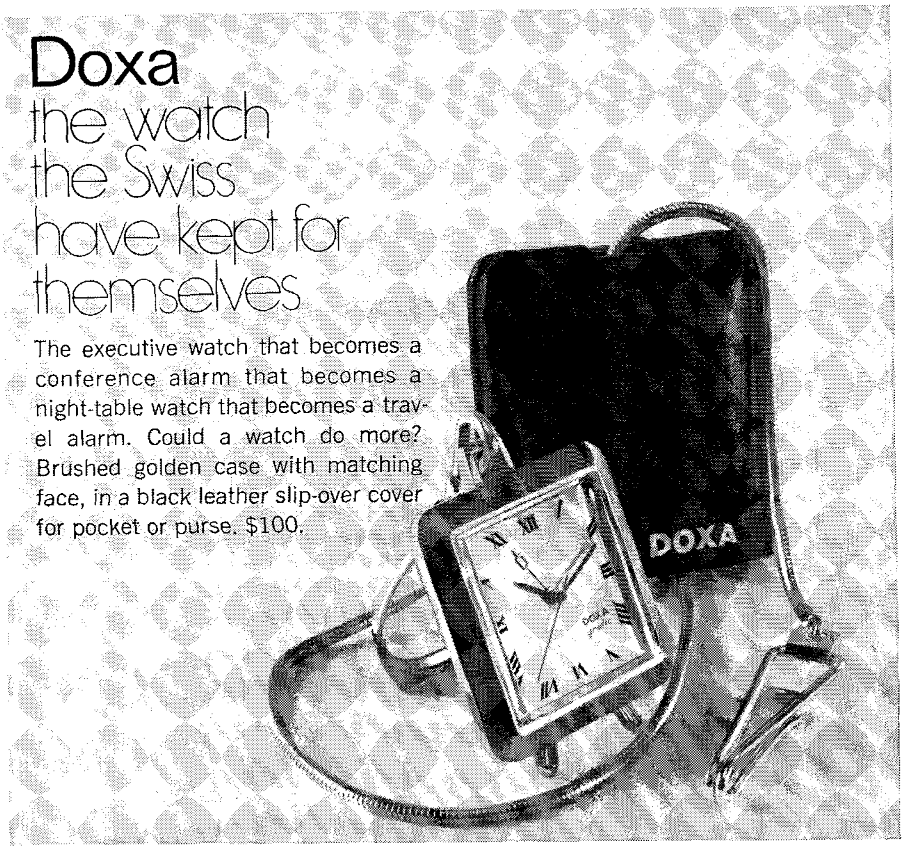
ber, and Hirsch Jacobs, who directs the destinies of the stable, says the colt's next start will be a fortnight hence, in the Garden State Stakes, where he'll probably meet Silent Screen. When they met in the Cowdin and the Champagne Stakes, High Echelon was down the course. The Wheatley Stable's Brave Emperor got bumped about in a couple of traffic jams in the Pimlico-Laurel Futurity, and was lucky to be third.

TO get back to Aqueduct, everybody's favorite jockey there was Rodolphe (Rudy, for short) Turcotte, a brother of Ron and no stranger to horseplayers himself. The nineteen-year-old had eleven winners last week—four in one afternoon. Young Turcotte rode his first winner about a year ago in Canada (the boys were reared in Grand Falls, New Brunswick) and came to New York in July. As his horsemanship improved, he began to get better mounts, and good horses make good jockeys, they say. Also, trainers like him, because he admits his mistakes and tries to correct them.

THERE'S plenty of money around for horses of racing age. The Moon Bloodstock Agency, of California, acting for an unnamed client, gave $220,000 for Terlago, a two-year-old colt by Terrang out of Lady Joy, at Belmont Park's autumn auction last week. It was a new high for the annual vendue. Terlago, winner of the World's Playground Stakes at Atlantic City, will race on the Coast this winter. Jim Conway, acting for Arnold Hanger, for whom he trains, paid the next-highest price—$81,000—for Sir Earl, a three-year-old by Sir Gaylord. Altogether, the hundred and fourteen runners offered brought $1,127,300.

ONE of the notable and interesting events of the autumn season is the Washington, D.C., International, which will have its eighteenth running at Laurel on Veterans Day. As this is written, there are ten starters: this country's Hawaii, Nodouble, and Czar Alexander; France's Goodly and Grandier; Karabas from England; Hitchcock from Germany; Don Florestan from Venezuela; Sabinus from Brazil; and Takeshiba-O from Japan. Czar Alexander, who was second to Sir Ivor in the International last year, was invited to this year's race over the weekend, after winning at Santa Anita the other day and setting an American grass record in the process.

—AUDAX MINOR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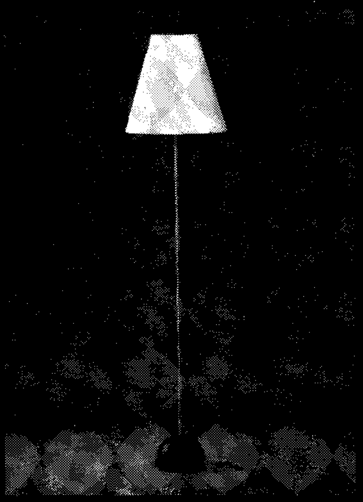

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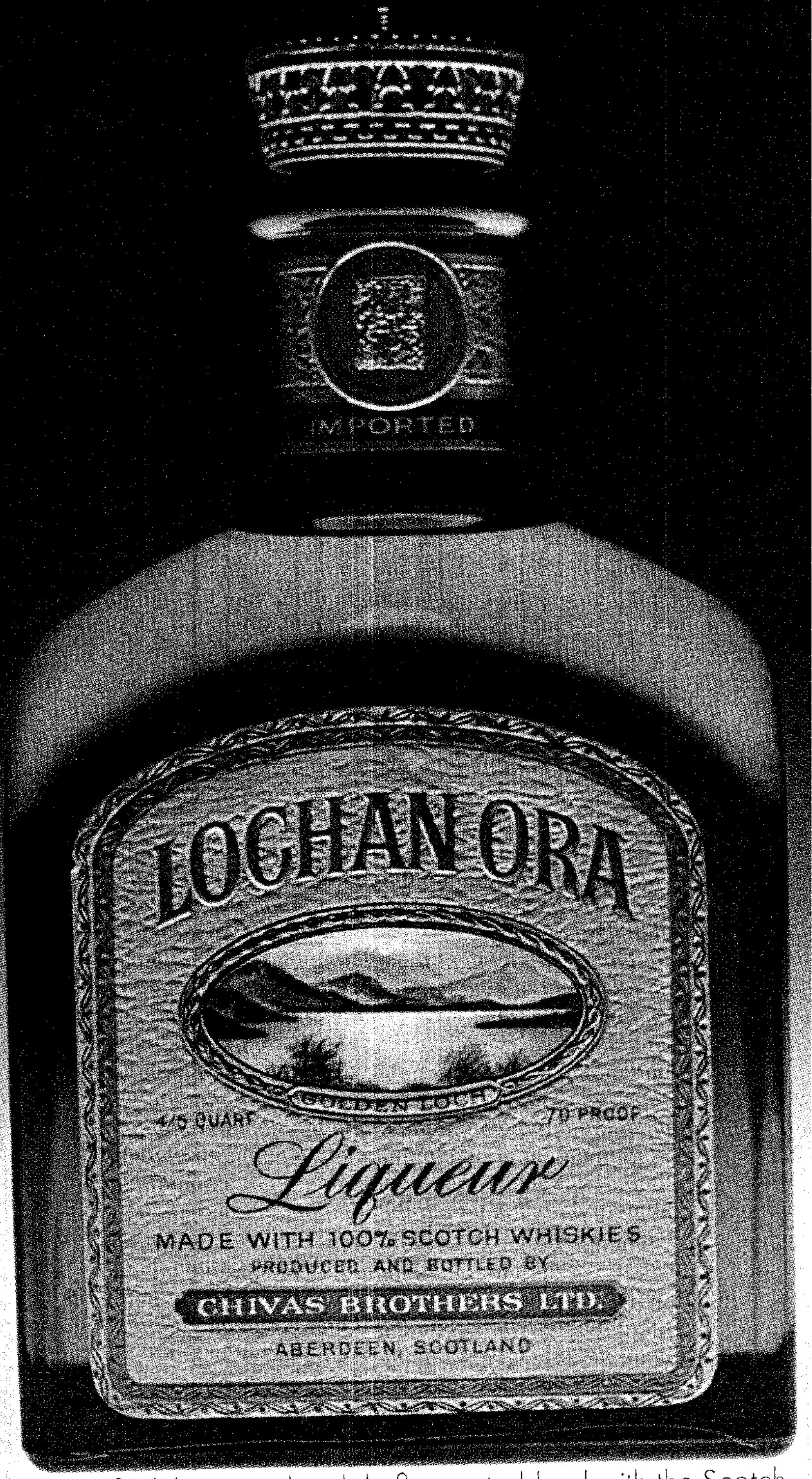
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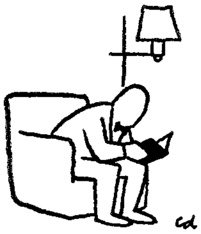
BOOKS

Keeping a Secret



DURING the German occupation of Paris in the Second World War, Jean Bruller, the French artist and writer best known by one of his Resistance aliases, Vercors, founded, managed, and wrote for an anti-Nazi underground book-publishing house, Les Éditions de Minuit. "The Battle of Silence," his memoir of that enterprise (translated by Rita Barisse and published by Holt, Rinehart & Winston), is fascinating, for he tells about the everyday problems of conducting a publishing business—selecting a manuscript, designing a book—while he and all his associates were in the disquieting situation of being liable at any moment to discovery, torture, and execution for having committed any part of the editorial process. His account is enthralling because it is matter-of-fact; it provides the circumstantial evidence—practical details and down-to-earth descriptions—that makes it easy for readers to envision the author's fantastic activities.

As far as I know, the French historian Marc Bloch (shot by the Nazis in 1944) was the first to insist on the importance of the generation—as opposed, say, to the century or the reign—as a unit of historical time. When Vercors introduces himself to explain how he became an underground publisher, we recognize that he belongs to a particularly well-defined age group—the disillusioned and humane between-the-wars generation that, taken by surprise by Fascism, had to renounce its convictions, revise its hopes, and remake its existence. After the First World War, Vercors, then in his teens, was—or thought he was—an unshakable pacifist dedicated to Franco-German reconciliation; nearing his forties, he found himself going willingly to war against Germany. France fell. Vercors, demobilized, returned to his house, not far from Paris, and went to work for the village carpenter. Since the Nazis controlled all French publications, any writing or illustrating he did would be a form of collaboration, and he decided, without much reflection, that he would not collaborate. Vercors' modesty may persuade his readers that they, too, might easily have become Resistance publishers. He says that it seemed to happen "quite naturally." Nevertheless, as he recalls the second half of 1940 in France, he is, without intending to, showing how much more natural it was to be a collaborator. Money talked: peasants and shopkeepers were impressed because German soldiers paid instead of looting. The French did not know then that German Occupation currency was a form of looting, so they tended to believe what the Germans promised—that if the French coöperated, the Occupation would not be harsh. Vercors was immune to the ideas the German and Vichy governments put forward, and so he probably underestimates their plausibility, but many Vichy-Nazi ideas survive today. For example, the notion that the defeat of 1940 proved the French morally inferior and that it was a just punishment. Shakespeare gives the line "Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just" to Henry VI, who was crazy, yet whole fleets of historians who would hardly recommend a revival of trial by combat go right on confounding victory with rightness in order to make history sensible or edifying. And it is still customary to call the Third Republic—and, for that matter, the Weimar Republic—decadent, although each was a paragon of wholesomeness compared to the Nazi movement, which was a living encyclopedia of sexual pathology. And how many people the world around associate ruthlessness with incorruptibility and tolerance with corruption!

Luckily, Vercors had a close friend to mitigate his loneliness in the months after France's defeat. He went to Paris once a week to visit Pierre de Lescure, a bookseller, editor, and writer. In the fall of 1940, Lescure revealed that he was working for British Intelligence and invited Vercors to set up an escape route for airmen and intelligence agents. Vercors worked on his route for months. Before it was complete, the entire British network was betrayed. Its members, including Lescure and Vercors, survived only because one man withstood torture. In retrospect, Vercors thinks that he owes his survival through it all to the British, who gave their agents a firm grounding in the disciplines of clandestinity. These disciplines required no athletic skills. They were simply a meticulous codification of two prosy virtues—patience and discretion. Vercors makes one truly appreciate patience as a form

of heroism, mainly because patience was hard for him. He wanted to act fast and forcefully, especially after observing such a typical Parisian scene as a German soldier beating a French boy in the Métro, but clandestine work, if it is to be safe, must go slowly. He wanted his business to escape the fate of *La Pensée Libre*, a Communist underground magazine, whose editors decided on a large printing, which required a large plant, which meant that too many people knew about *La Pensée Libre*, and somebody told the Gestapo. Vercors decided to start small, using a one-man print shop, whose press could accommodate only one eight-page form. He also broke up the book-publishing process into a series of small, separate jobs carried out by people who knew no more than what they themselves were doing. He borrowed some fine types from a large printer, Aulard, who also contributed good, heavy paper: Vercors wanted his furtively produced volumes to look stylish, as a form of super-defiance. (Shall we ever again see elegance and craftsmanship as modes of protest, in the manner of the prose of the *philosophes*, dandyism, and the work of William Morris?) Later, Vercors was able safely to increase the scale of his activities; Aulard, after two years of the Occupation, finally figured out how to print for him. Aulard had taught one of Vercors' old friends, Yvonne Paraf, hand-bookbinding, and for a while she ran a little book-sewing circle in her apartment; later, he found a safe professional bookbinder. The problem that required the greatest patience was distribution without bookstores. Eventually, Vercors made contact with several Resistance networks, which functioned like book clubs, passing out the volumes to their members, and during the last winter of the Occupation a few bookshops took the risk of stocking Vercors' books. And all during the war, some of those who got their hands on any Éditions de Minuit volume made mimeographed copies.

Clandestine discretion meant trying not to learn as well as trying not to tell. (Vercors did not know the real names of several people he worked with.) Sometimes everybody's ignorance of what everybody else was doing was dangerous. Until the war was over, Vercors had no idea how lucky he was that he couldn't carry out his scheme to use the Musée de l'Homme as a distributing point. Nobody had told him that a Resistance group embedded in the Museum's staff was being watched, caught, and killed by the

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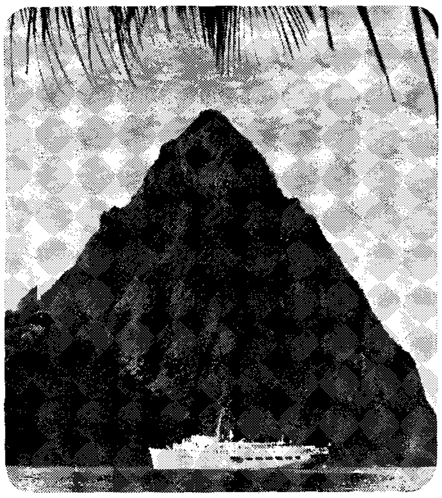
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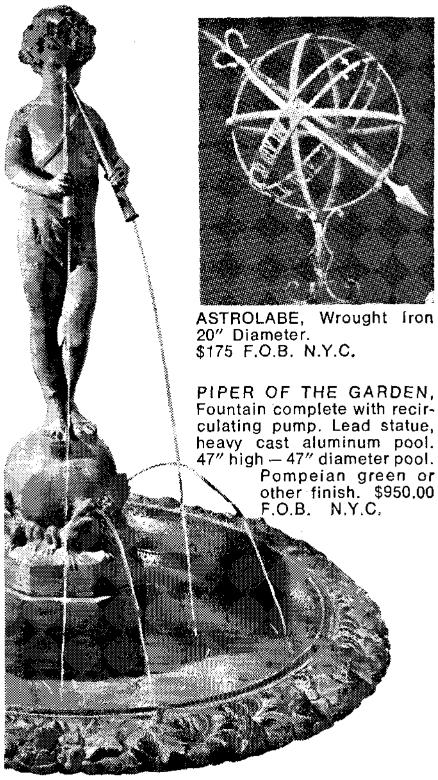
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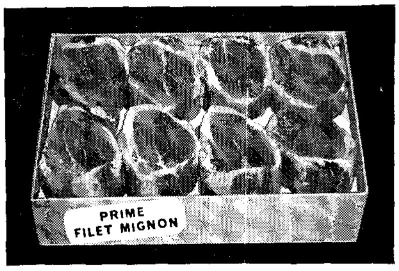

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Gestapo. And yet, despite his caution, Vercors probably knew too many people for perfect security, especially after Lescure, who had started Les Éditions de Minuit with him, left Paris to join the Maquis. Vercors' defense was to add names to his string of pseudonyms, hoping that people who knew his face could not learn his identity. As the Occupation worsened, Vercors and his colleagues, with their aliases and their slyness, their changes of address and their never discussed disappearances and equally mysterious returns, began more and more to resemble a ring of confidence men. It is strange that Vercors, who remains astonished at himself, the pacifist transformed into a soldier, is so casual about the ease with which so many law-abiding French people—poets, businessmen, housewives, printers, bureaucrats—transformed themselves into pretty competent crooks. All he says is that in clandestine work "you act most of the time with a kind of calm unconsciousness," and that he conducted his perilous business with "the feeling . . . even though I knew it to be false . . . that nothing could happen to *me*." He and his associates, like city dwellers who get used to rising levels of noise, gradually got used to a steadily rising level of fear, and they often did not realize how extraordinary their ordinary assumptions had become. On an errand to the Unoccupied Zone, Vercors planned to meet a friend in a café. The friend was late, and it suddenly occurred to Vercors that because he was in Lyons he simply assumed that she was late; in Paris, he would have assumed that she had been arrested.

The Germans used every medium—films, radio, posters, and exhibits as well as print—to tell lies, while the Resistance had only the printed word to tell the truth. Vercors took up clandestine publishing to demonstrate "that France, amid misfortune and violence, was able to keep faith with her highest purpose: her claim to think straight." It is a commonplace that, as he says, "books are indispensable for straight thinking"—that the peculiar contribution of books to civilization is that they are the only medium of communication that encourages critical reflection.

Book publishers are stewards of rationality. If they do not usually conduct their business at the risk of their lives, they are supposed to take their serious work seriously. Vercors' American publishers apparently did not compare his original with its translation. It is not a bad translation, but it is flaccid

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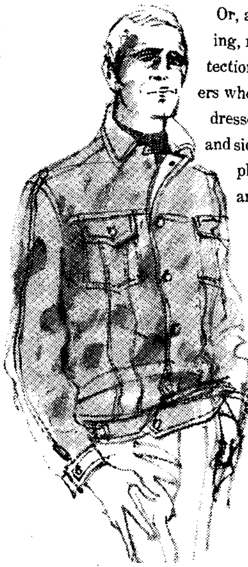

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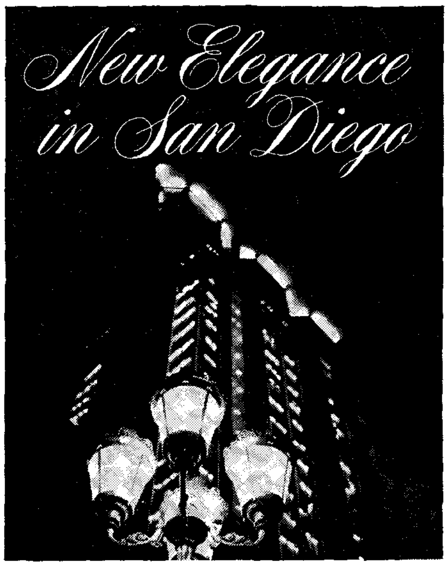

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where the original is crisp, boyish where the French is manly, and it has been translated into English, rather than American, and so achieves a most incongruous exoticism. (I do not suggest that English books be translated into American, though I can remember, years ago, my perplexity when, in a C. P. Snow novel, we entered a house in whose "lounge" a "radiogram" occupied an inordinate amount of space. Not to mention the difficulty an English poet had telling me what a "cosh" is before it was in the dictionaries; "blackjack" was not on the tip of his tongue.) At any rate, somebody at Holt, Rinehart & Winston might have noticed that Miss Barisse has converted Vercors' "Luna Park," perfectly clear to Americans, into "fun-fair," and "*éditorialiste*" into "leader-writer." The most unfortunate instance of this sort concerns Vercors' description of the time when he was overcome by panic and had to sit down on a "kerbstone" in front of two S.S. guards and lean his bicycle—its carrier pouches stuffed with his books—against a tree. After his *uncontrollable trembling* stopped by itself, his pulse became normal and he pedalled on. The aftereffect was simply that he felt "*fatigué*." For no discernible reason, this has been translated as "knocked up." That his book triumphs over such difficulties is a tribute to its robustness. It has the power of a thriller in which the utmost courage is displayed, and the added attraction that its middle-aged heroes and heroines are not killing anybody.

—Naomi Bliven

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Poet and the Donkey, by May Sarton, illustrated by Stefan Martin (Norton). Miss Sarton conducts us on a small, sophisticated, elegantly sentimental journey through a New Hampshire village summer. Our companions are an aging poet, who is sad because he can no longer write—he has lost the joy he used to have in simply being alive—and a young, mischievous female donkey, who is sad because she can't run and play—she has a touch of arthritis. At least, these two are sad to begin with, but the donkey soon finds herself miraculously improved and able to run with the best of them, and the poet is reunited with his poetry. There is a moral, of course, but any moral looks dull next to the simple happiness of the old poet and his long-eared muse. Others

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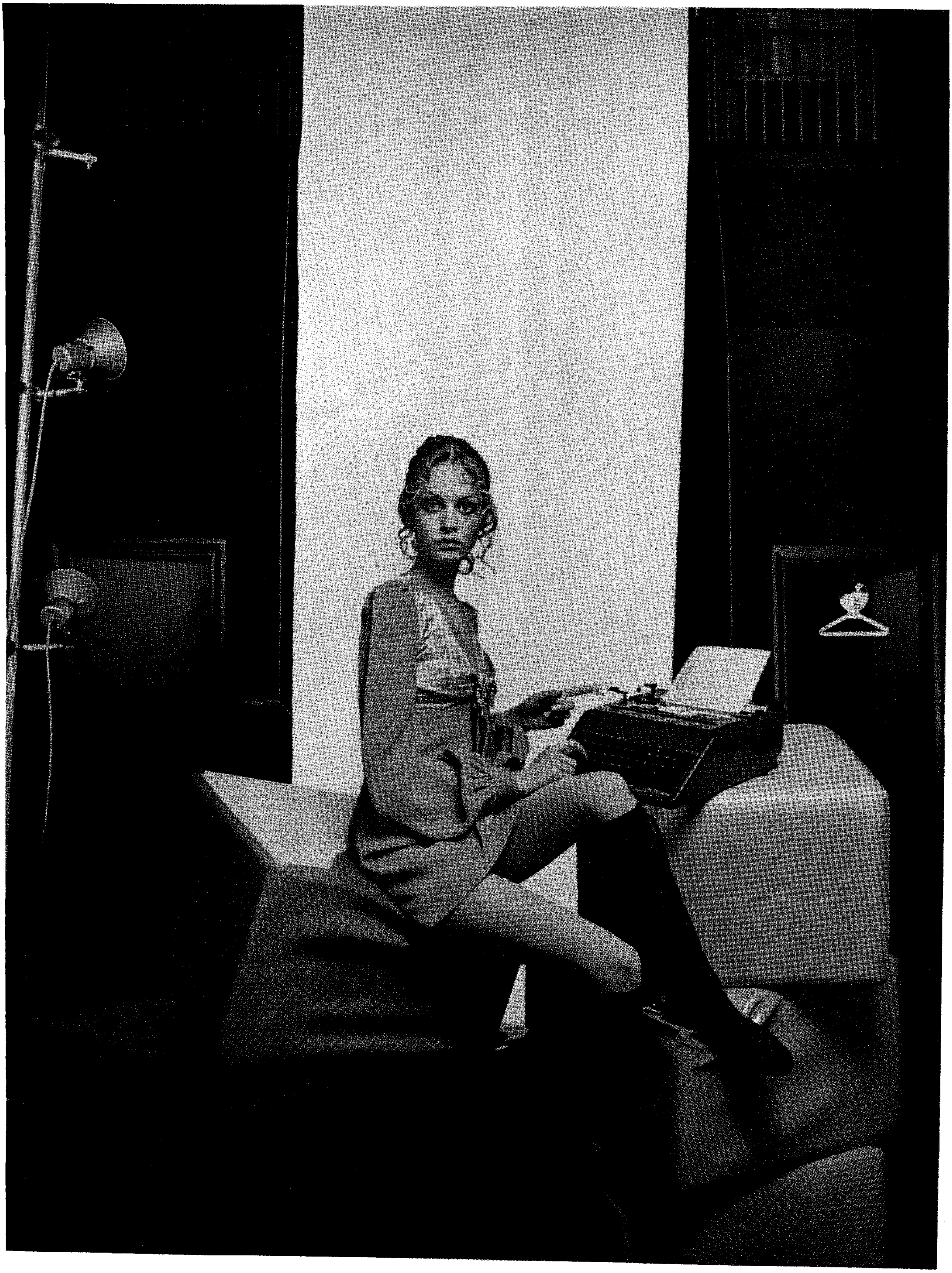

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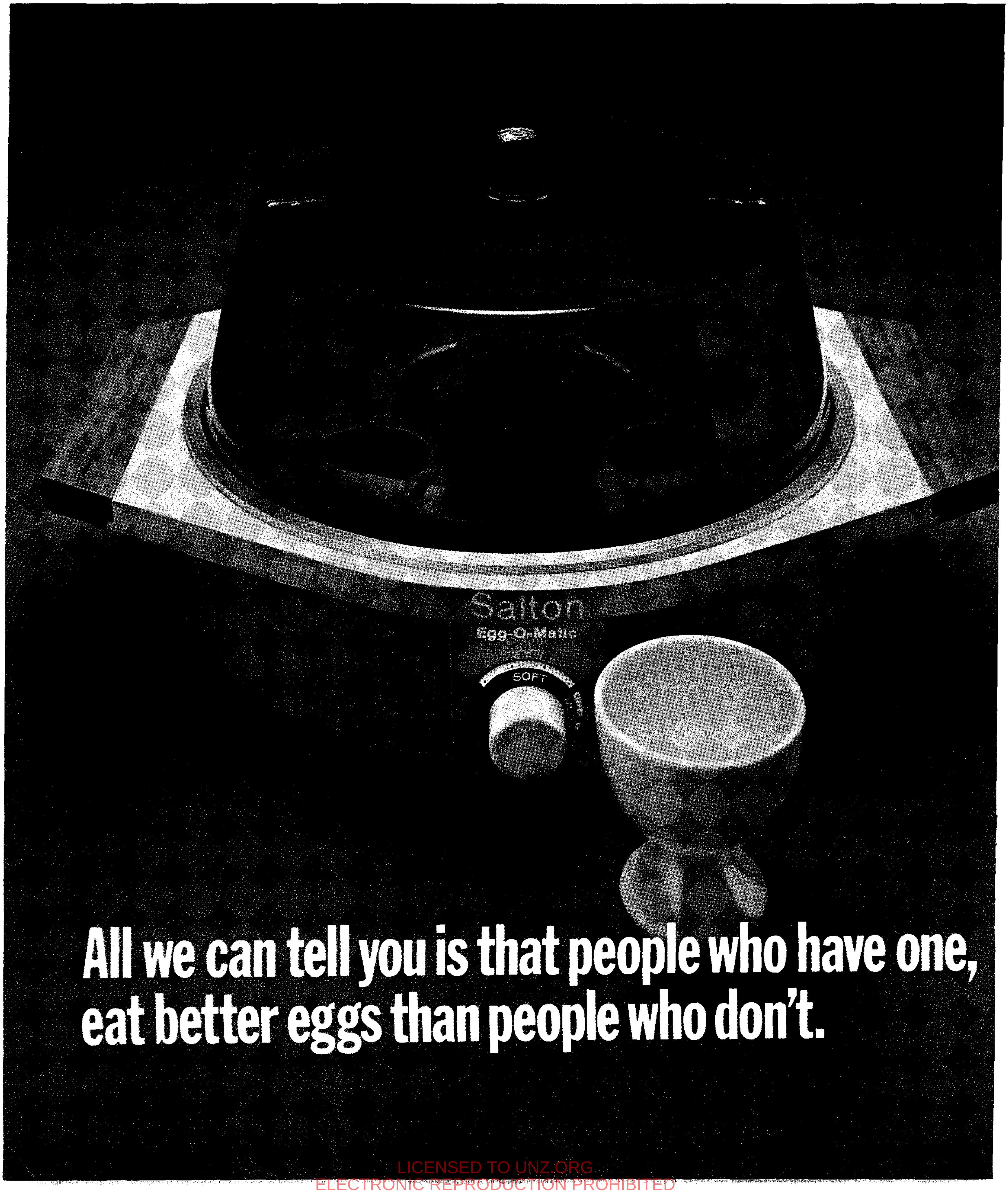
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in the story include two cats and as many human beings as are necessary. The only complaint about Stefan Martin's illustrations is that there are not enough of them.

GIRLS AT PLAY, by Paul Theroux (Houghton Mifflin). At a girls' school in the East African bush, two hapless white women engage in mortal conflict. Miss Poole, the headmistress, born in Africa, is forty but looks sixty. She loathes and fears Africans, and cares only for the cats of which she and her bungalow reek. Heather Monkhouse, the new teacher, is a blowsy nymphomaniac whom misery has driven from Croydon, and scandal from Nairobi. She despises Africans, and hates Miss Poole. The rivals give dinner parties, and compete at serving roach-infested food and savage insults. Their two colleagues—a colorless Englishwoman and a bubbly Peace Corps worker—look on in embarrassed passivity. The author has an almost unbearably keen eye for nastiness.

THE FRUITS OF WINTER, by Bernard Clavel, translated from the French by Patsy Southgate (Coward-McCann). In a small village in the Jura, during the last months of the Second World War, old Père and Mère Dubois fret about their firewood and their sons. Julien, an artist and a Maquis sympathizer, detests his elder brother, Paul, who grows daily greasier on the profits of collaboration. The visits of the warring siblings expose the cozy Dubois kitchen to the harsh winds of winter and the crueller facts of war. Père Dubois, the central character, is sadly swamped by the novel's grandiosity. He seems a peg for the attributes of all enfeebled old men faced with death and the changing seasons, of all victims of war, and of all proud, tough, ignorant and avaricious French peasants. The translation is weak. Winner of the Prix Goncourt.

GENERAL

AL SMITH: HERO OF THE CITIES—A POLITICAL PORTRAIT DRAWING ON THE PAPERS OF FRANCES PERKINS, by Matthew and Hannah Josephson (Houghton Mifflin). The late Frances Perkins, F.D.R.'s Secretary of Labor, owed her start in government to Al Smith, who appointed her to the State Industrial Commission when he was elected Governor of New York in 1918. Smith, in turn, owed a great deal to Miss Perkins; her diligence and reliability helped

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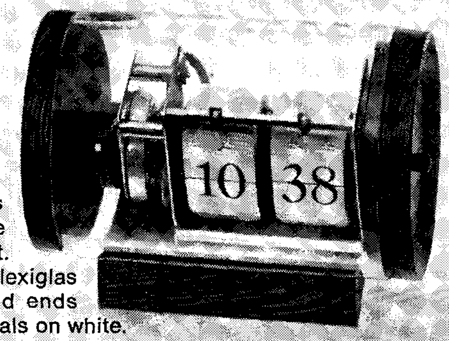

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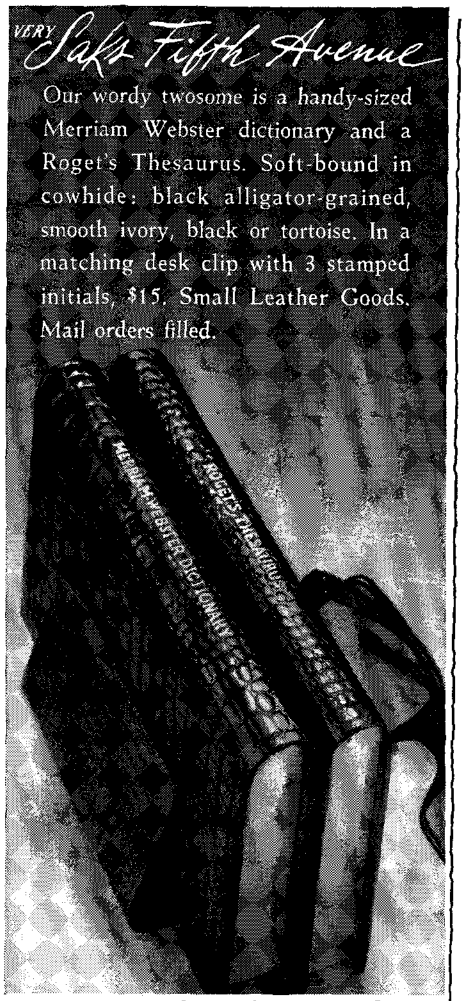
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win him support for reforms he undertook. This biography reflects the mutual esteem of its source and its subject, but it has as much light as sweetness. Smith's career and his accomplishments remain pertinent to present problems. He used old-fashioned political means—organization, loyalty, discipline, persuasion, and compromise—for newfangled social ends with extraordinary skill, and he made state government so efficient that New York could afford his innovations. The book's account of Smith's intimate connection with his old neighborhood—he kept his house on the lower East Side into the nineteen-twenties—offers a striking portrait of today's social-science dream: a functioning working-class urban community.

PRINCESS MATHILDE, by Joanna Richardson (Scribners). The subject of this scholarly, affectionate biography was the niece of Napoleon I, and the might-have-been in her life was her brief, broken engagement to her young cousin, who later became Napoleon III. Her family married her off to a rich Russian; she settled in Paris in 1847 (she died there in 1904) and became—in the author's opinion—the most impressive single patron of arts and letters in French history. The time span alone is amazing; she knew both Balzac and Proust. Miss Richardson admits that, to some unassayable extent, Mathilde's warmhearted, energetic support of her legions of protégés was the result of her having nothing much else to do, and Mathilde herself was ready to admit (particularly as she and the century grew older) that she found some of the work of her dearest friends incomprehensible or unsuitable—"too modern," in short. No matter. She mothered them; they loved her. A cheerful book full of famous people caught in the act of being kind.

A ROYAL AFRICAN, by Prince Modupe (Praeger). The enchanting childhood reminiscences of an African prince—a man born heir apparent to the So-So tribe in what was then (though none of the So-Sos knew it) French West Africa. Prince Modupe, influenced by missionaries, was the first of his tribe to acquire a Western education, and his book closes with his arrival in the United States in 1922, to go to college. His memories of his African boyhood have the attraction of two Rousseaus, Jean-Jacques and Le Douanier. As in the work of the

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former, the African "savages" are mostly noble; as in the work of the latter, the setting is bright and beguiling. And the Prince himself is charming—brave, smart, sensitive, energetic, and blithe.

SAINT-WATCHING, by Phyllis McGinley (Viking). The author's thesis is that among the saints of the Church of Rome there were a great many attractive and appealing people, and she demonstrates it in a series of relaxed yet well-grounded essays on, among others, Augustine of Hippo, Thomas Aquinas, Ignatius Loyola, Teresa of Avila, and Rose of Lima. She is concerned not with the theological doctrines of these men and women but solely with the human beings beneath the plaster, who sought out, and were equal to, great tasks—healing the sick and the hopeless, educating the young, and exploring the unknown.

THE BRONTËS AND THEIR WORLD, by Phyllis Bentley (Viking). A brief but sharply perceptive illustrated history of the all but indestructible Reverend Patrick Brontë (born Brunty) and his tragically short-lived family—Maria Branwell (1783-1821), Maria (1813-25), Elizabeth (1815-25), Charlotte (1816-55), Branwell (1817-48), Emily (1818-48), and Anne (1820-49). The emphasis, of course, is on Branwell ("talkative, volatile, always on show"), Emily ("utterly reserved, strong in her own private intention"), Anne ("most like her mother perhaps, sweetly pious and resigned"), and Charlotte ("always in battle between her strong morality and her equally strong sexual intimations"), and—most illuminatingly—on the homemade fairy tales and fantasy worlds that dominated their childhoods and (in Miss Bentley's persuasive opinion) largely shaped their later writings. The illustrations—a hundred and forty photographs, prints, portraits, drawings, and facsimiles—not merely parrot and illustrate the text but extend and supplement it.

BETWEEN THE BULLET AND THE LIE: AMERICAN VOLUNTEERS IN THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR, by Cecil Eby (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). Professor Eby has undertaken the difficult job of trying to find out which Americans fought for the Spanish Republicans, where, under what conditions, how well, and how the survivors got home. Possibly because he teaches English, not military his-

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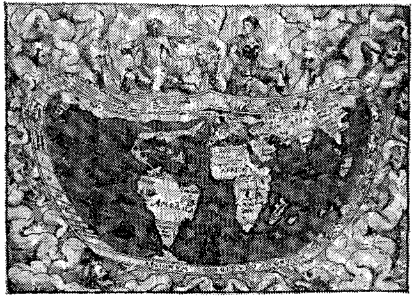

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THE FEAST OF FOOLS, by Harvey Cox (Harvard). A theologian discusses the importance of festivity and fantasy in the lives of human beings, and suggests that these elements have, unfortunately, been driven out of American religion and should be put back. Professor Cox does not think that religion in the United States today could become the custodian of celebrations, like the medieval Catholic Church, but he does believe that contemporary theology is ready to consider (for example) ways in which prayer resembles play, and ways in which activities commonly thought of as nonreligious—daydreaming and dancing among them—may have spiritual significance. His ideas are stimulating, and his prose is bright.

PRINT OF A HARE'S FOOT: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL BEGINNING, by Rhys Davies (Dodd, Mead). Superb recollections of the author's childhood in Wales, his youth in bohemia (London, France), and his young manhood back in Wales during the Depression. The Welsh have suffered two kinds of romanticizing—as workers in the dreams of Socialists, as Celts in the fantasies of Saxons. Mr. Davies, being Welsh, makes the Welsh refreshingly individual human beings—some whimsical, some dour, some steady, some mutable—but he does just as well with non-Welsh and with celebrities; his reminiscences of D. H. Lawrence, for example, are fascinating.

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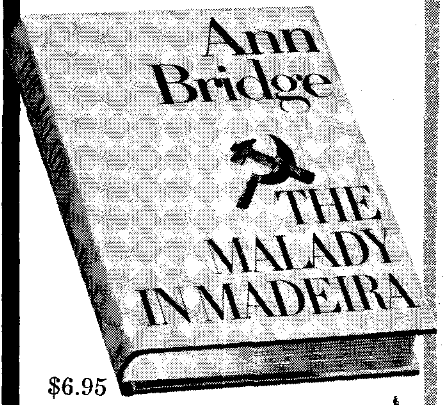

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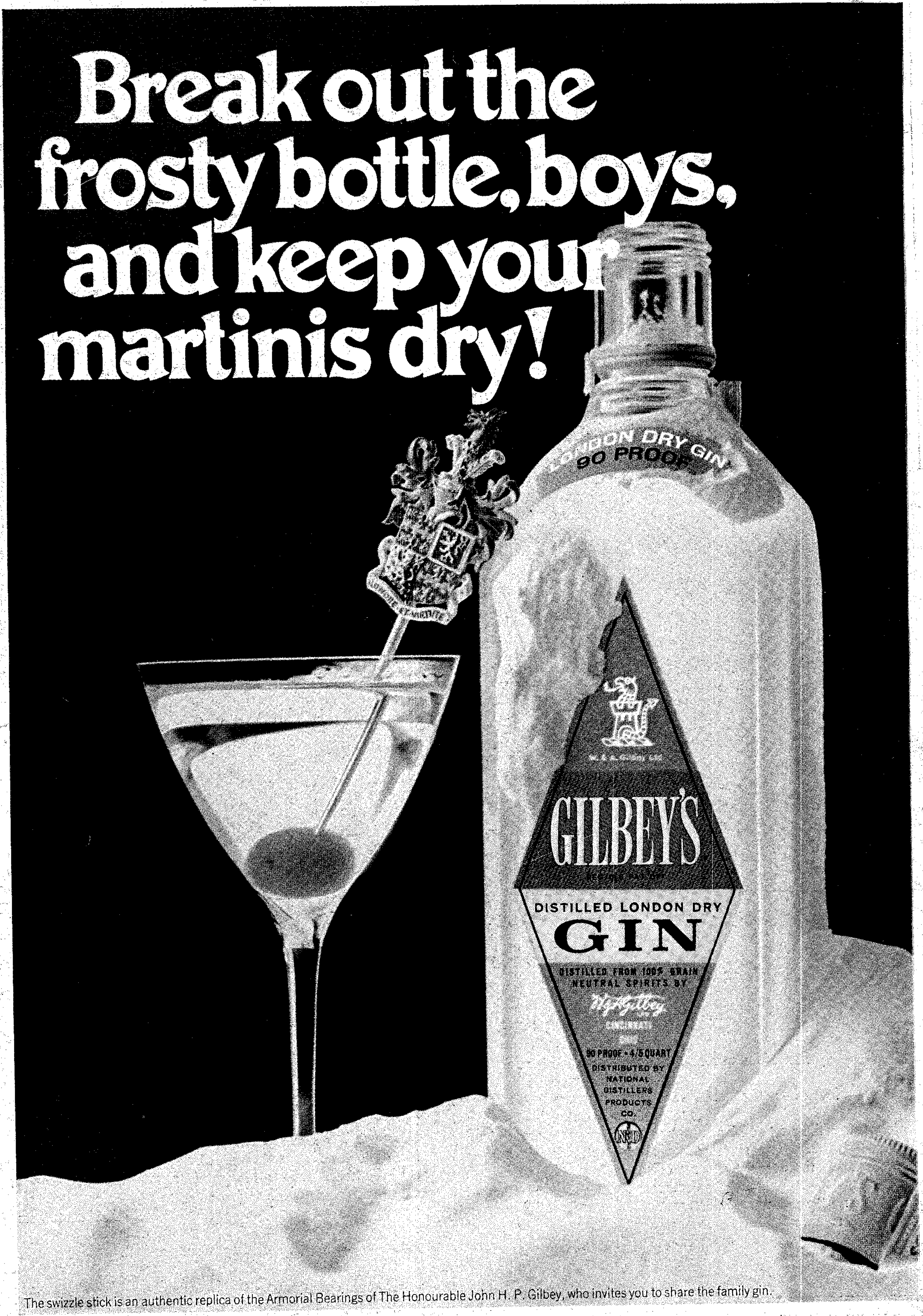
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